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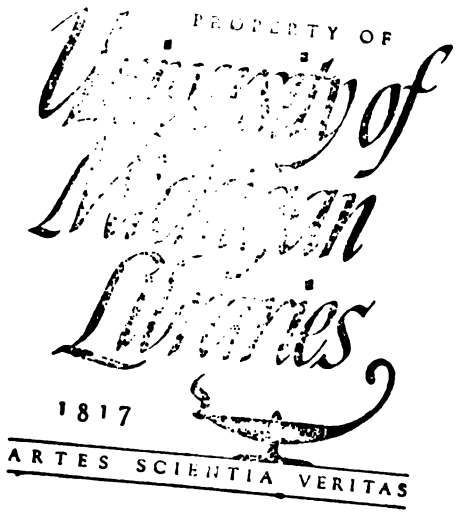
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HISTORY OF THE

GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY

By POULTNEY BIGELOW, B.A.

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS
By R. CATON WOODVILLE
AND WITH PORTRAITS AND MAPS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

LONDON
OSGOOD, McILVAINE & CO.
45, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.
1896

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TO

CARIBEE

MY CRUISING CANOE

In her I have slept by night and sailed by day for weeks and months at a time, exploring the beautiful waterways of the German Fatherland. She has made me friends with every kind of man—the bargee, the raftsman, the peasant, the wood-chopper, the weaver, the gendarme, the parish parson, the miller, the tax-collector—and many more of the types that make life interesting to the contemplative traveller. By the aid of Caribee I learned to feel how Germans feel. Without her this book would not have been written.



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PREFACE

THESE pages go to the printer at a moment when Germany is celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the great war which culminated in a German empire, manhood suffrage, and a free Parliament. These were the ideals of the patriots who roused the German nation against the tyranny of Napoleon, and for these their descendants cheerfully became rebels in the stormy days of 1848. It has been my purpose to tell in simple language the story of this struggle—a story addressed to people of English speech and tradition, who believe that the strength of government is in the vigor and virtue of the individual citizen. In Europe to-day some rulers act as though soldiers alone knew how to be patriotic—as though great armies made great nations. Yet in Germany we have seen a constant increase of the socialistic vote keeping pace with the growth and perfection of a monster military organism. When Bismarck in 1871 became Chancellor of the new German Empire, the socialist vote was so small that it could be ignored. When he left office, after twenty years of rule, he left to his people a legacy of popular disaffection that may

be estimated only by reference to one and a quarter million votes cast for socialist candidates.

The parallel progress of militarism and socialism in the new German Empire offers problems for the modern philosopher and law-maker. There are many causes at the bottom of it. But the cause most clear is that Germany to-day does not move in the spirit of her great men, who raised her up when all the world thought her destroyed. The German volunteers of 1813 were officered by patriot citizens who pretended to no more social rank and privilege than was absolutely necessary for the enforcement of military discipline. They entered the army for the sake of defending their country, and returned to their citizen work when the war was done. To-day the German officer is wholly a professional soldier, and of the non-commissioned officer this is almost equally true. The soldier and the citizen have ceased to feel that their titles are interchangeable. A spirit of caste has come to permeate the great soldier class—the same spirit that led the Prussian army to its disgraces after Jena.

In these pages we may see that great military results have been achieved by patriotic citizens who volunteered for active service when their country was in danger. Their example should teach us the importance of insisting that each able-bodied citizen must know the duties of a soldier. It is surely not too much to ask that each member of a free country should surrender at least one month in every year to exercises which will qualify him to defend that country in the event of in-

vasion. Our historical traditions make us dislike large standing armies, and for that reason ought we the more readily to adopt measures that shall in the moment of danger make us a nation in arms. No country can maintain its liberty unless it is ready to fight for it; nor can that fight end well unless the fighting is done by the whole body of the people. The nation that has to employ mercenaries may purchase temporary security; but the price becomes higher as the years go by, and in time that people will surely sell its liberty as the price of mere existence.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

First of all, I have to thank His Majesty the German Emperor for permission to use the precious manuscript material stored in the Prussian archives. This material is excellently arranged. I received much assistance from Colonel Leszczynszki at the War Archives (Generalstabsarchiv), and from Dr. Bailleu at the Geheime Staatsarchiv (State Secret Archives). There is much valuable material in the House Archives of the Hohenzollern family, which, for political reasons, is not yet available to the historian.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland and Her Majesty the Queen of Hanover have placed me under deep obligations in the making of these pages. So has the present Count Voss, a direct descendant of the lady who was principal companion to Queen Luise.

Dr. Peschel, the director of the Körner Museum in Dresden, gave me several days of his precious time amidst his treasures. Professor Siemering, the director of the Rauch Museum in Berlin, was equally kind in assisting me to get the best possible portraits from Rauch's originals. Professor Schiemann, of the Berlin University, has given me generous advice and aid. The late Countess Chorinsky, who had in her possession a large correspondence with Queen Luise, also aided my work. Pastor Deckert, of Schilda, did everything in his power to clear up for me the mystery of Gneisenau's birth. Finally, let me heartily acknowledge my obligation to Mr. Hubert Hall, of the London Record Office, who took as much interest in my work as though he were writing it himself.

So many kind acts are there for me to recall at this moment that to note them individually would be impossible. I have had occasion to ask very many favors from Germans in every corner of the empire, and have invariably received generous treatment; the one or two exceptions are not worth noting. The lines of the Moldau, the Elbe, and the Danube, the Spree and the Havel, I have slowly paddled in my canoe, stopping at every point from which interesting excursions might be made—as, for instance, from Torgau to Schilda and Leipzig; from Dresden to Bautzen. Nearly every battle-field I have tramped over on foot, verifying previous authorities and noting the changes made by modern progress. These excursions, made during the last eight years, have brought me into contact with many different kinds

of Germans in a manner most agreeable to me. I wish I could thank again, personally, each of the many who have helped me while tramping and paddling up and down the fatherland.

The books to which I owe a debt of gratitude are many indeed, nearly all in the German language, and almost without exception devoid of index. The student interested in learning more of this period can be most readily guided by taking in turn each of the great names of that time and reading either his memoirs, his life, or possibly a collection of his letters. Thus Pertz has left us a monumental life of Stein; Ranke an equally serious life of Hardenberg; Boyen's autobiography is already a classic; and when the head of the Hohenzollerns decides to open his most secret archives we shall have at least material for a complete life of Queen Luise.

It is deeply to be regretted that so much of the political and social correspondence of notable Germans has been destroyed for fear of the police. Arndt congratulated himself that all his precious manuscript had been lost at sea. The years following the battle of Waterloo brought with them much political persecution, and nearly every German who had been conspicuous as a patriot in liberating the country from Napoleon became afterwards a traitor—at least in the eyes of the government.

This fact alone renders the task of writing a history of this period difficult.

In regard to illustrations, I have to thank Mr. Caton Woodville for the interest he has shown in making his pictures conform to historic truth. I have had to reject a great many well-known pictures by other names simply because they were calculated to give the reader a wrong impression. The directors of German museums have been uniformly helpful to me.

In conclusion, I must thank the editor of *Harper's Magazine* for first encouraging me towards this publication, when other editors and publishers had given me only discouragement. Should this story prove interesting in book form, I shall hope to continue it at some future date.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y., *March* 30, 1896.



AUTHOR'S NOTE

WHILE this work was passing through the press the author was in South Africa, and he is under obligations to his friend, Charlton T. Lewis, Esq., for his care and attention in looking over the proofs.





REFERENCE TABLE OF CONTEMPORARIES

	Born	Died
RULERS		
Frederick William III	1770	1840
Queen Luise	1776	1810
Napoleon I	1769	1821
George III	1738	1820
Czar Alexander	1777	1825
President Madison	1751	1836
STATESMEN		
Stein	1757	1831
Hardenberg	1750	1822
Talleyrand	1754	1838
Metternich	1773	1859
SOLDIERS		
Blücher	1742	1819
Gneisenau	1760	1831
Boyen	1771	1848
Scharnhorst	1755	1813
Schill	1776	1809
Lützow	1782	1834
Yorck	1759	1830
ARTISTS, POETS, PHILOSOPHERS, WRITERS, PATRIOTS		
Schiller	1759	1805
Goethe	1749	1832
Körner	1791	1813
Arndt	1769	1860
Fichte	1762	1814
Kant	1724	1804
Jahn	1778	1852
Iffland	1759	1814
Pestalozzi	1746	1827
Rauch	1777	1857

A FEW DATES WORTH REFERRING TO

Holy Roman Empire of Germany dissolved by Napoleon	August 6,	1806
Execution of John Palm	August 25,	1806
Battle of Jena and Auerstädt	October 14,	1806
Treaty of Tilsit		1807
Period of Stein's important ministry		1807–8
Schill's death		1809
Execution of Andreas Hofer		1810
Death of Queen Luise		1810
Hardenberg calls together a Parliament		1811
King Frederick William III. entertains the idea of the Iron Cross		1811
Napoleon enters Moscow		1812
Napoleon forsakes his army in Russia and hurries to Paris	December,	1812
Yorck declares against Napoleon	Christmas,	1812
Rebellious Congress of Königsberg		1813
Call for volunteers		1813
War declared against Napoleon	March 17,	1813
The Lützow Free Corps organized		1813
First battle of the war of liberation	May 2,	1813
Battle of Leipzig	October 16–19,	1813
Blücher crosses the Rhine	January 1,	1814
Prussians enter Paris	March,	1814
Peace signed		1814



HISTORY OF THE
GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I



HISTORY OF THE

GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY

I

EXECUTION OF JOHN PALM, BOOKSELLER

"Aber nichtsdestoweniger steht die Wahrheit fest: Dass die geistige Entwickelung des Volkes und seine ihm gesetzlich gegebene Theilnahme an den öffentlichen Angelegenheiten in unserer gegenwärtigen Zeit, die Hauptstützen des Staates sind."*—Memoirs of General Boyen, a Prussian Minister of War, vol. i., p. 307.

In the summer of 1806, the memorable year of Jena, there lived in the picturesque old town of Nuremberg a much-respected bookseller named John Palm. Under ordinary circumstances he would have lived and died like many another respectable German bookseller had not Napoleon, by a stroke of his pen, sent his name echoing around the world with the significance attaching to those of patriots like John Hampden and Nathan Hale. John Palm received, one day, in the usual course of his business, a package of books consigned through him to other booksellers of his neighborhood; these

* Translation: "But, in spite of it all, this truth remains firm, that the principal supports of the state nowadays are: the growing intelligence of the people, and the share in public affairs accorded them by law."

books were done up in separate packages, addressed to the respective consignees, and John Palm had no other connection with them than arranging for their safe delivery. He did not know the contents of any of these books.

Amongst them, however, happened to be one entitled "Germany in her Day of Shame" (*Deutschland in seiner tiefsten Erniedrigung*); it was a short anonymous work commenting severely upon the manner in which the French military administration pressed upon the people of Bavaria, and it evidently echoed the feeling of German patriots, who resented the arbitrary manner in which Napoleon quartered his troops upon them.

One copy of this pamphlet was consigned to a bookseller in Augsburg, who allowed his children to read it; through them, however, it fell into the hands of some French officers who were quartered upon the pastor of a neighboring village, and thus became known to the higher French authorities. On the 7th of July, 1806, Napoleon ordered John Palm to be tried by court-martial and shot.

This respectable bookseller was so convinced of his own innocence, and had such complete proof that he was not the author nor the publisher of the book, and did not even know what the book was about, that he refused the abundant opportunities he had of avoiding arrest by escaping into Austria or Prussia.

On the 22d of August he was locked up in the fortress of Braunau, an Austrian town garrisoned by French troops, about two hundred miles from Nuremberg. He had taken leave of his wife and children, promising a speedy return, and felt confident that his trial would be merely a matter of form; and so it was.

He was given two short hearings. No one was al-

lowed to plead for him, and within two days of entering the fortress he was sentenced to be shot.

At eleven o'clock on the 26th of August his prison door was opened. He assumed that he was to be set at liberty and start immediately to join his wife and children in Nuremberg. Instead of this, however, he was notified that he was to be shot at two o'clock, leaving him barely time to write a few letters to his family and most intimate friends.

The three short hours between the announcement of his sentence and the execution were of no use to him, nor would they have been had the electric telegraph been at his disposal. The judgment of the court-martial was a surprise to his friends as well as to himself—in fact, to every one excepting the French military authorities, who were acting under instructions from Paris. The good people of the town begged mercy for him at the knees of the French commandant, ignorant of the fact that this officer was acting not as judge, but as executioner.

At the appointed hour John Palm was placed upon a peasant's cart and escorted beyond the walls of the town under a strong military escort. The whole garrison of the place was assembled to look on at the killing of this plain every-day little bookseller of Nuremberg. No people in Germany are more kindly and peace-loving than those of this particular neighborhood; but even these good people gave the French officers reason to fear that an attempt might be made to rescue him, and that therefore it was prudent to make as great a display of force as possible.

John Palm's wrists were tied behind his back, and six French soldiers stepped forward, aimed, and fired. Five of the shots missed him; the sixth brought him to the

ground with a cry of pain. He struggled to his feet to receive another volley, which again brought him to the ground, crippled and helpless, but not yet dead. Two soldiers now ran quickly forward, placed the muzzles of their muskets against his head, and finished the task with disgusting thoroughness.

It is significant that John Palm, although a Protestant, was cared for by the Roman Catholic community of Braunau, was buried in their church-yard, and in 1866 was honored there by a national monument to his memory.*

The body of John Palm died in the summer of 1806, but, like John Brown of Ossawatomie, "his soul goes marching on."

The killing of John Palm of Nuremberg may be characterized as was the killing of the Duke of Enghien two years before—it was more than a crime, it was a blunder. The shots which brought sharp sorrow to the widow and children of this Bavarian bookseller brought mortification and anger into the heart of every German, to whatever petty state he might belong. No one could be blind to the fact that Napoleon by this act asserted his right, or at least his power, to reach out beyond his frontiers into a neighboring German state in a time of profound peace, seize a respectable German citizen, try him by court-martial far from his home, execute him against the clearest evidence of innocence, and after it was done be

* On the occasion of my pilgrimage down the beautiful valley of the Inn — which, of course, must be made in a canoe — I found plenty to repay the traveller who is interested in this period of history. And no point awakens more grateful memories than Braunau, where the Protestant Palm was tenderly cared for by his Roman Catholic fellow-Germans in the spirit of charity and common indignation at his murder.—P. B.



THE EXECUTION OF JOHN PALM



called to account by nobody, not even the state whose territory he had outraged.

The story of John Palm's execution went from mouth to mouth all over Germany, kindling into patriotic fire the smouldering embers of German nationality. Even the court of Prussia was made to feel that there was in Germany such a thing as public sentiment. There were very many patriotic Germans who had looked on with deep distrust as Napoleon encroached more and more beyond the boundaries of France and dictated terms more and more humiliating to German states; but such affairs were, after all, the business of a small number of people, and but vaguely understood outside of diplomatic circles. Napoleon had upset many kings and raised up many more; he had overthrown constitutions and put up new ones in their place; but not even his statecraft could make good in the popular mind the killing of the plain little German bookseller John Palm.

II

QUEEN LUISE OF PRUSSIA BEFORE JENA

"By the Treaty of Basel (1795) Frederic William III., in common with most German princes, surrendered a cause that was more German and of greater importance to the body of the people than any that has ever been fought out along the Rhine. By a disgraceful peace he surrendered to Frenchmen the honor and independence of Germany. . . . The Prussians retired, hated by many; shorn of their illustrious, honorable fame—rendered more odious still by the recent smashing and carving up of Poland."—The Poet Arndt, p. 214, anno 1805.

THE travelling-carriage stood ready in the courtyard of the Palace of Potsdam one fine morning in June, 1806. It was the year of Jena, but no one knew that. Queen Luise came down the steps with her husband and children, bade them an affectionate farewell, and drove away in search of health—to a little watering-place called Pyrmont, situated between Hanover town and that Teutoburger Forest where Hermann (Arminius) routed the legions of Rome, and for all time asserted the power of Germany as a distinct nation. Queen Luise had buried a little baby boy in April of this year. It was her eighth child, and she loved it dearly. The loss afflicted her so much that her health suffered, and her doctors ordered her away in the hope that she might forget her sorrow in the pleasures of a watering-place.

Luise, in this year of sadness, was not merely the

most beautiful woman on a throne, but a woman of beauty absolutely. We have the most abundant evidence on this point from contemporaries—not even excepting Napoleon. But more than beauty had she. Her character was pure. She had been reared amidst home influence calculated to develop the best qualities of a naturally frank, spirited, affectionate woman. There may have been prettier queens, and there have been queens more clever, but it would, I think, be difficult to name one combining so much of beauty and so much of sound political instinct as Luise.

Of the hundreds of pictures that have passed through my hands, all pretending to be portraits, only one does her justice, and that one is a miniature, without name or date, in the study of the Queen of Hanover, at Gmünden, on the Traun Lake. The best portrait in every way is the one by the great sculptor Rauch, who was for six years in service about the person of the Queen, and therefore knew her every expression. Rauch competed with Canova and Thorwaldsen for the honor of making the famous sarcophagus at Charlottenburg, representing Luise extended as if in sleep, with hands folded across her bosom. He was awarded the prize, and produced a monument unique in its way.

The portrait reproduced here is from the bust made by Rauch in 1816. In photographing this I was assisted by Professor Siemering, the sculptor, who has charge of the Rauch Museum in Berlin. This portrait is to me better than the one on the sarcophagus, because not idealized. This is the living and speaking Queen Luise as Rauch knew her, and as Napoleon I. saw her at Tilsit, with the classic diadem upon her head.* In this portrait we see

* Rauch entered the service of Queen Luise when he was twenty-three years old (born 1777), and remained with her six years. He left

the harmony of her features; the sensitive quality of her mouth, which is noticeable in the present Emperor William, her great-grandson. Her forehead is broad; her eyes are thoughtful. It is the face of a woman who should have known only kindness from others, for she lived only to make others happy.

She was born in the year of American Independence, 1776, and in 1806 was therefore barely thirty years old. Germans loved her with an intensity which can be accounted for by reference not merely to her personal gentleness and good sense, but to the peculiar position she occupied. She was the first Queen of Prussia in the memory of living man whose relations with her husband, her court, or her people were those which could please the average respectable mother. Luise at once became not merely the first lady of Prussia, but she made the Prussian court a pattern of domestic life to Germans of every degree. Germans have much sentiment, and above all do they cling to the traditions of purity in family life. Frederick the Great had not done much in this direction; his successor, Frederick William II., had done even less—he had permitted the court of Berlin and Potsdam to set an example painfully demoralizing to German princes in general, and, above all, scandalous to the plain, honest people.

her only to pursue his art in Italy. His first great work was a study of his Queen.

The bust here pictured was made in 1816, six years after the Queen's death. It was done from the death-mask, and proves conclusively that Luise had in her face not merely beauty, but also other qualities that attract us to woman. I have compared about one hundred different reproductions of this Queen, and find none so faithful to the death-mask and at the same time so satisfactory in every other respect as this one. There is a bronze of this in Charlottenburg. The marble was sent, 1816, to "Lord Gower, in London."



PORTRAIT OF QUEEN LUISE.
[From the original bust by Rauch in the Berlin Museum

It had also been the fashion under the two previous Kings of Prussia to regard the German language and German life in general as something good enough for the common people, but not at all the thing for people of rank. At court every one spoke French and wrote letters in French, even where both parties were German. Now, so far as this was a fad in one class of society it did little harm, but since the French Revolution (1789) the armies of France had been cutting their way about Europe so energetically that Prussia, amongst others, was called upon to decide whether she should become a province of Napoleon's empire or fight him to the death.

Writing at the close of the nineteenth century, it is very strange to look back upon a period of Prussian history when for a series of years an influential section of the King's cabinet and court openly insisted that there was nothing degrading in becoming a dependent ally of the great Napoleon.* Germans had tasted the dangerous sweets of a long peace. They had become accustomed to luxury; to a dream of universal empire with a wise Augustus at the head. Napoleon seemed to have been sent by Heaven for the purpose of inaugurating a great European millennium, and why should people of culture oppose an end so manifestly in the interests of art, literature, science, and human happiness?

But Luise was German through and through. She knew her Germany by heart. She had travelled in every part of it, and knew the feelings of the people better than the members of the King's cabinet. She did not trust Napoleon. She knew that between the German and the French was a gulf of differences not to be bridged by

*Frederick William III., in 1806, "declined the Imperial Crown . . . out of delicacy for the feelings of Austria."—Menzel, p. 725.

fair promises, and she had faith in the German character as capable of developing a nation.

Is it wonder that Luise was beloved and treated almost as a national saint? To the rugged peasantry of Protestant Germany she embodied their national aspirations; she might have led them to war; she was their Brandenburg Madonna—a greater than Joan of Arc.

At Pyrmont, Luise was the head of a political congress made up of little princely families who had come to this watering-place nominally for their health, but really to compare notes on the political situation and to distribute news and gossip. Here, too, came Blücher, breathing fury against the French. Luise loved this old soldier, and many were the talks they had together, making plans for the future of her country.

At six every day Luise took her morning walk, glass in hand, listening to the hymn that was always played at this hour under the trees. She passed the shop of an invalid widower left with two feeble daughters, and asked after his health. It was not good. Luise recommended the drinking of asses' milk for them.

The poor man answered that such milk was too expensive for him. "Well, then, I am delighted," said the Queen, "to be able to help you in the matter. I drink asses' milk every morning with my steel, and there is a great deal left over. I shall see that the rest of the asses' milk comes to you each morning."

And the Queen kept her word. The milk itself may not have been of much value, but the manner in which the gift was made should have brought roses into the palest cheeks.

Prussia in these weeks appeared to be the strongest power of the Continent next to France. Her army was said to be 250,000 men, excellently drilled and well



RECEIVING NEWS OF THE DECLARATION OF WAR IN THE PRUSSIAN CAMP



equipped. Her territories had been much enlarged by the seizure of Hanover, which Frederick William III. had accepted from Napoleon as a reward for subserviency. Austria had been defeated at Austerlitz in 1805; Napoleon had hinted to the Prussian monarch that a North German Empire would be viewed with favor in Paris. In short, to a superficial observer it might have seemed that no sovereign had more reason to be satisfied with his prospects than the King of Prussia in the summer of 1806.

Luise left Pyrmont with hope and happiness somewhat revived. She had talked with representatives of nearly all the ruling families of North Germany, as well as with many Germans of note in other ways, and carried back to Charlottenburg a budget of impressions that were intended to make her husband very happy on his birthday, the 3d of August.

But that birthday brought other news, to be followed by worse news still. Napoleon had created a vast confederation of South German states, all dependent upon France. Francis II., head of the German Empire, had formally abdicated that title, and was to be henceforth merely Emperor of Austria. Then came rumors of French intrigue in the little courts of northern Germany, the object of which was to make them allies of Napoleon and to isolate Prussia. But the worst blow came in the news from Paris that Hanover was, after all, to be handed back to England; that Napoleon, in other words, regarded Prussia as no more than a very feeble state to be treated like the rest of his vassal kingdoms.

All these expressions of Napoleon's contempt for his Prussian Majesty, coming pretty well together, convinced even Frederick William III. that he was now in a corner from which he must fight his way out or be trampled to pieces.

The most natural thing, therefore, was to look around for friends to help him. He tried the little neighboring states, but it was too late. They had all conceived distrust of Prussia and immense fear of Napoleon.* They remembered that since 1792 Prussia had been constantly pretending to protect Germany against French aggression, but somehow or other had always found her profit in letting France have her own way. The year of Jena brought upon Prussia the natural consequences of political blunders and crimes perpetrated upon her German neighbors.

Of course Prussia could not expect help from Austria after Austerlitz. The Russian Czar promised to come, but he was far away. England was energetically destroying Prussian ships wherever she could surprise them.† Frederick William III. objected to having ships of war because Frederick II. had not found them necessary, and at this time, therefore, England had rather an easy time of it in her war against Prussian commerce.

And this was the condition of things when the Prussian King took up arms against Napoleon. In 1805, when backed by Russia, England, and Austria, he shirked the contest. In 1806 he gayly marched against the same common enemy, when that enemy had become vastly stronger, and when his own government had not a single friend or ally worth mentioning.

* "The curse of king murder rested upon the people of France; but upon the three Eastern monarchies lay the guilt of having murdered a whole people (Poland)."—Droysen, Lectures, vol. i., p. 338.

† "More than 1200 Prussian merchantmen became then the booty of British or Swedish privateers. . . . Sweden and Norway, in spite of their poverty and weakness, found the means of building strong navies, while Prussia, famed for her war strength, possessed not a single armed ship with which to protect her subjects against these pirates."—Menzel, p. 693.

III

WHAT SORT OF A BRINGING-UP HAD QUEEN LUISE

"His [Napoleon's] proclamations and bulletins constantly mingled insults with threats. He did not even spare grief, that sacred thing —not even in the person of the Prussian Queen."—Pasquier, i., 293.

Royal characters are most interesting when doing something which is not marked out for them by an official programme. In this respect Queen Luise is most refreshing.

The year after she became Queen of Prussia she was at a grand ball in Magdeburg, the famous fortress on the Elbe. Amongst the many noble ladies presented to her was an army officer's wife who was herself not of the so-called aristocracy, though her father was a merchant of eminent respectability.

Queen Luise, who wished to set the young woman at her ease, asked her the question she so often put to strangers:

"Let me hear about your family—your birth!"

"Oh, your Majesty!" stammered the embarrassed merchant's daughter, "I am—nobody, of no particular birth (*gar keine geborene*)."

The poor frightened woman was the centre of a circle made up of the most pompous dames of the neighborhood, and these enjoyed the discomfiture of their rival.

Queen Luise noted the look of high-bred scorn on the faces of the ladies about her; she heard also behind her

a loud whisper conveying a coarse witticism anent the words "of no particular birth."

This was more than Luise could stand. Her pure, motherly instinct was roused. She raised her beautiful head of wavy hair, over which shone the diadem we know so well. Without betraying the feelings that boiled within her, she allowed her eyes to rest upon one and the other of the ladies about her; and with a pleasant smile and the most gentle voice imaginable addressed these words to the merchant's daughter:

"To be sure, your answer contains a fine flavor of satire and truth. I must confess that the expression *to be a person of birth*, in so far as that has reference to advantages secured by the act of being born, has always sounded to me particularly senseless. The fact is, that so far as birth is concerned, all of us, without exception, are equal. It is, of course, pleasant to reflect that our parents and ancestors have been people of virtue and respectability, for who does not respect this sort of thing? But such good qualities, thank God, are found in all grades of life; and the greatest benefactors of mankind have frequently sprung from the humblest social conditions. You may inherit outward show and worldly advantage; but the real personal character on which all depends—this each one must acquire for himself by self-control. I thank you, my dear madame, for having given me the opportunity of saying freely something which may be not wholly devoid of importance for the future. I wish you much happiness in your married life—and the source of happiness is of course in our hearts."

The smile of scorn died away from the lips of the high-born dames; the merchant's daughter was made the happiest of women, and wherever this incident was repeated the hearts of the people opened to their Queen



FIELD-MARSHAL GEBHARD LEBRECHT VON BLÜCHER
[From the bust by Rauch in the Museum at Berlin. Photographed by the Author]



as to one who came to preach a new gospel of liberty—the liberty to be a man, a character, an influence, irrespective of birth or titles.

The anecdote I have related is true. But were it not, I should be inclined to reproduce it here to illustrate exactly what Luise would have done under such conditions.

Queen Luise was born in a narrow, dingy street of Hanover in 1776. Her father was an exceedingly impecunious prince of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and she owed nearly all her bringing-up to her grandparents on the mother's side, who lived near the Rhine at Darmstadt, some three hundred miles away to the south. Queen Luise was not merely born on British soil—her father's principal financial support came from his pay as a general in the English army. What we know of him is little, and that little not complimentary. He obviously could not give his children the education they were entitled to, or they would not have been sent to Darmstadt. In fact, Queen Luise may be said to have known no home until she came to Berlin as Crown-Princess of Prussia.

It was at the age of nine that Luise lost her mother and was sent to her grandmother to be brought up. The journey lay through a most interesting portion of Germany, as a glance at the map will show, and the child Luise, on this her first journey, did not fail to note the difference in speech and dress between one frontier and the other—even from one village to another. She travelled from the sandy flats of Hanover through a country full of beautiful streams, wooded mountains, and meadows wonderfully fertile. Here for the first time did she have an object-lesson in political geography. The people she saw all spoke one German; all were of common German ancestry; all read the same great works of German liter-

ature—why, then, did they not unite under one flag, as did the French?

At a time when the French tongue ruled all courts, Luise assiduously cultivated German. She could talk the dialect of the peasants as well as the German of grammarians, and was proud of her accomplishment.

Queen Luise had as governess in Darmstadt Mademoiselle de Gélieu, a Swiss lady whose family had fled from France in consequence of the St. Bartholomew massacre. This lady was about thirty years old when she undertook the education of Luise, and was in all respects a person of conspicuous merit—of strong personal character, and Protestant faith. Aside from positive evidence on this point is the circumstance that she remained with Luise up to the moment of her marriage.

In the year 1814, when Luise had already been dead four years, her royal husband, on his return from a victorious entry into Paris, turned aside to visit the little rectory on the Lake of Neuchâtel, where this lady was living with her brother, the local parson. The late Emperor William accompanied his father on this journey, and to both it was a pilgrimage full of profound suggestion.

In her childhood Europe was crumbling about her, and she had occasion to hear of many curious things. She was thirteen when the Bastille fell, and engaged to be married about the same time that Louis XVI. died under the guillotine. Her future husband was with the allied army that marched into France for the purpose of quelling the spirit of revolution. It was during this campaign that her engagement was formally announced. But even at this time Luise must have been struck by the fact that the Prussian army marched back again from France in 1795 without having accomplished anything worth mentioning.

She had gone to Frankfort in 1792 to see the coronation of the last Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire; and in the year of Jena, when that empire was dissolved by one word of Napoleon, she recalled the empty pageantry of those early days. She had heard the guns of the *sans-culotte* army of the Revolution, and had been forced to flee like many a princely family of that day.

The old Emperor William used to treasure with particular care a bundle of love-letters signed Luise. They are unique in a way, for love-letters are rarely written in duplicate.

This is how it happened. Mademoiselle de Gélieu was charged with superintending the correspondence of Luise, and particularly the correspondence with her future husband—for was not this all matter of etiquette and state importance?

"The post leaves to-day for Mayence, your highness," says mademoiselle, "and your highness must write a letter to your exalted future husband."

So Luise seats herself obediently and begins: "Mon cher Fritz!"

"What does that mean?" exclaims mademoiselle, severely. "What sort of style is that?"

"Why, how otherwise?" answers Luise. "I call him Fritz to his face—how can I use anything else on paper?"

"You are quite wrong," says the correct Mademoiselle de Gélieu. "Young ladies of your exalted station must weigh every word carefully before you use it. Let peasants romp and shout—not princesses."

"But romping is great fun," retorts Luise.

"Minuet was invented for princesses. Your highness must dance only minuet and—write only minuet."

"Very well," sighs Luise; "then let us say, 'My dear Frederick.'"

"No; not even that."

"What, then?"

"Monseigneur is the proper title for one destined to become crown-prince."

And so Luise writes to her monseigneur in the stilted French jargon of the court, assuring him, in the style of Racine and Corneille, that her heart is profoundly touched by the sentiment which monseigneur is graciously pleased to entertain, etc.

Luise obeyed so far as that letter was concerned, but insisted upon closing and sealing it herself. Before doing so, however, she always managed to smuggle in a hasty scrawl of strictly original composition to "Fritz," her sweetheart.

These letters, coming in pairs—one to monseigneur, the other to Fritz—are quaint testimony to the ceremonious forms of the day and the fact that the love of Fritz and Luise was as genuine as it proved enduring.

Not only was our Fritz over head and heels in love with young Princess Luise; it is obvious that Fritz's father waived all considerations of a worldly nature and blessed the young couple because he saw in their marriage a union promising more happiness to his posterity than had ever come into the domestic life of himself or his illustrious predecessor.

It is a significant commentary upon the political and financial condition of Luise's family that her own country, Mecklenburg-Strelitz, refused to make her any grant on the occasion of this wedding, although it was law of the land that twenty thousand thalers should be voted when a princess married. There had been bad relations for many years between the prince of the country and his House of Representatives, and here was

an opportunity which the tax-paying section of the community could not afford to neglect.

But the fat and luxurious Prussian monarch was generous and rich. He made no difficulties for the penniless princess; granted all that was asked for on her behalf, and even added, by way of pin-money, six thousand thalers yearly, with the stipulation that out of that sum she should pay for the presents she might have to make on weddings and other festive occasions. I have known many a New York miss with more annual pocket-money than this; but then a Prussian queen lived more simply at that time than does to-day the daughter of a New York merchant.

Luise at least felt very rich and looked forward to doing a great deal of good with her precious six thousand thalers a year.

IV

QUEEN LUISE ENTERS BERLIN IN TRIUMPH

"God save the King; preserve the House of Hohenzollern; protect our country; strengthen the German spirit; cleanse our national life from foreign imitation; make Prussia a shining example in the Germanic Union; weld this Union into the New Empire, and grant us speedily the one thing we sorely need, a wise Constitution."—Closing words of the "Turnvater" Jahn, Lectures on Volksthum, 1817.

On the 22d of December, 1793, two days before her marriage to the Crown-Prince of Prussia, Luise drove in state down the great Berlin avenue called Under the Lindens, and was quartered in the same apartments of the old palace that had been used by Frederick the Great.

The Berliners are the Yankees of Germany — industrious, inventive, sober, and witty. They are slow to praise, but loyal to those whom they trust. Luise on that day won the heart of Berlin, and her citizens have since cultivated her memory with singular fidelity.

As she entered the city in state, her coach was stopped by a group of little girls dressed in white, with wreaths of flowers in their hair. One of them had some verses of welcome to recite, and the official programme required Luise only to make formal acknowledgment and then drive on. But she loved little children, and so before the whole crowd of citizens she picked the little girl up in her arms and kissed her affectionately.

This was, however, quite outside of the programme, and rather shocking to Luise's chief lady-in-waiting, who sat opposite to her in the state coach for the purpose of warning her against just such breaches of etiquette.

But this one touch of womanly feeling, which had not been put down on the programme, pleased the Berliners more than all the rest of the day's festive parade. They had had enough of kings and uniforms—their eyes were aching for the sight of a real woman.

This stern lady-in-waiting was the Countess Voss, already sixty-four years of age. She outlived Luise, however.* This old lady had come to the Prussian court as an attendant upon the mother of Frederick the Great. She had fallen in love with the Queen's third son. The prince would have no other. The court was in an uproar and serious consequence was expected—a suicide at least. The Countess Voss was, in her youth, of exquisite beauty and of graceful proportions. She had also every charm of mind that makes a love episode of this nature possible.

But one after the other of the court besieged her with prayers and threats, and finally she determined to leave Berlin and her sweetheart—to sacrifice her first love, to marry another.

She came back in after-years, and named her first-born after the prince she had adored. But she was not embittered. She retained the esteem of successive courts,

*Countess Voss left behind her a diary unique in its way, for it covers nearly seventy years of her life spent at the Prussian court. This diary was placed in my hands by the present representative of the family. It is written in French and in a hand almost illegible. A German alleged translation has been published, but so faulty as to be almost valueless. It is greatly to be hoped that the diary may some day be given to the world exactly as it left the hands of the famous woman to whom Berliners still reverently refer as *Die alte Voss*.

and Frederick William II. made a particular point of having his new daughter-in-law under the care of this old lady.

In spite of the difference in their ages, Luise and the old Voss did well together. The old lady had seen much of the world; knew the ins and outs of every intrigue, and was able to save the unsuspecting Luise from many a blunder. But she was at the same time a straightforward, pure woman, loyal and high-spirited. Luise soon came to have enormous respect for her lady-in-waiting, whom she treated as a dear, good, stiff grandmamma.

When Luise looked about her rooms in the Berlin palace she was struck by the fact that the tapestry on the walls represented only Scriptural subjects. She knew well enough that Frederick the Great had not been over partial to Biblical tales. Of course Dame Voss gave her the reasons. Louis XV. of France had ordered two handsome sets of Gobelin sent as presents, one to a great Papal dignitary, the other to Frederick the Great. For the churchman he had selected Bible pictures; for the *Alte Fritz* he had arranged a set of battle scenes.

These Gobelin tapestries had become mixed in the packing, so that the battle pictures went to the church, and the scenes from Holy Writ astonished the eyes of the least orthodox of Prussian kings.

Princess Luise was married on Christmas Eve of 1793, in the Weisse Saal of the Berlin palace, where nowadays the Emperor opens Parliament in person.

In 1797 her husband became King of Prussia, and in the same year she gave birth to William, First German Emperor, who was destined three times to go with a victorious Germany across the Rhine to Paris. Her life as Queen, down to the year of Jena, furnishes little that is remarkable. She loved to spend her days in the coun-



EMPEROR NAPOLEON



try about Potsdam, a region full of beautiful lakes and forests, where Frederick the Great also spent much of his time. Before she had been married ten years she had presented her husband with eight children, and she found much of her happiness in their society.

One day two English travellers hired a boat and rowed over to the Pfauen (Peacock) Island, near Potsdam. They had a natural curiosity to see the island where the royal family spent much of their time, and, with the enterprise characteristic of Anglo-Saxons, succeeded in effecting a landing in spite of notices and guards, which are to-day as numerous as they were one hundred years ago. But the Lord Chamberlain espied them, and they received from him very violent expressions of opinion and orders to leave immediately, under penalty of arrest. So they proceeded to regain their boat. On the way, however, they met a lady leaning on the arm of a Prussian officer. They did not know who it was, but raised their hats politely. The lady addressed them in their own tongue; said she presumed them to be English; were they here for the first time, and, if so, might she show them about the park?

The Englishmen were, of course, highly pleased, but protested that they dared not stay because the Lord Chamberlain had threatened them with arrest in case they did not at once leave.

"Oh," said the lady, with a smile, "I know that official very well. He and I are good friends. I will intercede for you. He will not be angry."

And so she showed them about, chatting meanwhile about England and English life, for which she showed keen sympathy.

At last they came upon a group of people who bowed as only courtiers can; and then the two Englishmen sus-

pected that they had been shown about by no other than the King and Queen of Prussia. They tried to escape, but Luise made them stay to luncheon. The Lord Chamberlain was appeased, we may be sure, and the two Englishmen who rowed away from the Pfaueninsel on that day were no doubt the two happiest men in Prussia.

The years that passed, down to the time of Jena, were made memorable to Luise mainly by the journeys she made and the interesting people she met on the way. She travelled, of course, in the posting manner of the day, over roads little better than are now found in the United States or Russia; for at that time there was scarcely a macadamized road in Prussia, and very few in south Germany. We read frequently of a breakdown to the royal carriage; and, in fact, a postman of that day had to be as full of resource as the driver of a California mail-coach.

Travel is now so rapid and so commonplace that we are apt to forget the enormous rôle it played in the education of our ancestors. The journey from Berlin to Paris occupied then more time than at present from Berlin to New York, and represented contact with many people in many towns and villages on the way. To-day the traveller sees no one but the sleeping-car porter or the train conductor in a journey carrying him perhaps from Paris to Constantinople. What he learns of the land and people is simply a fence of telegraph poles and a railway station at intervals. To get an idea of what travel meant one hundred years ago we must now go yachting, or move on a bicycle, or on foot, or, better still, paddle our own canoe; for only by these means can we secure the educational benefits of travel.

It is noteworthy that the Germans who have made deep impression on their age have been good travellers.

They have consciously or unconsciously acted on the principle that a politician, to be of power, must know well the sources of his power—the people for whom he is to legislate. Luther had tramped his Germany and far beyond before he ventured upon the Reformation. He had talked with Germans of every state, and knew pretty well what was in their thoughts about Papal abuses, before he nailed his theses on the doors of Wittenberg church.

The leaders of the German movement for liberty were conspicuously men who had tramped their country thoroughly and studied the public feeling wherever they went. Ernst Moritz Arndt, who sang of United Germany; Jahn, the father of the gymnastic societies—these two spent most of their pocket-money on foot journeys. Blücher, Gneisenau, Hardenberg, Stein, were men who knew what they were talking about when they proposed popular measures, for they knew the people of every province.

Queen Luise knew her Germany well. Before her engagement she had visited south Germany and Strasburg; had also made a trip incognita to Holland. From Darmstadt she had visited Frankfort, and then the Thuringian Forest.

On her wedding-trip to Berlin from Darmstadt she had travelled by way of Würzburg, Erfurt, Weimar, Leipzig — names that awaken the echoes of historic events. She did not then associate Würzburg with the school years of Gneisenau, and little dreamed that in a few years Napoleon would be there on his way to Jena. At Erfurt she no doubt refreshed her love for Luther's heroism by visiting the monastery cell where he lived as a monk. Here Gneisenau was a wild student and first entered military life, but in that year Gneisenau

was as insignificant as many another hero before the time of trial.

She could not suspect that Erfurt would be surrendered to France after Jena without a blow, and that in 1808 Napoleon would hold here a Congress of Kings as in a minor capital of France.

Weimar was then the most interesting literary and artistic town of Germany, not merely on account of Goethe and Schiller and other notable men who frequented it, but from the fact that nearly every one of distinction who travelled Germany in these years managed to spend some of his time in Weimar, where the ruling prince did everything to make such a visit profitable and agreeable to travellers of note.

To be sure, Luise travelled as Queen, and royal people are generally bad travellers; but she had a rare gift of finding interesting people and learning truths that were often concealed from her husband.

In the first year after becoming Queen (1798) she visited the Baltic and saw Prussian sea-going ships for the first time, at Dantzic and Königsberg. It was a triumphal procession to celebrate the new sovereigns' accession to the throne. Luise was delighted with her reception, and the King inspected troops everywhere and received deputations. He was at the head of an army of 250,000 men, of a state with 10,000,000 inhabitants; he was courted as an ally by all the great powers. How could Luise suspect that in a very few years she would be flying over these same roads with French troops pressing close behind her!

In Königsberg a deputation of merchants begged Queen Luise to intercede with her husband in the interests of Prussian commerce. This should have opened the King's eyes to the strange fact that Prussia, with her



GENERAL GNEISENAU, BLÜCHER'S CHIEF OF STAFF



many ports and her valuable commerce, had not a single man-of-war! But we fail to discover that the King profited by this journey; he looked at soldiers as so many uniforms, he heard reports and addresses, and took everything for granted.

From Königsberg the journey continued through Poland to Warsaw, then a Prussian town, and back by way of Breslau and Silesia—an enormous journey for that day measured by time and hardship.

In the next year another long tour was made, to her birthplace, Hanover, which was soon (1803) to be seized by France; to Cassel, where Napoleon III. was confined in 1870; to Anspach and Bayreuth, which then belonged to Prussia; and home again through the beautiful Thuringian towns, notably Eisenach, where Luther made his famous translation of the Bible in the Wartburg Castle overlooking the town.

In 1800 she once more visited Silesia, Prussia's richest province, and notably Breslau, the city which in 1813 became the Mecca of all Germans who meant to free their country from French oppression. In 1802 Luise made her second journey to Königsberg and beyond, to Tilsit. Here the royal pair met the Russian Emperor, and here five years later she was to be dragged a suppliant into the presence of the First Napoleon. Memel too she visited for the first time—the last and most northern town of Prussia—where she was destined to shed many a bitter tear while expecting each hour the order to lay down her crown and seek an asylum in a foreign land.

In 1802, however, the Prussian King and the Russian Czar feasted and held military reviews together. Their ministers meanwhile were drawing up papers and signing away German lands on the Rhine, in consideration

of other booty elsewhere. Napoleon wanted all the left bank of the great German river, and Frederick William III. had consented to this act of spoliation on condition that he be well paid in other ways. Next year south Germany was again visited; Erfurt, Bamberg, Bayreuth, Darmstadt, and in 1805 the borders of Bohemia and Bavaria.

These long journeys to every corner of Germany were calculated to afford an average monarch the best possible means of knowing the strength of his own army. Since 1793 Frederick William III. had seen from year to year France adding to her territory mainly by annexing German land. His was the only German government which could unite the others in resistance to French aggression; he was the big brother of the family, and all Germany looked to him for leadership. But in all his travels he never once recognized this phase of his duty and opportunity. Each time that Napoleon stole a piece of Germany he shared some of his plunder with Frederick William III., and thus made Prussia party to his crimes against the great Fatherland.

The little states were not slow in seeing that the King of Prussia was not honest with them, that he was little more than an ally of France. Can we blame them, therefore, if in the year of Jena they all declined to support him?

Queen Luise, of course, knew nothing of the dishonest diplomatic work that was going on in the cabinet of her husband. As a good wife and a German who loved her country she believed in her King and husband; and if events of the day seemed discouraging, she had faith, and believed that matters were shaping themselves to good purpose. She grew up among people who knew

and had fought under the Great Frederick; she had entered Berlin as a bride in the same year that saw the completion of the glorious Brandenburg Triumphal Arch, which was erected to commemorate Prussian triumphs. Her ears had caught in that year for the first time the strains of Germany's national anthem, "Heil dir im Siegeskranz," a song written in 1793, and destined to rank with the "Wacht am Rhein" in power to kindle German enthusiasm for a fighting fatherland.

From that year to Jena she heard of Prussia only as a steadily increasing power in which the traditions of Frederick the Great were kept alive by a greater army than Frederick ever had. Prussian generals said to her: "What if Napoleon has whipped the Austrians, the Russians, the Italians, and the Dutch—what are those compared with the battalions of Frederick?"

And that is why the Prussians marched so gayly towards Jena.

V

THE TWO PHILOSOPHERS OF JENA — HEGEL AND NAPOLEON

"The dawn of the new German world has commenced. . . . Wherever the German tongue is spoken, there is the longing for a new German Empire. . . ."—Words of Jahn written in the visitors' album on the Wartburg, near Eisenach, on July 24, 1814, on his way home from the victorious campaign against Napoleon.

In the night of October 14, 1806, a great German philosopher named Hegel occupied himself with the closing lines of a very learned work about positive conceptions and historical infinities. He called his book *Phenomenology.*

His lamp burned late that night, for on the next morning the manuscript was to be sent by post to his publisher.

Another lamp was burning late on that same night, almost next door. Another philosopher, and a vastly more practical one, was preparing for the press a manuscript quite as perplexing as that of Hegel. This philosopher, however, could not wait until the morning before posting his manuscript, but sent it off at once to Paris.

Both philosophers burned their lamps at the same hour in the beautiful little university town of Jena, and the man who sent his manuscript first was Napoleon Bonaparte.

The German philosopher rose early on the morning of



Augereau Napoleon Lannes Hegel

TWO PHILOSOPHERS MEET AT JENA



October 15th, and, with his precious *Phenomenology* under his arm, walked to the post-office. Here he learned for the first time that Napoleon had fought a great battle; that a Prussian army had been routed; that French troops occupied every village of this sweet, smiling Saxon country, and no post would leave Jena that day.

So Hegel prepared to trudge back to his desk and wait for better times before giving *Phenomenology* to the world. As he pressed the precious bundle under his arm a clattering of hoofs caused him to stand aside in time to salute, with unaffected humility, the man who had on the day before manured two battle-fields with German carcasses. In later days the author of *Phenomenology* referred to this one peep at the conqueror as a most exalting moment. Hegel adored in Napoleon the great mind, the philosophic intellect. He recognized in him a colleague — a professor in another faculty — who had written better stuff than even *Phenomenology*.

There were many men in the Germany of 1806 who were fiddling and philosophizing while French troops marched across their country. Let us not judge Hegel too harshly, for he was in the fashion. German men of letters, Germans who pretended to elegance in social matters, had been brought up to regard patriotism as savoring of bad taste, if not positive vulgarity. The plain people preserved their national feelings, but in 1806 the plain people were not asked their opinion on current events. Germany had been trained to docility for generations past, and this docility had turned into political imbecility. The country was full of Hegels who never bothered their heads whether they were governed by Turk or Tycoon. Whatever came from above they accepted with meekness; if the taxes were heavy they paid them with a groan, if they were light they paid

them with a smile; but in any case they paid them, and never asked themselves who received the money or what it was spent for. Napoleon won the battle because Prussia was full of men like Hegel—Hegels in the universities, Hegels in the government offices, Hegels even at the head of the army.

VI

THE EVE OF JENA, OCTOBER 13, 1806

"Wahrlich Unfähigkeit und Kopflosigkeit an allen Orten!"*—V. Lettow, p. 274, I.

"L'armée prussienne offrait l'étrange spectacle de l'audace la plus téméraire, commandée par la sénilité."—Lanfrey, iii., 473.

On the 20th of September, 1806, the royal travelling-carriage rolled into the palace court of Charlottenburg, near Berlin. Queen Luise and her husband took their seats and were driven to—Jena. They made their head-quarters at Naumburg, which is about half-way between Leipzig and Erfurt, and there they spent two weeks, in which the King watched his showily dressed troops marching on to the front to do battle with the French.

In this neighborhood the Prussian army took a loose, straggling position, with the general idea of checking Napoleon should he try to break through into Prussia. The King was, of course, the head of the army, but the Duke of Brunswick had been appointed commander-in-chief.

This old man had served under the great Frederick,† was then seventy odd years of age, and had solemnly said to a group of officers shortly before Jena: "The

* Translation: "Truly, at all points incapacity and loss of head!"

† Pasquier (i., 230) says that even in France "La Prusse avait encore (1806) le prestige attaché aux créations militaires du Grand Frédéric."

[Prussian] army is, in spite of all that has happened of late, and *even without improvements*, unquestionably the first army of the world." This reminds us of the language held by the marshals of Napoleon III. in the summer of 1870.

The Prussian army was at the centre of Germany, surrounded by people who not only spoke a common tongue, but who were actively in sympathy with its purpose of defeating the French. This great army down to the morning of the 14th of October never once found out where Napoleon was, where his troops were, how many were marching, or in what direction. Frederick William III. had every facility for learning all about Napoleon, for the French army had been in Germany during many weeks past, and Prussian officers could have travelled about in disguise without difficulty.

It does not need a professional soldier to tell us that when going to war it is important to know where the enemy is, and how strong he is. On September 13, 1806, Napoleon wrote to his agent at Munich to keep him informed in regard to the movements of the Prussian army; that war would break out as soon as Prussians crossed into Saxony. "You will then write to Rapp, in Strasburg, to telegraph me, and one hour afterwards I shall be on the way to Würzburg."

Here is a practical man. He has a telegraphic line of semaphores reaching from Paris to every corner of his empire, and can communicate with Strasburg in half an hour, whereas the ordinary post required four days. The King of Prussia had no telegraphs, and it took nine days for a courier to get from Paris to Berlin, a journey now done in one day and night.

Yet telegraphs were no new thing in Europe. The French had used them in the army of the Revolution ten

years before. Why did not Prussia also have telegraphs from Berlin to her frontiers? Strange as it may seem, I am assured by the editor of the famous Brockhaus Encyclopædia that not until 1832 did Prussia operate her first optical telegraph between Berlin and the Rhine. The Encyclopædia itself is silent on this subject. Even the excellent Post Museum in Berlin could give me no information in this matter.

Napoleon knew pretty much all there was to know about the Prussian army, its movements, and that is why, on September 12th, he wrote to Talleyrand:

"The idea that Prussia will venture to attack me single-handed is so ridiculous that it deserves no notice. My alliance with Prussia is based upon her fear of me. That cabinet is so contemptible, the King so devoid of character," etc.

Six days after Queen Luise and Frederick William had started from Berlin, Napoleon left Paris. In two days (September 28th) he was on the Rhine, at Mainz, and had made every disposition for an offensive move, to begin on October 3d. His troops had been in garrison all the way from Bonn, on the Rhine, to Braunau, on the Inn—Braunau, where poor John Palm was murdured. On October 4th his army of invasion had united with great rapidity on the line Würzburg-Baireuth, and already on the 7th began the great forward move of the whole mass straight on Berlin.

He had 160,000 men with him, divided into six army corps. These men had for the most part done severe marching to reach their places in time, as a glance at the map will show. Two regiments and the Corps Artillery, for instance, had been ordered to be in Würzburg on October 3d, marching all the way from Bonn. It was a twelve days' march, for which Napoleon had

allowed only nine days. But these troops made it in eight days, arriving on October 2d. A day's march for troops was 22½ kilometres in the French army. This made an average of more than 33½ kilometres for eight consecutive days.

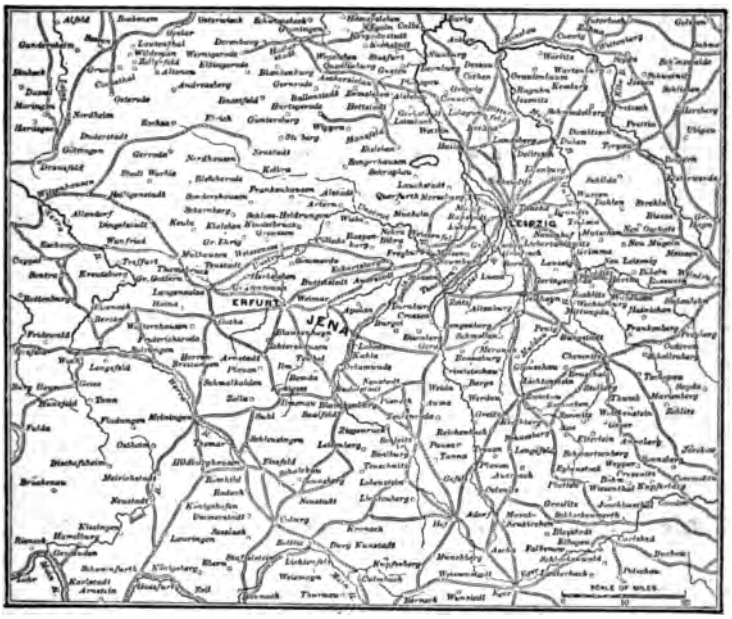
Napoleon had on this campaign a manuscript map prepared by his engineer corps. The Prussians had only a Saxon map published in 1763, and reaching no further than the river Werra and the Saale, at Hof; map-making in general was then in its infancy. There was no topographical map of Prussia in existence, although a beginning had been made in 1803, covering only the extreme northern corner on the Baltic.*

In 1812 there was captured at the Beresina, in Napoleon's baggage, a manuscript map of central Europe on a scale 1:100,000. The original is in St. Petersburg, and the only copy extant, so far as I know, is in the Berlin Military Intelligence Bureau. Of this copy I have had the use, thanks to the kindness of the

* "The army [Prussian] was most scantily equipped even with the most needful geographical material. We discovered later that General Von Bülow in the Lausitz did not possess the one useful map of Saxony, that of Petri, . . . although it was at the time on sale at Schropp's (in Berlin). Even I had the map in my possession, and would gladly have given it for this purpose had I known that it was wanted there. . . . When one has been witness, as I have, to the enormous sums paid by French commanders for maps at Schropp's establishment alone, and how they laid out capital sums for such large maps as that of Russia in 204 sheets, our parsimony in this respect is hard to comprehend."—Klöden, p. 312.

"There also [at Bautzen] the want of good maps was keenly felt, whereas Napoleon had the most exact knowledge of his battle ground by the use of the large topographical survey maps of Saxony belonging to the King of that country, and which existed only in drawings. These are said to have been of great service to Napoleon."—Klöden, p. 313. This refers to the year 1813, and applies, therefore, with even greater force to the year of Jena.

German government. The map here presented has been based upon that map of Napoleon's, in order that the reader may be able to place himself in the same state of knowledge as was enjoyed by the French



JENA AND ITS SURROUNDINGS

From the great map, in sixty-four sections, which was captured from Napoleon at the crossing of the Berezina

conqueror. I have reason to think that Napoleon prepared this map some time before Jena, and kept it as accurate as possible on account of its great importance to him.

Napoleon left Bamberg on October 8th at three in the morning, and at six of the same morning was settled in his next headquarters dictating orders. He gen-

erally travelled in the night, when the roads were clear, and he consequently could drive more rapidly. He would lie down to sleep about six in the afternoon, and at about midnight would be sending out orders for the morrow. In this way he was able to draw in all possible information regarding the day's movements before himself proposing another move.

All this was wearing work, such work as the Prussian army could not or would not do.

Napoleon and most of his marshals were between thirty-five and thirty-seven years old. On the Prussian side the King alone was was within these years. His commander-in-chief was not fit to be on horseback. Out of 66 colonels in the infantry of the line, 28 were over sixty years; of 281 majors, 86 were over fifty-five and 190 more than fifty years old.

On October 8th appeared a Bulletin, of which Napoleon was editor-in-chief, saying, amongst other things: "The Queen of Prussia is with the army, dressed as an Amazon, and wearing the uniform of her dragoon regiment. She writes twenty letters a day to fan the flames in all directions. One might fancy her an Armida, who in her excitement sets fire to her own palace." Now, considering that Armida was a classic heroine noted chiefly for having seduced several young men from the path of virtue, it will be admitted that the simile is not chaste.

This bulletin of Napoleon was so public an insult that in Prussia at least it was never forgotten or forgiven. Luise was destined to receive additional insults from the hands of this soldier, but none more deeply resented by the people of Germany.*

*In the Hohenzollern Museum of Berlin are preserved two cartoons

The date of this bulletin may be taken as the date when war was formally declared, for the Prussian King had threatened to fight France in case Napoleon did not yield to his demands by October 8th.

On the afternoon of October 13th Napoleon arrived in the beautiful little university town of Jena, on the river Saale. Had he followed the example of the Prussians he would have gone quietly to bed and waited until morning before doing anything further. But he did what any practical commander would do in such a case—drew in all possible information regarding the strength of the enemy.

Jena is dominated by a high plateau, whose sides run steeply down the river Saale and the town. For our purposes we may roughly compare this plateau to the

of Queen Luise, published in Paris for the purpose of strengthening the popular notion that this gentle creature was a species of unsexed Amazon. One of these cartoons is called "La Reine de Prusse après la Bataille de Jéna." It represents rather a pretty woman in a semi-military dress seated on a rock with a sabre beside her. A horse stands near by decked out in cavalry style, with Prussian eagles worked upon the holsters. These words are printed beneath the picture:

"Ignorant quels périls environnent la gloire,
J'animais mes soldats et guidais leurs drapeaux,
Je voulus vivre en Reine et mourir en héros
Et ne trouvais la mort ni n'obtins la victoire."

This was published under government license, and no doubt at government instigation. The second cartoon represents Queen Luise as a camp-follower of loose habits. She wears a shako on her head; a hussar jacket which is thrown open so as to expose her breasts and a bit of chemise. These are the only two military cartoons of Luise in the Hohenzollern Museum. It is hard to say which is the more remarkable: that Napoleon should thus have allowed this lady to be insulted, or that he should so contemptuously have regarded the Prussian King as to regard this Queen as the virtual leader of the Prussian army. In any case, we know that Queen Luise felt deeply the dirty methods by which Napoleon sought to undermine her influence.

parade-ground of West Point, and assume that the enemy was expected to march up from the shore of the Hudson River. So strong is this Jena plateau by nature that a handful of troops could easily hold in check a very much larger force. On this particular evening each side had about 50,000, the advantage of numbers resting with Prussia. Napoleon, of course, expected to find this plateau bristling with cannon, and looked forward to a severe struggle for its possession.

To his amazement he was told that the Prussians had not even taken the trouble to occupy it. This was so improbable that he climbed in person to the top, and satisfied himself that Prussian commanders could be guilty of such folly as would make a militia volunteer blush. The fact was that the Prussian general found the plateau rather chilly these October nights, and had sought more agreeable shelter farther back in the hollows. He had evidently convinced himself that the approach to this plateau was so difficult that no artillery could possibly get up to it.

And it was, of course, exactly by this most difficult approach that Napoleon did drag up his artillery. When I visited the battle-field in 1893 I found this road in practically the same state as it was described in 1806—a species of gully washed out of shape by rainstorms. Napoleon set his men to work with pick and shovel. He superintended the work himself. As an officer of artillery, it was a work particularly congenial to him, and he soon had the path so widened that before daylight all his artillery was up in position—just where the guns of Frederick William would have been had his generals shown even a very small amount of practical sense or energy.

While Napoleon was feeling his way about on the



FRENCH TROOPS ENTER A GERMAN VILLAGE

plateau of Jena, guided by the light of torches, and preparing for a battle on the morrow, the Prussian King was at a little village twelve miles away, called Auerstädt. This place is too small to be named on ordinary maps, but can be readily found on a line almost due north from Jena, at a point as far from Jena as Weimar is from Jena. Auerstädt is almost equally distant from Jena and Weimar, and not four miles from the river Saale, along whose right bank French troops had been marching for three days past, this being the best route towards Berlin.

The King here called a council of war, made up of the Duke of Brunswick, a Field-Marshal Mollendorf, who was then eighty years old, four generals, and two colonels. This assemblage represented what was then regarded as the highest military authority in Prussia. They talked and they talked, and they kept on talking, without even knowing that Napoleon's army was within cannon range of them.

During the evening of October 13th the French Marshal Davoust occupied the Saale crossing at Kösen, only a three hours' march from Auerstädt in a north-east direction. While the Prussians, therefore, were holding their senseless powwow at Auerstädt, the French had not only approached their front, they were already in a position to cut them off from Berlin.

The Prussian General Schmettau knew that the pass at Kösen was undefended, but said that it would be time enough on the morrow. He went to bed and slept soundly.

In the middle of the night the commander-in-chief at last thought it might be prudent to guard the passes over the Saale against surprise, and therefore ordered that this should be done on the 14th, and, of course,

by the time his order was penned every pass was already in French hands.

At this famous council of war held by the King in Auerstädt, old Brunswick, the commander, could not keep awake. He dozed part of the time, and immediately after it was over went to bed and spent four hours in sleep. Prince Hohenlohe, who commanded the advance army at Jena, also spent the night in bed. His troops were sound asleep when Napoleon's artillery opened fire at daybreak of October 14th. The ever-alert and enterprising Blücher came in the night with an important message to the King; the message could not be delivered. The King also was asleep, and had given orders that he was not to be disturbed.

And so the eve of Jena was slumbered away by 50,000 of Prussia's best troops, commanded by professional soldiers, who had been selected for this duty by Frederick William III. When Queen Luise in the year following, said to Napoleon that Prussia had fallen asleep on the laurels of the great Frederick, she no doubt had in mind the night before Jena.

But Napoleon did not sleep. His men kept on marching steadily throughout the night, occupying one good position after the other, until they had at last reached so far into the Prussian rear that Frederick William woke up to find himself not merely invited to battle, but forced to fight, if only to secure his retreat.

Whatever the view of the reader may be as regards military genius in general, I think we shall agree that in the presence of so much ignorance, stupidity, and laziness as characterized the Prussian command on the 13th of October, 1806, there are few average citizen soldiers who might not have achieved undying fame by commanding the French army of that day.

VII

THE GREAT PRUSSIAN STAMPEDE FROM JENA AND AUERSTÄDT

"The King of Prussia has given me *un mauvais quart d'heure*. I shall pay it him back with interest (*usure*)."—Napoleon's language, uttered in 1804.

A DENSE fog covered the neighborhood of Jena on the morning of October 14, 1806, and stretched beyond Auerstädt, twelve miles away. At both places the Prussians were comfortably asleep when the cannon of the French commenced to thunder. Napoleon commanded in person 50,000 men at Jena, against 53,000 Prussians. At Auerstädt Marshal Davoust commanded 27,300 men, against 50,000 Prussians under their King and old Brunswick. The advantage in point of numbers lay entirely with the Prussians—an advantage which was particularly striking in cavalry and artillery. At Auerstädt Davoust had only 1300 cavalry against the Prussian 8800. He had only 44 pieces of artillery against the Prussian 230. Towards one o'clock Napoleon was reinforced so that his total fighting force amounted to 54,000, but this small superiority of 1000 was outweighed by Prussian superiority in horses and artillery—the ratio at Jena being 10,500 horses to the French 8450, and 175 guns to the French 108. The glory of the campaign rests, of course, with Napoleon, as commander-in-chief, but the glory of the day is Davoust's, who at Auerstädt

fought against odds far greater than Napoleon's and achieved a victory no less decisive.

Marshal Soult was fortunate in finding the pastor of Wenigenjena in bed. He made him get up and show him another road from the Saale up to the Jena plateau, on which Napoleon had spent the night. This road is



MAP SHOWING THE RELATION OF JENA TO PARIS AND BERLIN, AND THE POLITICAL DIVISIONS OF 1806

quite as bad as the one Napoleon used, and is to-day a mere tangle of forest through which falls the dry bed of a torrent called the Steinbach, or "stone beck." Soult's idea, of course, was to wedge his men, if possible, between the Prussians near Jena and the rest near Auerstädt; and he succeeded, thanks to the fact that the

Prussian commander did not suppose that any troops would attempt to come up this very rocky and difficult defile. It was really more difficult than the *Steiger*, "climber," up which Napoleon had brought his guns. The pastor of Wenigenjena has been much abused by German writers for having betrayed his country to the enemy, or, in other words, for having guided Marshal Soult to the plateau above Jena. But let those cast the first stone who are quite sure that they would have sought the death of a martyr under similar circumstances —a French pistol under each ear.

At twenty minutes before six Napoleon commenced the fight by firing away into the fog, and feeling his way forward among the sleeping Prussians. At about seven o'clock the Prussian commander discovered that the firing was in his rear, and that they had gone to sleep the night before with their encampment facing the wrong way. Prussia had some very unwilling Saxon allies at this battle. Their commander came to head-quarters at Capellendorf after six o'clock in the morning asking for orders. He was told that there would be no battle that day.

Then the Prussian general who had drawn his troops away from the Jena plateau on account of the cold night air thought he had better go back there and see what the firing was about. He was soon put to rout.

At about eight o'clock Prince Hohenlohe, the Prussian commander at Jena, finally appeared on the right wing, where the tents were still up and the men not yet out. He had a pleasant chat with their commander; said that the men had better make themselves comfortable in camp until the fog lifted; that there would be nothing of importance that day; perhaps a bit of a skirmish—that was all.

Shortly after this little chat news came that the Prussian left wing was fighting desperately. At some point the Prussians gained a momentary advantage and made a handful of prisoners. Hereupon Prince Hohenlohe sent off a written message to the general commanding the reserves, in which he said, "I am whipping the enemy at every point." Then up galloped another Prussian general to congratulate the Prince on having won a glorious victory!

The fact was that the Prussians were so badly led that their numerical advantage created little more than confusion. At both Jena and Auerstädt their cavalry and artillery achieved scarcely anything, whereas the French used theirs to excellent effect. The infantry fought as well as could be expected of men who had been well drilled but had no confidence in their officers.*

By one o'clock Napoleon ordered a general attack at all points, and by two the Prussians were in full retreat upon Weimar. Capellendorf is on the way, and here the Prussian reserves did their best to make a stand. In the midst of it came worse news from the King, in Auerstädt, ten miles away, saying that his battle was as good as lost—to hurry and help him. But there was not time to choose. In half an hour the matter was effectually settled by the French, who tumbled the reserves along with the rest head over heels, and sent them madly

* A British agent, Francis James Jackson, reported to his government that the spirit of the Germans marching to Jena was excellent; "The Prussians fought with a courage . . . almost without example," etc.; that "Hohenlohe had completely defeated the French and driven them back beyond Hof. . . . Russia and Austria are sure to help;" and so on this official scribe, writing as a "man on the spot," sends to the British Foreign Office statements which a war correspondent nowadays would blush to put upon the wires. And yet out of such stuff as this are many histories concocted.—MSS. Record Office.



FLIGHT OF THE PRUSSIAN ARMY AFTER JENA



careering to Weimar, seven miles away. They did fast running, for some of them got there by four o'clock, and there learned that the French had not only routed the Prussian army at Jena, but at Auerstädt as well;* that they were nearly surrounded, and would have to run still harder if they meant to escape.

Towards night the fugitives from Auerstädt joined those from Jena. A panic had seized them all; officers were brushed aside, knapsacks and muskets were thrown away, cannon were left stuck in the potato-fields, and the men hurried off with only one desire—to escape a pursuing enemy.

Prince Hohenlohe, who had been in bed when the battle commenced, and who had complacently assured his generals that the 14th of October was to be a quiet day, could hardly have chosen a better time than this for shortening a life which had cost his country so much shame and misery. But he thought otherwise. At Weimar he abandoned his troops to their fate, and, with eight squadrons for the protection of his precious person, galloped away in the darkness, and reached Castle Villach at ten. But his rest here was spoiled by a false alarm of French cavalry, which caused him at midnight to hurry off once more in a westerly direction through the darkness. He reached Tennstedt at seven of the following morning, forty-four kilometres (about thirty miles) from Weimar. But not even here could he rest. The French cavalry were on his track, and after a rest of one and a half hours he started again, and reached Sondershausen with only sixty horsemen left out of the eight squadrons that had started with him. He had

* "At Auerstädt it required considerable cleverness on the Prussian side to succeed in losing the battle—for we had there the advantage in all things."—Boyen, vol. i., p. 197.

made sixty miles in that flight from Jena, which shows that a general may develop enormous energy under the spur of fear for his personal safety. Would that he had shown but half so much before the battle commenced!

At Auerstädt the 14th of October brought the same fog that enveloped Jena, twelve miles away. So dense was it that the eagle-eyed Blücher put his horse at a row of French bayonets, thinking he was at an easy hedge. A volley of musketry taught him his mistake.

King Frederick William III. woke up to find that the French corps of Davoust had forced a fight upon him. The Prussians fought here as aimlessly as at Jena. The soldiers did as well as might have been expected of men who were kept from deserting by fear of flogging. But the commanders showed here, as at Jena, complete ignorance of their trade.

It is almost incredible that throughout the battle, when the King's troops were at times less than five miles distant from the army fighting at Jena, he never once received a communication to say even that a fight was in progress. Here was a Prussian army of over one hundred thousand men divided into two parts, neither part knowing what the other was doing.

Towards noon the King sent for reinforcements from Capellendorf, which is half-way between Jena and Weimar. He supposed that the troops at Jena were lying idle, and would soon arrive and help drive the French from the field and make him master of the day. But the reserves did not come. The Prussians blundered about aimlessly, owing to conflicting orders. The Duke of Brunswick was shot in one eye, the bullet passing out through the other. He was carried helpless from the field, and the command devolved upon anybody who chose to give orders. The day had begun with no plan;

none had been formed during the fight; and when old Brunswick was carried from the field no one knew even what direction the army should take in case they had to retire.

The King was asked for orders. He ordered a retreat upon Weimar, expecting to there join the rest of his army and renew the fight next day. The retreat, however, soon became a rout, under the lively fire of the French sharpshooters and skirmishers. Soldiers threw away all they carried, and were soon in the sweep of the mad current made up of both armies converging upon Weimar. They were, however, no longer armies—simply mobs of frightened men, who, some hours ago, were masquerading in the livery of Frederick the Great.

The King was the first to hurry from the battle-field, under escort of some picked cavalry. All at once he was surprised by a picket of French hussars, and had to draw his sword and fight his way clear of them at the imminent risk of his life. It would have been the culmination of Napoleon's triumph on this day, had the Prussian King been brought to him as prisoner, along with the news that the commander-in-chief was mortally wounded. Nor let us forget that Queen Luise was also at this moment flying over the Weimar road out of the reach of the same enemy, and that she, too, narrowly escaped capture.

All night long rode the King, chased by fears of capture, and totally separated* from his army. At seven

*On October 12, 1806, Lord Morpeth arrived in Weimar as English Ambassador to Prussia. Lord Gower, the same who secured the marble bust of Queen Luise, was subsequently added to this mission. These diplomats were charged to demand Hanover from Prussia, and in return to offer English aid against the French. The mission failed partly because the Prussian Minister Haugwitz felt confident of suc-

on the following morning he ventured to stop for rest at the village of Sömmerda, which is about twenty miles westward of Auerstädt as the crow flies, but must have been twice as far to them travelling in the dark over an unknown country. Strange to record, the Prussians had no detailed map of the region immediately about Jena.

Sömmerda may be found by running the eye northward from a point half-way between Erfurt and Weimar for about fifteen miles. It is not a town that guide-books notice—not even a German Baedeker. Yet here it was that a nephew of Frederick the Great turned to the faithful Blücher, who had stuck to his King throughout this horrible day and night, and said, "Let us congratulate ourselves upon having got out of the scrape so well!"

The two armies that desperately struggled for space on the road leading from the two battle-fields to Weimar hoped that there, at least, they would find rest. The generals expected to find some arrangements already made to defend the place, give the broken battalions a chance to catch their breath, and at least prepare something to eat. But they were rudely disturbed in these calculations, and all night long under Goethe's window stormed the great army of uniformed tramps—cursing and crowding; pushed from behind; dragging themselves blindly along anywhere, so long as it was

cess without English assistance; and the battle of Jena did the rest. The complete disorder of Prussian affairs is reflected in a despatch of Morpeth to the London Foreign Office, dated Cuxhaven, October 26, 1806: "The result of that disastrous day (Jena) rendered it *impossible for me to ascertain the route* which his Prussian Majesty intended to take, and the place of refuge to which he might be ultimately compelled to fly!"—MSS. London Record Office.



METTERNICH, AUSTRIAN PRIME-MINISTER
[After the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.]



away from the French bayonets. Out in the open country beyond, the rabble plundered what it could not beg, and caught such snatches of sleep as even hunted men indulge in.

But on those two battle-fields the night was sadder still. There had been a long day's butchery—a killing-match between 100,000 Prussians and 80,000 Frenchmen. Cannon-balls and musket-balls had scattered over the ground for miles dead bodies, and, worse still, thousands of helpless wounded. The French conquerors were no worse than others in the same position; they had no time to waste over the fallen; their business was to follow and finish the work of destruction. So forward galloped the cavalry; and after them chased the horse-artillery. Their path lay straight towards the flying enemy, and bad luck to the helpless bodies that squirmed and groaned in the furrows as the heavy wheels bumped and crashed over the ground! So ends the day of Jena. Whoever wishes to know more about it, let him consult the massive and authoritative work by Lettow-Vorbeck, a retired German colonel.

The lesson of this day ought to be treasured by us who believe in personal liberty and self-government. Here was an army of over 100,000 men, all professional soldiers; led by a King whose education was purely military; commanded by officers who knew nothing outside of the profession of arms. They fought on their own ground, in defence of their country; they were superior in cavalry, artillery, and infantry to the French. This army was completely defeated by an enemy which employed no novel method of warfare, which commanded no source of knowledge inaccessible to the Prussians. Napoleon conducted the French campaign, but he achieved his victory by acting upon principles of warfare common enough in

his time. He had no "Napoleonic tactics"; in fact, he had no tactics at all. His troops had none but the old drill regulations of 1791, and even these were not uniformly applied. He let each general drill his troops much as he chose.

In fact, the closer Napoleon is studied the more do we see that he was great in his day because he was simple. When he determined to attack Prussia he gathered the largest number of troops together and marched straight upon Berlin. He took care that his men were well fed, while those of Prussia were sadly in want. He gave his men warm cloaks to sleep in; the Prussians had none.* He kept himself informed of the whereabouts and strength of his enemy; the Prussians did not. He kept his troops always in hand, so that when he determined on battle he could strike one hard blow instead of a series of weak ones; the Prussians did just the reverse. These features of Napoleon's behavior in war were not new to any one of that day who kept his eyes open. But the Prussian army was full of old men whose self-conceit made them blind. The American war (1776–1783) had demonstrated that citizen soldiers, led by enterprising men of practical sense, were more than a match for the regulars of the English King. Thirty thousand Germans had been sold into the service of the English in those seven years, of whom only about one-third returned from America. But these few were enough to warn their fellow-countrymen

* In October and November of 1805 the Prussian army had "neither overcoats nor waistcoats; instead of which sham waistcoat pockets were stitched on to their jackets. Their breeches were so tight that they burst when violent movement was made. Their shoes, 'kamaschenschuhen,' constantly remained sticking in the mud. Their hats were so small as to afford no more protection against the weather than their useless pigtails. This was the rig in which they moved to war"—to Jena.—Menzel, p. 717.

against the folly of marching in solid battalions against an enemy that scattered in skirmishing line. The Prussian generals were, however, too much puffed up with professional prejudice to learn the lesson taught by the farmers of America; it took a Jena to bring that lesson home.*

The French learned more readily, because in their revolutionary armies necessity forced them to fight as best they could, with little reference to parade-ground tactics. Napoleon inherited this French Army of the Revolution, and with it the fighting methods of men who had been in America with Lafayette. Napoleon led his men with practical shrewdness and enterprise against obsolete tactics and muddle-headed generals.

On the evening of October 14, 1806, the Prussian army, commanded by all that Prussia classed as aristocratic, had been converted into a mad mob. The most military state of Europe suddenly discovered that in the day of trial soldiers alone, even when led by officers of "noble blood," are a poor substitute for liberty-loving citizens capable of rapid organization.

* "La Prusse enfin oublie qu'elle n'est un état que parce qu'elle était une armée."—Hauterive to Talleyrand, November 27, 1805 (Bailleu, ii.).

VIII

WHAT SORT OF ARMY FOUGHT THE FRENCH AT JENA?

"Whatever in the future may be attempted by great or little tyrants, they can never again succeed in suppressing amongst nations the spirit of liberty under the laws, the appreciation for constitutional safeguards and popular representation."—Perthes, i., 321.

It is difficult to keep in mind when speaking of Jena that Frederick the Great had been dead only twenty years; that the leaders of 1806 were largely veterans of Frederick's campaigns; that the Prussia of Jena was stronger in area and population than the Prussia which Frederick the Great controlled; and that, finally, no material alteration had been made in the administration of the army.

Frederick died in 1786, leaving 6,000,000 people and a standing army of 200,000 men. The ablest King of Prussia was succeeded by perhaps the least intelligent of Hohenzollerns, who loved his ease and allowed the government to drift along according to the traditions of his illustrious predecessor. In spite of his faults he increased his territories, his population to nine millions, and his standing army to a quarter of a million. When, therefore, Frederick William III. ascended the throne in 1797 he had abundant means for solving the serious political problems which arose from the French Revolution.

Frederick the Great ruled absolutely, in the sense that he alone held in his hands every department of govern-

ment, passed upon every measure himself—in fact, may be said to have had no cabinet or council at all, merely a body of very useful clerks. With a Frederick the Great such methods worked no harm; on the contrary, business of state moved with great rapidity and efficiency; friction was reduced to the smallest proportions, and great economy in the administration was the result. When there came to the throne a successor who had every desire to rule absolutely but no capacity to select his clerks, the state then became exposed to dangers which no standing army, however large, could possibly avert.

Frederick the Great would have none but nobles to be his officers; in times of great need he relaxed the rule, but only temporarily. His officers were strictly forbidden to marry non-nobles or to consort with what he refers to as "common people and citizens." His army was to be a privileged caste into which few could penetrate. Captains who had served for ten years as such, and had, into the bargain, purchased an estate of noble proportions, might be raised to the rank of noble. No wonder that the military looked down upon the plain people, and that in turn the peasants and citizens of towns hated the military. In fact, after Jena there are melancholy proofs that Prussia rejoiced to a considerable extent, not that France had gained another victory, but that the hated "Yunkers" (young squires) had received a check to their offensive self-conceit.

His wars were great ones from the standpoint of his monarchy, but by no means national in the sense that the American war was in 1776, or that of France against the allies in 1792. Frederick the Great made contracts with colonels for the recruiting of whole regiments of foreigners, and these regiments were kept full by letting prisoners of war take the place of those who died, or of

the still larger number who deserted. So large was the number of prisoners who were made to fight against their own country people that the march of some of his regiments could almost be compared to the procession of a prison gang.*

In 1744 he incorporated with his army the troops that had fought against him at Prague; and in 1756 he did the same with the Saxons whom he defeated at Pirna. The year after he did the same thing with Austrians. His recruiting officers plied their trade all over Europe, with little regard to international law, let alone humanity. In 1763 no less than 3804 Austrians were forced into his service. Down to the close of his reign whole regiments were made up of foreigners, although in 1763 he had attempted to check the abuse in a measure by insisting that some part of the army at least should have a majority of native troops, for instance, the musqueteers, grenadiers, cuirassiers, dragoons, and hussars were particularly designated as being required to have about one-fourth more Prussians than foreigners.

Not that Frederick thought the foreign mercenaries fought better than Prussians, but that in his day, with a population of only four and a half million, he did not think it possible to withdraw from industry more than 70,000, and he had to maintain in the field 160,000. Obviously there was no other way than to send out press-gangs and be not too particular as to whom they brought in. He was careful, however, to prefer, where possible, men of German speech and Protestant bringing-up.

In 1806 the term soldier might mean thief, drunkard, bankrupt, tramp—anything you please except a citizen

* "They" (the soldiers before Jena) "deserted *en masse*, wholesale." —Luckow, p. 61.

of respectability; and the laws that governed him were about what might have been expected.

Any peasant or laborer, no matter how low, was entitled to stop any soldier, ask for his pass, and, if it was not forthcoming, take him to the nearest village and hand the case over for investigation. Being without a pass or refusing to follow was looked upon as tantamount to desertion. Where a large part of the army was living mainly in the hope of running away, where a reward for the capture of a deserter was paid, and where no love was lost between the soldiers and the people of the country, this rule was not allowed to become a dead letter.

When a soldier actually did desert, the whole country was roused as though an invasion was imminent. Alarm bells were rung, all roads and passes were occupied, and every boat had to be made fast so that the fugitive could not use it in escaping. Whoever harbored a deserter was hanged, and whoever captured one was rewarded to the extent of six to twelve thalers, which would mean the wages which a laborer of that day could earn in two months.

What I have said refers only to the pleasant times of peace. In war time such a thing as desertion became more serious, and there is hardly a general order of Frederick that does not refer to this painful subject.

His generals, for instance, are advised not to camp near woods, lest it give the men an opportunity to escape; that their tents must be frequently inspected at night; that hussars must patrol about camp ready to ride down deserters, and that sharpshooters are to be posted in the fields of grain in order to discourage such as might seek to hide there. Whenever a camp offered opportunities for running away, the cavalry pickets were

to be doubled; men should not fetch wood for their fires or water for their coffee except in rank formation and under proper guard; straggling must be severely punished; men were to avoid marching in the dark; and when it was necessary to march through the woods, hussar patrols must march along on either side to keep an eye on would-be deserters. When a defile is to be traversed, officers must be posted at either end, and the men counted as they pass in and as they pass out, so that a desertion can be immediately traced; and if it becomes necessary to retreat, all information on the subject must be suppressed; or if that be impossible, then the circumstances must be glossed over as well as possible.

But Frederick added advice, without which all severity would be in vain, that the men must be well fed, must have plenty of meat, bread, brandy, and straw, and must not be cheated of their perquisites.

Slaves will work better for a good than a bad master, and such troops as Frederick commanded did for him what they never accomplished for another.

The treatment which the Prussian soldier received is shocking to the feelings we affect to-day, but in that generation, when peasants, soldiers, and helpless people were accustomed to kicks and cuffs, Frederick's army was anything but disliked. Soldiers of his time would rather have severe treatment under a victorious flag than peaceful times and no booty; and while desertion was a common offence, it was perhaps less so in the army of Frederick than in that of any of his neighbors.

Desertion was most frequent among the foreign troops, but not unknown among the King's subjects; and we may trace this mainly to the fact that the soldier was treated as a person without self-respect. He was abused by his officers not merely with scandalous epi-

thets, but with brutal punishment on the most trifling pretext.

Captains of companies had got into the way of granting leaves to their men to the extent of half the command, and by so doing they pocketed the money which the government allowed them for these men's support. In this way a captain's pay in peace time was usually doubled, and the guard-mounting, which fell to the individual soldier, was also doubled. In war time, however, all the men on leave had to come into the ranks, and the captain, whose annual emoluments had been as high as 1500 thalers, found himself reduced to his legal pay of only 800 thalers at the very time that he needed money very much for his campaign outfit. It need not therefore cause surprise that married officers, and all but the very young ones, looked upon a war with anxiety rather than pleasure. What I have said of the captains applied more or less to all officers, for the service was thoroughly demoralized by the frequent spectacle of men in high commands making private fortunes by robbing the military chest of their King.

Since 1763 Prussia had been disturbed by no great war, and between that day and Jena the army had lost not merely its Frederick the Great, but all practical military spirit. A Prussian officer was deemed accomplished if he could move his men about with exactness upon a parade-ground—and no more.

With the false sense of security which the army felt had grown an amazing fondness for luxurious living, with the vices which such self-indulgence never fails to encourage. In the days of the great Frederick his officers were wont to make themselves merry over the fopperies of French officers, and the useless baggage which accompanied them on the march. The troops of Napoleon, on

the other hand, were as much amused at the absurd trains which followed the headquarters of Frederick William III. He himself set a bad example by allowing Queen Luise to accompany him into the field. The old Duke of Brunswick brought a French mistress as part of his baggage; one lieutenant included a piano as part of his camp furniture, and in general the proportion of wheeled vehicles to fighting force in 1806 would have scandalized the commander of the German army that marched to Sedan in 1870. An idea of the prevailing military spirit is afforded us in an anecdote by Boyen, who was subsequently Minister of War. Before Jena, a general officer of distinction said to him: "It is not at all a good thing to have educated (*gebildete*) generals. The commander-in-chief, and another to command the advance column, is quite enough. The rest should have nothing to do but to pitch in (*anbeissen*); otherwise there will always be disputes."

If this were not repeated by one incapable of guile it would be too ridiculous to adduce here by way of illustration; but unfortunately for Prussia there is more than enough evidence to show that this speech found echo throughout the army, and that the same men who flogged soldiers for having a button off their gaiters were as sincere in believing that ignorance was the mother of good leadership as that flogging was the parent of soldierly virtues.

IX

A PRUSSIAN CHRONICLE OF NOBLE CRIMINALS

Queen Luise to her brother George, May 28, 1807 : "God knows what is to become of us. But I can at least promise you that nothing shall happen against the honor of Prussia."

"Germans spoke the name of Frederick (the Great) as a name belonging to every German."—Arndt. *Geist der Zeit*, p. 3.

"NOBLES only," once said Frederick the Great, "possess in general the sense of honor, and on that account it is important that we draw our officers as much as possible from that class."

How savagely and how soon this dictum of the great King was to be tested, few in Germany imagined; least of all that the blame of Jena should be traced directly to the cowardice, self-conceit, indolence, and ignorance of officers trained in this school.

On October 14, 1806, the Prussian King left his army, when, if ever, his presence might have been of use. He hurried away without having done anything to provide for the future; his commander-in-chief was no more, and no one appeared to know which way to turn. Napoleon lost no time in recognizing the situation, and set off in such hot pursuit that within ten days from leaving Jena he was comfortably installed in the favorite summer residence of Frederick the Great, at Potsdam, about fourteen miles out of Berlin, having traversed about two hundred miles of the best part of Germany as agree-

ably as if he had come by special invitation of the King. While enjoying the luxuries of Sans Souci, the name which Frederick the Great had given to this charming palace, he utilized the opportunity of visiting the church where the great Prussian King lies buried. Strange thoughts must have passed through the Corsican's mind as he contemplated the tomb of that man. What if Frederick the Great had been leading Prussia in 1806? Could this be the same Prussia? And so easily conquered? For when Frederick died, Napoleon was already sixteen years old. Whatever his philosophic reflections may have been at this time, we know that he marked his admiration for Frederick by stealing a sword belonging to that monarch and sending it to the "Invalides" in Paris. It was popularly supposed that Napoleon sent to Paris Frederick's battle-sword, but this is a mistake. That sword had been saved in time. Napoleon secured only a sword that had been presented to Frederick by the Emperor Paul of Russia.

On the way from Jena, Napoleon passed the battlefield of Rossbach, where in 1757 Frederick the Great and his Prussians, numbering only 22,000, had put to flight an army of Frenchmen and their allies numbering 60,000. The stone commemorating this battle he ordered removed to Paris—as though he could alter the historical fact by shifting the historical record!

In parenthesis we may say that Napoleon, in his German campaigns, stole everything that took his fancy—pictures, statues, money, curios, private papers—in short, was held back by no conventional notions of honesty or social decency.*

* Lanfrey puts the *contribution de guerre* (1807) at 601,200,000 francs, plus a large amount of art works stolen, which Visconti enu-



NAPOLEON AT THE DESK OF FREDERICK THE GREAT AT SANS SOUCI



From Jena onward through Prussia the French army had a march almost as pleasant as that of their great commander. While Napoleon journeyed on a straight line towards Potsdam and Berlin, a strong force went in pursuit of the King's remnants.* The Prussians from Jena attempted to reach Stettin, at the mouth of the Oder. But the French had the shortest road, straight

merates as follows: Peintures, 350; manuscrits, 282; statues, 50; bronzes, 192; etc.—Lanfrey, iv., p. 152.

* When the "regulars" had run away they left Berlin in charge of the citizen militia, the *Bürgergarde;* and here is an illustration of the sort of stuff that composed it:

"Our captain did not know what to do. It seemed he feared lest the French might take us for Prussian regulars and treat us as enemies; and we were not in a position to defend ourselves. We tried to allay his fear, and succeeded; for it was too ridiculous to think that a *Bürgercompagnie*, a company of militia, commonly nicknamed 'scrubby shanks' (*Rauhbeinigen*) should be mistaken for regulars. More likely they would be taken for night-watchmen.

"But our captain insisted that it was necessary to show the Frenchmen military honors when they relieved our sentry post, and we must present arms to them when they appeared.

"On inquiry, it turned out that only one man knew how to present arms—an old cobbler's apprentice, who had served in the army.

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"On the approach of the French guard-mounting troops, our cobbler's apprentice shouted in a very strong voice, to turn out the guard, whereupon our captain tremulously ordered us to seize our muskets. The Frenchmen, two companies strong, marched through the palace gate from the Schlossfreiheit (west gate), making a tremendous noise with their drums. . . . Our captain commanded, 'Present arms.'—We went through our movement; but before we could complete it we were unceremoniously shoved out of the way from the left flank. Our whole company flew into every direction, like a flock of scared pigeons. The French took our places, but took no notice whatever of us. They seized all our sentry posts, according to their own fancy, without so much as 'By your leave.' Not one of us was properly relieved. Each one scampered home as he felt like it. Our captain shook his head and said, 'Very imposing, but not polite!'"—Klöden, p. 224.

through Halle, Wittenberg, and Berlin. The poor worn-out Prussians had to describe an arc running through Magdeburg, Tangermünde, Prenzlau, passing Berlin fifty miles to the westward, and wearing themselves out uselessly in a desperate race destined to end only in further disgrace.

The evening of Jena, October 14th, the French occupied Weimar—Goethe's house amongst others. Next day they went on to Erfurt, about fourteen miles westward. This town was a strong fortress, with a garrison of 10,000 Prussian soldiers. A prince was in command here, though not Prince Hohenlohe. The French appeared before the gates with a small detachment of cavalry and demanded surrender. The prince promptly acceded, and on October 16th the 10,000 soldiers were handed over as prisoners of war, along with an immense amount of military stores—for Erfurt had been originally designated as the chief base of supplies for the Prussian army.

This was the first fortress to fall, and it fell without a single blow. The 10,000 Prussians were rounded up like cattle, and marched off into captivity by an escort of only 500 Frenchmen. In fact, the French had so few men at Erfurt that they could not even furnish the necessary guard-mounting.

The fact that 10,000 Prussians could be tamely marched out of Erfurt by this small number of conquerors argues of itself a very scant desire for liberty on the part of the 10,000. But a plucky young hussar lieutenant named Hellwig, a German, who fancied that all Germans dreaded shame more than death, determined to free his fellow-soldiers. He ambushed himself near Eisenach, where little Martin Luther had been at school, and there, under the shadow of the Wartburg,

awaited the drove of prisoners marching by way of Gotha. His enterprise was successful, and he managed to convey them in safety to the university town of Göttingen, about fifty miles to the north, on the road to Hanover. Honor to Hellwig for showing pluck in a war where cowardice ruled in many high places!

But the story has a painfully comic end. These liberated Prussians had no stomach for more fighting. Instead of joining their regiments, they promptly deserted, each according to his fancy; for Göttingen was a point beyond the reach of Prussian drill-sergeants.

Spandau is the fortress of Berlin. It is on an island at the confluence of the Havel and Spree, a position most difficult to approach, and so strong that within its walls was deposited not merely an enormous mass of war material, but the great money fund that was to pay for the first stages of war. The Prussian commander of this fortress wrote to Frederick William III., on October 23d, that he would hold out until there remained nothing but ruins. But in two days from making this boast he surrendered without having fired a shot. He preserved enough presence of mind, however, to stipulate that his chicken-coops should be respected. It seems incredible to-day, but at that time, when the army marched to Jena, wagons with grating at the sides and filled with chickens were a feature of the baggage trains. At the close of the war the cowardly commander was court-martialled and ordered to be shot. But the King commuted this sentence to imprisonment for life.

On October 28th the same Prince Hohenlohe who had distinguished himself by abandoning his troops after Jena found himself again in command of 10,000 infantry and nearly 2000 cavalry, near Prenzlau, about thirty

miles westward of Stettin. Here he became frightened by a handful of Frenchmen, and surrendered the town and his whole command without even attempting to make a fight. This sent into French captivity the famous Foot-guards of Potsdam and Berlin—the King's pet troops. The surrender lost to Prussia a valuable army corps; but that was not all. Other generals argued to themselves, "Why should I fight, when Prince Hohenlohe surrenders?" It was a cowardly bit of soldier-work which placed a stain upon his country. Yet this princely poltroon was never called before a court-martial. His soldiers he surrendered into captivity, but himself sought ease at his country-seat in Silesia.

Stettin in 1806 was commanded by a rickety old granny of a general eighty-one years of age. He had under him a strong fortress, well supplied with stores of all kinds and 5000 men, who were rapidly being added to by fugitives from the south. This town is a most important strategic point, commanding the entrance of the Oder and the line of communication between the capital and eastern Prussia. As we have seen, the remnants of the Jena army had expected to make this their common place of refuge.

On October 29th a French hussar youngster rode into the town, and without wasting words demanded its surrender. The old governor was so much taken aback that he refused. The Frenchman rode away.

But no sooner had he disappeared than the old governor called a council and hurriedly drew up papers of capitulation. While they were still at this work the French lieutenant returned with a flag of truce, and was immediately given a paper in German, which he was begged to translate into French. This paper sur-

rendered Stettin, with all it contained, and sent more than 5000 Prussian soldiers into captivity.

On October 30th the shameful act was concluded, in the presence of a few squadrons of French cavalry and two pieces of cannon.

It is hard to say whether the surrender of Stettin was more or less shameful than any of the others. In 1809 the governor, who by that time had reached his eighty-fourth year, was tried by court-martial and sentenced to death. But the King, no doubt concluding that he was too old to do much more mischief, pardoned him also.

Stettin had no sooner thrown itself away than, on the day following, a single French regiment of infantry presented itself before Küstrin, another great fortress on the Oder, about sixty miles east of the capital. The Frenchman coolly demanded the surrender of this fortress, with its garrison of 13,000 men and ninety guns. The demand was ridiculous on the face of it, but reasonable to such creatures as commanded Prussian fortresses at that time. In fact, this very same commander, strange as it may seem, had already been once dismissed from the service for cowardice, but, stranger still, had been reinstated through family influence. We seem to be moving through a wicked dreamland when forced to note such military events as these in a country which a few years before was the envy of all soldiers.

Within a short distance to the northeast of this town is the little village of Zorndorf, where the great Frederick, with only 30,000 men, gained a splendid victory over 50,000 Russians; and now in 1806 the town itself, well walled, well manned, well armed, surrendered to a handful of Frenchmen, and all because the King of Prussia had chosen to make commander of this place

one who had already been convicted of gross unfitness for a post of any kind.

The Prussian King and Queen had been here shortly before, had inspected the place in person, and enjoined upon the commander his duty to hold it to the very last extreme; for the longer the French could be delayed in their eastward march, the more time was gained for the Russian allies to arrive, and new regiments to be raised in those parts of the kingdom that had not yet suffered by the war.

The commandant, however, no sooner heard the French summons to surrender than he quickly called the inevitable council, and urged upon them the necessity of immediate surrender. The indignant garrison threw down their arms in the market-place—2400 Prussian soldiers surrendered themselves prisoners of war to three companies of French infantry within the walls of their own fortress, on November 1, 1806. Not a shot had been fired, not a gun pointed.

This commandant, a count, was also tried by court-martial after the war. He was condemned to death, but the King commuted his sentence also.

Five fortresses surrendered within two weeks of Jena, and so rapidly as to look as though their commanders were in French pay. This is surely enough for one season. But no; all these together are trifling compared to what followed. The day that saw the handing over of Küstrin was the one on which the commander of Magdeburg swaggered about saying that he, at least, would never surrender until the firing got so hot as to burn the handkerchief in his pocket. This man, like his colleague at Küstrin, had been once cashiered for cowardice, and like him reinstated in a command that represented one of the strongest places in the kingdom, seventy-five miles

southwesterly of the capital, and situated on the line of the invading armies. The King had passed through here in his flight from Jena. Magdeburg had at that time, as now, great strength—a garrison of 24,000 men, 600 guns, and enormous supplies. Even if the King had decided that Prussians should no longer fight, but should allow themselves to be stuck like pigs, was there any good reason for allowing valuable military stores to go to the enemy? Magdeburg lies on the Elbe, in the centre of water communication with Berlin as well as the rest of north Germany, and much of the suffering which Prussia subsequently endured for want of provisions and accoutrements and guns might have been spared had the King appointed to Magdeburg an honest man of affairs, to say nothing of a competent officer.

It took seven months of most desperate siege to conquer Magdeburg in the Thirty Years' War, and then it was by storm, and when its citizens had endured to the very extremity. In 1806, not the citizens, but the King's representative handed the place over, on the 11th of November, as though it were a pinch of snuff. This Prussian commandant was a most noble count, seventy-three years old, and described as rather senile. The French had no forces on hand capable of besieging the place; had not even brought up any guns. But the venerable aristocrat nevertheless called a council of war, and informed its members that he proposed to surrender the place.

A German chronicler (Pertz) says that the nineteen members of this military council aggregated 1400 years of life, which gives a pretty high average for the individual. One of these generals, however, who was only seventy-two years old, ventured to remonstrate against the surrender by dwelling on the fact that they had

plenty of war material, and could make a long fight of it.

The commandant promptly called him to order in these words: "You are the youngest one here. You will give your opinion when it is asked!" And then they proceeded to sign the contract of shame, and filed away in silence.

Napoleon had a splendid bulletin to publish on the 12th of November: "We have made prisoner 20 generals, 800 officers, 22,000 soldiers, of whom 2000 are artillerists. Besides, 54 flags, 5 standards, 802 cannon, 1,000,000 pounds of powder, a great pontoon train, and an enormous amount of artillery material."

Kulmbach, about eight miles from Baireuth, is no longer a fortified place, and is remembered only from the name on the label of beer-bottles. In 1806, however, it surrendered to the French without firing a shot, on November 25th.

Hamelin, the same that behaved so badly to the Piper, did worse things still on November 21, 1806; for on that day it surrendered a fortress, its garrison of 10,000 men, and a splendid supply of war material to a Frenchman who had under him but 6000 all told. Only a few days before, the commandant had proclaimed that whoever talked of capitulation should be shot. Among the younger officers, who felt keenly the dastardly character of his commander's act, was one of the few Frenchmen who have succeeded in becoming good Germans—the brilliant poet Chamisso. He wrote to a friend: "Another stain rests upon the name of Germany this day; it is consummated; the cowardly deed is done; the town has surrendered!" This was the poet whose tale of the man without a shadow was to make him famous. It is needless to say that the commandant of Hamelin was

of noble name, a weak-headed old man of seventy-five. His crime was partly atoned for by the fact that nearly all the garrison deserted before the French entered the place.

Breslau, the capital of Silesia, one of the richest towns in the country, and soon to become the centre of a new German patriotism, was surrendered under disgraceful circumstances on the 5th of January, 1807. Near here, in 1757, the great Frederick, with 33,000 men, engaged and completely routed an army of 92,000 Austrians, captured over 20,000 prisoners, 134 cannon, 4000 field wagons, and 59 standards — by this blow once more bringing all of Silesia within his power. And men were still in the army who had fought under this commander.

Not far from Breslau, thirty miles in a southwesterly direction, lies the fortress of Schweidnitz, that sustained four sieges in the Seven Years' War, and was eager to stand another when Napoleon's men demanded its surrender. Its commandant, another rotten branch of the King's tree, was, by his officers, suspected of treachery, and to quiet their suspicions he bombastically proclaimed that "so long as I am in command a capitulation is not to be thought of!" On the next day he surrendered the fortress. There were other disgraceful surrenders during these weeks — let us skip the rest. It is a dirty chronicle of treachery, cowardice, and incapacity. The American war of independence developed one Benedict Arnold in seven years, but this short campaign developed a dozen in as many weeks. If I have dwelt to monotonous length upon these shameful surrenders, it is that they deserve to be remembered at a time when some of the great military powers of Europe are drifting towards a revival of aristocratic pretensions based upon the profession of arms alone. It is well to recall that in 1806

the disgrace of Prussia was brought about by an army officered almost exclusively by nobles. The most flagrant cases of incapacity and cowardice were those of highly placed aristocrats leading the life of the professional soldier. This does not prove that men of noble blood may not be worthy soldiers, but it does warn us that pedigree and title are not of themselves sufficient to save men from the consequences of vanity, idleness, self-indulgence, ignorance, or any other of the many failings that undermine character.

X

A FUGITIVE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA

"A morn will dawn upon us,
Bright, balmy, and serene;
The pious all await it,
By angel hosts 'tis seen.
Soon will its rays, unclouded,
On every German beam;
O break, thou day of fulness,
Thou day of freedom, gleam!"

—"Soldaten-Morgenlied," by Max von Schenkendorf; born at Tilsit, 1784; died, 1817.

An honest man with a warm heart was the great German physician Hufeland. He was in Berlin when the battles of Jena and Auerstädt were fought, and waited with his friends for news of victory. Had his King been as well provided with telegraphic heliographs as his antagonist, the news of that battle would have reached Unter den Linden on the evening of October 14th. But the capital of Prussia had worse than no news.

Hufeland wrote in his diary that "on October 16th Berlin celebrated a victory for the Prussian army," and that he "spent the evening with the philosopher Fichte." This was two days after the battle, and when the Prussian army had already ceased to exist.

The honest physician has another entry in his valuable diary: "On the 18th [of October, 1806], at six o'clock

in the morning, I was called by the Queen to the palace. She had arrived during the night. I found her with eyes inflamed from tears, hair down her back—a picture of despair. She came towards me, saying, 'Everything is lost; I must fly with my children, and you must go with us.'" That was at six o'clock in the morning. At ten o'clock he was off with the Queen, having had just time to leave final directions of the greatest importance.

But Luise had been allowed no time either to pack up or even to collect her most private papers. She had been stopped when driving from Weimar to Auerstädt on the eve of the battle, and ordered to get out of the way to a safe place. So back she drove to Berlin.

On October 14th, an hour before Napoleon's artillery began to play upon her husband's sleepy tents, Luise started again from Weimar, escorted by sixty cavalrymen. The roads were bad; the Queen's carriage broke down, and she abandoned it for an open trap. On the 15th she heard that her husband had gained a glorious victory, and on October 17th she reached Berlin to learn that her crown was in danger, that she must not stop, but fly on to the Baltic—to Stettin.

So off hurried this hunted Queen on the 18th, not being allowed even one night's rest after being thumped and bumped over very bad roads for the last four days. She left her lady-in-waiting, the prim old Countess Voss, to hurry up the packing and follow on the 19th; but the old lady was evidently too much flustered by the general panic to do much, for when Napoleon took possession, five days later, he amused himself by reading the private correspondence of the Queen, and rummaging like a sneak her most private possessions.*

* Napoleon's 19th Bulletin said of Queen Luise that she had a

During this flight from Jena, Luise had no news whatever of her husband until she reached Stettin, two hundred and fifty miles away. She had absolutely no idea of the general state of the country, and no one to whom she could turn for advice.

The Governor of Berlin,* when he heard that his King had lost a battle, took no steps towards placing the capital in a state of defence. He discouraged the people who attempted to organize; he did not even seek to remove the military stores to a place of safety. The patriots who felt that citizens should fight for their home and country were met by this placard upon all the walls: "The citizen's first duty is to be quiet." This was the governor who met Queen Luise in Berlin on the night of October 17th and ordered her to move away early next morning to Stettin. He too, like the cowardly commanders of the fortresses, bore a high-sounding name of patrician origin. Had a plain, honest soldier commanded Berlin then, he might have saved his country. He would have greeted his Queen with words somewhat in this sense:

"The King has lost a battle. What of that? The great Frederick also lost battles now and then. Napo-

pretty enough face, but lacked intelligence—"assez jolie de figure, mais de peu d'esprit. . . . Tout le monde avoue que la Reine est l'auteur des maux que souffre la nation prussienne. On entend dire partout: Combien elle a changé depuis cette fatale entrevue avec l'Empereur Alexandre! . . . On a trouvé dans l'appartement qu'habitait la Reine à Potsdam le portrait de l'Empereur de Russie dont ce prince lui avait fait présent." Few great generals have ever stooped so low as this in the art of making war.

* Berlin in 1806 was relatively quite as handsome a capital as it is to-day. Its total population, including the garrison of 25,000 troops, was nearly 180,000, of whom 4382 were French and 3636 Jews—the Jews being then classed as foreigners.

leon has only 150,000 men. Let us make a stand here, and hold our ground until the King can gather a new army. Berlin is splendidly situated for defence. The Berliners are plucky and patriotic. They love their Queen, and will die rather than hand her a prisoner to the French. The King has more than 100,000 men who were not engaged at Jena; Napoleon is far from his base; the Russians are marching to our assistance; the winter is coming on; the advantage will be all on our side."

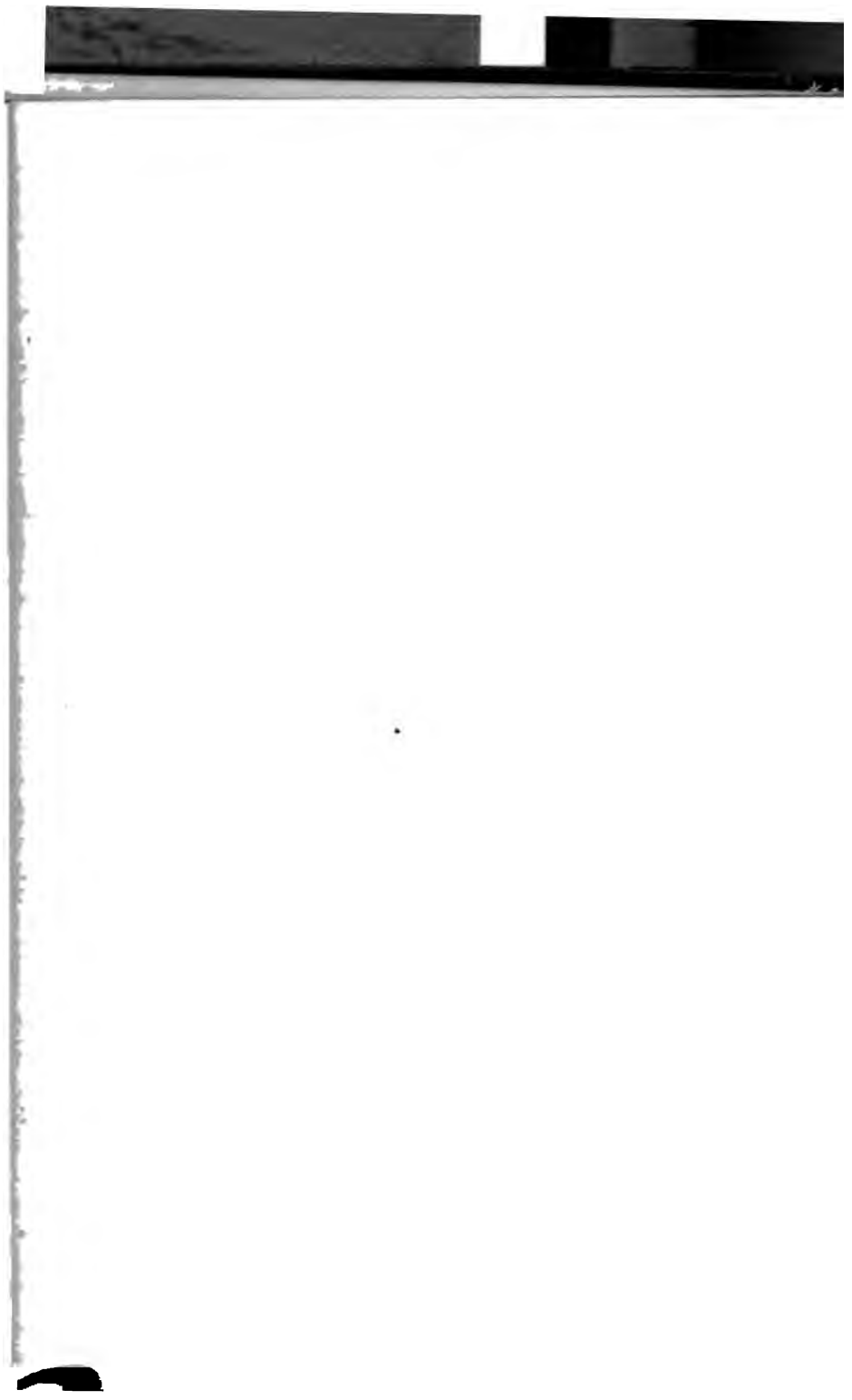
Had the Governor of Berlin spoken in this spirit to the hunted Queen, she would have responded with enthusiasm. The citizens would have thrown up earthworks as they did in 1813, and the French would have received a check.

But all over Prussia it was "like master, like man"—the King was weak, his generals cowards. Luise reached Stettin on the 20th, and there first learned that the King was at Küstrin. So off she hurried to that fortress, almost back over the same road towards Berlin. Thence the news of pursuit drove the pair together to Danzig, and thence to Königsberg—that grand old Prussian city, where they had spent days of proud happiness so very recently.

What the King did in these days, when energy was most needed, we cannot discover, beyond that he brooded over his fate, and let everything drift. At Küstrin he might have talked with Hardenberg, who also passed through the place, but no meeting took place.*

* "The confusion is past all conception both in the military and every other department—there really is a total disorganization of the state. . . . To this moment we are unacquainted who conducts the affairs of the Foreign Department [of Prussia]."—MS. report of Consul Drusina to the British Foreign Office.

THE FLIGHT OF QUEEN LUISE



For many days Luise was separated from her children, but at last they were united, on December 9th, at Königsberg. Two of them had fallen ill, and the mother nursed them until she too fell ill.

"At last," wrote Doctor Hufeland, "the savage typhoid fever seized our noble Queen. She was in a critical condition, and never shall I forget the night of December 22, 1806, when she lay with her life in danger. I was watching at her bedside, and so terrible a storm was raging that one of the gables of the old castle she inhabited blew down, and the ship which contained all there was left of the royal treasure had not yet come to port. . . .

"Suddenly came the news that the French were approaching. She immediately declared, positively, 'I would rather fall by the hand of God than into the hands of these men.'

"And so on the 5th of January [1807], in the coldest weather, in the midst of storm and snow, was she borne 100 miles along the strip of sand [Curische Nehrung] to Memel. We spent three nights and three days on this journey, driving at times through the surf of the Baltic, sometimes over ice.

"Our nights were spent in the most miserable quarters. The first night Queen Luise lay in a room with broken windows. The snow was blown in over her bed. She had no nourishing food.

"Never did a queen know such want."

This journey under the most favorable conditions of summer weather is bad; for the narrow sand strip is as bleak and inhospitable as the desert—no road, no village, only a fisherman's cabin now and then.

Arrived in Memel, they found that the King had made no suitable arrangements for her reception, and

she was carried up-stairs on the arms of a servant. She was very weak, but rather better than otherwise for the fresh air.

Memel is the northernmost town of Germany, a short walk from the Russian border. Here in 1802 she had first met the young Czar Alexander, and here had that gallant young Russian vowed eternal fidelity to Prussia and Frederick William III. That was a triumphal journey indeed, full of every incident calculated to inspire a monarch with confidence in himself and his future.

Poor Luise felt now what misfortune meant. In the



MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE OF QUEEN LUISE'S FLIGHT AND THE TERRITORY OVERRUN BY NAPOLEON IN THE WINTER OF 1806

(From the author's MS. map, by special permission from the one which was captured from Napoleon on his retreat from Moscow.)

town of Graudenz, on the Vistula, for instance, Luise and her husband had only one room in a badly built frame house. The Queen could not cross the threshold without being over her ankles in mud. When the room



was being tidied up for breakfast, the King had to go and kick his heels outside somewhere to make room. The ministers of the King were packed five in a room, with two beds amongst them. Some slept on the floor, each in his turn. Food was bad and scarce.

Here was the Prussian court a few weeks after Jena, while Napoleon was making himself quite comfortable in the palaces of Berlin.* But no one dared grumble

* "He lived up one flight of stairs in the palace, looking out upon the Lustgarten. It was the third window from the corner, so that the

at Graudenz, for Luise set them an example of cheerful devotion which no soldier could resist. Her child was ill in Königsberg, but she stayed with her husband, believing that her presence was necessary at this crisis.

While she was travelling the lonely road between Stettin and Küstrin, while rumors of French skirmishes were heard on all sides, and at a moment when the innkeepers knew that the Prussian army had ceased to exist, and that Napoleon reigned in Berlin, she arrived at a small relay station called Bärwalde. Fresh horses for her carriage were demanded and promised. She waited, but no horses came. Ten minutes became half an hour, and still no sign of horses. She must have recalled a similar episode that befell Louis XVI. shortly before he was handed over to mob justice. Her attendant went to make inquiries, and discovered, to their alarm, that the innkeeper had not only himself mysteriously disappeared, but had taken the horses with him.

To the honor of Germans be it recorded that in all these dark days this is the only treachery chargeable to a man of the people. The traitors of those times were almost exclusively cavaliers, courtiers, professional soldiers—the pick of Prussian aristocracy. As we shall see later, Germany found her strength and safety in appealing to the plain people of the country, who did not brag about their blood, but spilled it freely on the battlefield.

The King, too, had an opportunity, just before leaving Königsberg, of pondering on the condition of crownless monarchs. That old palace was grand to look at

Golden Eagle on top of the pillar at this point might look in at his window. I often saw him from below, as he paced up and down the room while he dictated, his hands behind his back."—Klöden, p. 231, 1806.

from the outside, but had not been properly furnished within. In order to make Queen Luise comfortable, therefore, the richest citizens of the town had contributed their furniture. But when they heard that the royal family were leaving, flying from the French advance, and presumably hurrying away into a Russian exile, these good citizens hastily backed their carts up to the palace doors, and commenced each to carry away his chairs and pillows. The King was still in the palace, and was unwillingly a witness to this moving of furniture from under him. It seemed a presage of helplessness. He never forgot that scene in Königsberg.*

While Queen Luise lay between life and death in the old Königsberg Castle, on the 1st of January, 1807, the late Emperor William entered upon the year in which he was to celebrate his tenth birthday. According to Prussian custom, he was at the age entered as an officer in the crack regiment of Foot-guards, the most magnificent troops of the Prussian army. That custom is rigorously observed to-day, and many is the time that I have seen William II. in his childhood vainly trying to keep step on the parade-ground with the giants whom he was commanding. And now the children of this William II. are also enrolled, and these also may be seen on the Potsdam parade-ground vainly stretching their little legs to keep in time with the long strides beside them.

It was the grandfather of William II. to whom, on January 1, 1807, was given the uniform of the First Prussian

* "Königsberg was evacuated with the greatest degree of precipitation. . . . It is impossible to describe the feebleness, degradation, and want of energy which pervade the whole of this country." — From the report of Hutchinson to the British government, January 9, 1807. MSS. in the London Record Office.

Guards. The uniform was duly forthcoming, but not so the guards. These glorious four battalions had been at Auerstädt; had been carried away in the general rout; some had been surrendered by Prince Hohenlohe; some had been killed; the bulk had deserted. At Graudenz on the 2d of November, 1806, all that remained of the famous guards reported twenty-nine men. They had done much forced marching, and were in a sorry plight as regards uniforms; many were as badly off as Washington's men at Valley Forge.

When the King and Queen* moved to Memel the Royal Foot-guards also moved to what was called by courtesy the seat of government, the little frontier town, whose total population was then 8000, and is even now less than 20,000. It is indicative of Frederick William's character that at such a time even he felt the need of reviewing his guards, who arrived in Memel on the 14th of January, having increased their number to 210 men, 40 non-commissioned and 5 officers. Little William wore the old-fashioned pigtail with his uniform, as did the men, though orders had been issued that this absurd custom should cease in the army. But it died hard. The Prussian guards clung to their pigtails with the

* The original of the portrait of Queen Luise given as the frontispiece to this volume hangs in the Queen of Hanover's study at Gmünden, in the Austrian Tyrol. It is the only portrait in existence which represents Luise at this time of life in a manner corresponding to the descriptions we have of her. There are two miniatures similar to this one in the Hohenzollern Museum of Berlin, but both are feeble copies. This portrait is considered by the Queen of Hanover as the best one of her aunt, and she vouches for its authenticity. Subsequently Her Majesty presented the author with a replica of this miniature, and it is from this that the frontispiece is made. It is probable that this miniature was painted in 1793, the year of Luise's engagement to the Prussian King, when she was only seventeen years of age.—P. B.

spirit of Chinamen. They stuck them inside of their collars on parade, and evaded cutting them where possible.

Alexander I. of Russia also brought his guards from St. Petersburg, and held reviews for his ally near the Memel River, about Tilsit. Here, in the presence of his army, he warmly embraced the Prussian King, and cried out with solemn force, "We shall not fall singly—either we fall together or not at all."

Luise felt so much encouragement from the generous speech of the Russian in the spring days of 1807 that she moved back to Königsberg, to be nearer the scene of war. Her husband went with Alexander to the army headquarters at Bartenstein, about thirty miles southward from Königsberg. Luise devoted herself to organizing relief for the wounded and encouraging the spirit of patriotism, that was sadly on the wane. The fiery Blücher arrived, and had many earnest talks with her. He had capitulated honorably at Lübeck, because he had neither powder nor bread left. He had been subsequently exchanged for a French general, and had made his way through the French lines back to his King. He had been presented to Napoleon, who had given him a full hour's talking, and treated him with marked distinction. But Blücher had kept his bright eyes open while amongst the French. He knew that, badly off as were the Prussians, the French were in no better plight. He begged for a command of 30,000 men, so that he might harass the Frenchmen in the rear and on the flanks. He would lie in ambush for their trains of provisions, cut off their reinforcements, worry them night and day, and never allow them to fight a big battle.

But this most practical plan of the gallant old soldier

was brushed aside by the Russian commander, who wished all the glory for himself, and expected to conquer Napoleon by fighting a great fight with overpowering force on his side.

So Blücher was once more relegated to inactivity, as he had been at Auerstädt.

At Friedland, about thirty miles southeast of Königsberg, on the 14th of June, just eight months after Jena, Napoleon gave the finishing blow to what there was left of Prussia. He knew that Russians and Prussians were daily increasing their armies; that every moment was precious; that his long line of communication, which was about four hundred miles to Dresden, invited operations in his rear; that his troops were beginning to grumble. He therefore determined to collect all the men he could, to abandon his line of retreat, to march straight upon Königsberg, and to force a battle at any cost.

The Russian commander, Benigsen, blundered into Napoleon's trap, and before the day was over Napoleon had come to believe that his star led to success, no matter how great risk he incurred.

Again Luise had to pack up hastily, and fly for her life back to Memel.* On June 16th Königsberg surrendered, and the small remnants of the Prussian army retired to the other side of the Memel River, wondering where they should retire to next in case of another bat-

* On June 19, 1807, the British Consul, Lewis de Drusina, reports to Canning that he fled from Königsberg to Memel on the 14th, the French entering on the 15th. "On my arrival here I found the whole place in the greatest alarm, all preparing for a flight to Russia, and the younger branches of the royal family going forward to Libau, etc."—London Record Office MSS.

Strange that in none of the reports of British officials are any details of Luise's horrible journey from Königsberg to Memel.—P. B.



EAST SIDE OF THE OLD CASTLE OF KÖNIGSBERG
[Queen Luise occupied the wing on the right.]



tle; for they had arrived at the last piece of Prussian ground capable of holding them—a strip only about fifteen miles wide, from the river to the Russian border.

The King and Czar were like brothers in those days, but their subjects did not fraternize well. On the retreat from Friedland to Tilsit, Prussian soldiers deserted wherever they could, because they feared that they might be incorporated into the Russian army. The Russian Cossacks had not left a pleasant impression in Prussia. They plundered the peasants, insulted the women, drove away cattle and horses, but did very little fighting. It got to be proverbial that the French enemy was preferable to the Russian friend.*

On June 19th the French tricolor waved on the banks of the Memel, and Napoleon could see beyond the united camps of Russia and Prussia. At Jena he had defeated Prussia; at Friedland, Russia. Frederick William would have made peace after Jena had he not given his word to Alexander that he would stand or fall with his Russian ally. This alone explains why throughout that dreary winter the Prussian army kept up a semblance of hope—fighting and marching, starving and shivering—believing that the Russians would soon arrive in strong force and drive Napoleon away.

The net result of Russian assistance was the battle of Friedland, which left Prussia in a worse plight than after Jena.

Queen Luise thus writes to her father three days after this battle:

* "Between the pillage of the Russians and the ravages of the French, nearly the whole of the Prussian states east of the Vistula is in most lamentable condition—houses destroyed, people driven away." —Hutchinson's despatch to the British government, January 30, 1807. MSS.

"Another terrible blow has struck us; we are on the point of leaving the country—perhaps forever. Just think what I am feeling at this moment! . . . The children and I must fly as soon as we get news of approaching danger. . . . When the moment of danger comes I shall go to Riga" (a Russian town on the Baltic). "God will give me strength when the black moment arrives for me to cross the frontier of my country. It will take strength, but I look up to Heaven, whence come all good and ill; and I firmly believe that God places upon us burdens no greater than we can bear.

"Once more, my best of fathers, be assured we are going down without dishonor, esteemed by all the world; and we shall always have friends, because we have deserved them. I cannot tell you how much comfort this thought gives me. I bear everything with perfect tranquillity of mind, which can only come from a quiet conscience and pure hopes. You may be sure, then, dearest father, that we can never, never be altogether unhappy, and that many a one weighed down with crowns and good fortune is not so light-hearted, so really happy, as we ourselves." (No doubt a hit at Napoleon's many crowns.)

A postscript to this letter, dated June 24th, after the Russians had signed a truce with Napoleon, contains these prophetic words: "My faith is not shaken—but I can no longer hope. My letter to you explains it—there is my very heart and soul. When you read that, you have me entirely, dearest father. To do my duty in life, to die, to live on dry bread and salt—none of these things can make me unhappy. But do not ask me to be hopeful. One who has been thrown down from a heaven—as I have been—cannot again feel hope. If anything good again happens to me, ah, how eagerly shall I seize

it, feel it, enjoy it! but I can never hope again. Let misfortune come; for a moment it may cause me surprise, but it can no longer break me down, so long as I have not deserved it. Nothing can drag me into my grave but injustice and dishonesty amongst my own people—that I could not stand. . . ."

Poor Luise! She poured out her bleeding heart in those sad days as queens seldom do. She had suffered much—had been chased from one end of her country to the other; had endured a terrible illness; had been separated from her beloved children while illness was amongst them; had been the cheering help to her low-spirited husband; had united the patriotic men of Germany about her — and all because she believed that Alexander with his Russians would take the field in the spring, and would not make peace until Prussia was free.

Luise had suffered much between Jena and Friedland, but there was more suffering in store for her at Tilsit.

XI

PEACE WITH DISHONOR

O Deutschland, holy fatherland!
Thy faith and love how true!
Thou noble land! Thou lovely land!
We swear to thee anew.
Our country's ban for knave and slave!
Be they the raven's food!
To *Freedom's* battle march the brave!
'Tis fell revenge we brood."
—Ernst Moritz Arndt, from the "Vaterlandslied."

One date of peculiarly American significance is July 4, 1776. Queen Luise was born in the same year as the United States, and it was on the day of "independence," 1807, that she drove from Memel to Tilsit for the purpose of pleading with Napoleon on behalf of her wretched country.

Luise* hated the Corsican conqueror with the instinctive impulse of a high-bred, pure, and truthful nature. She knew him to be both false and brutish. He had shown no generosity in the moment of victory, but had stooped to the publishing of lies about her private character. He pictured her in his bulletins as not merely an Amazon firebrand, but as unfaithful to her marriage vows—a woman of unchaste character. He suggested

* Pasquier, in his Mémoires, speaks of her as ". . . La Reine autour de laquelle vinrent se ranger presque tous les hommes distingués et importants du pays"—a compliment never paid to her husband. I., 211.

improper relations between the Czar Alexander and herself—he stopped at nothing in his attempt to blacken her character and weaken if possible her influence. But Napoleon* was no match for a pure woman. He overshot the mark.† His slanders failed in their effect on the Germans, who did not forgive this unchivalrous behavior towards a queen whom they loved for the very virtues which he could not comprehend.

When Queen Luise heard that she must come to this man, beg of him, touch his hand—it was more than she could bear. She burst out crying, and said she could not so dishonor herself. But, after all, it was the King, her husband, who should have felt thus, and spared her this crowning mortification. Up to this moment he might have said that all was lost save honor; but when the moment came for dragging a beautiful young wife upon the scene, in the hope of accomplishing by her physical charms what gunpowder and diplomacy had failed of attaining, then should the hand of every decent man have been raised in protest.

To the credit of human nature be it said that in each of the three camps were men who did find this episode disgraceful. And so on this beautiful 4th of July Luise and old Countess Voss took their seats in a state carriage, and were driven the fifty-odd miles to a little village about six miles northeast of Tilsit, called Piktu-

* Napoleon, it will be remembered, had been spending the winter with a Polish mistress.

† Talleyrand, speaking of Queen Luise at Tilsit, said (i., 315): "Les efforts que fit cette noble femme restèrent inutiles près de Napoléon; il triomphait et alors il était inflexible. Les engagements qu'il avait fait rompre, et ceux qu'il avait fait prendre, l'avaient énivré. Il se plaisait aussi à croire que, de l'Empereur de Russie, il avait fait une dupe; mais le temps a prouvé que la véritable dupe, c'était lui-même."

poenen, where a room had been made ready for her in the parsonage. Her carriage had been drawn by relays of black horses from the famous stud farm of Trakehnen, where even to-day all the horses for the German Emperor are raised. That any Trakehnen horses escaped the raids of the enemy during this campaign is in itself remarkable, for the estate is only about forty miles southeast of Tilsit.

When I visited the village of Piktupoenen I could find no trace of the historical events that had happened there. The parsonage had been burned down, and a new one erected in its place. A great windmill dominated the cluster of houses, from the roofs of which one could look over into Russian territory.

Luise travelled through a pretty country, but over roads of primitive construction, for she required all day for these few fifty miles. She had time to think over the part she was called upon to play, and to recall the part played by the professedly dear friend and ally Alexander. Luise had been kept well informed of the doings of this showy and sentimental young Russian, and she grew to distrust him as much as she disliked Napoleon.*

* Pasquier (i., 304 and 333) refers to the Russian Czar's behavior towards Frederick William in 1807 and 1808 as that of a traitor and thief; interested in the "dépouille de l'allié"—"the plundering of his ally."

From the *Letters of Lady Burghersh*, London, 1893:

"FRANKFT., December 3, 1813.

"I never was so disappointed as in the Emperor Alexander. He is the image of ——, only fair instead of red, and also very like W., the dentist. He has certainly fine shoulders, but beyond that he is horribly ill-made. He holds himself bent quite forward, for which reason all his court imitate him and bend too, and gird in their waists like women. His countenance is not bad, and that is all I can say."

A few days later she writes: "I can't think him handsome, and his voice is rough and disagreeable."



FREDERICK WILLIAM III. WAITING FOR THE END OF THE CONFERENCE ON THE RAFT



She recalled the night of the 4th of November, 1805. The chimes in the old Garrison Church of Potsdam were singing their beautiful midnight tune when Alexander stood with her husband and herself by the tomb of Frederick the Great. They remained some moments in silence, while Alexander bowed and kissed the marble on which reposed the battle-sword of the great King. Then he rose, embraced the Prussian monarch, and there vowed that the Prussian cause was his cause while life lasted. Then he drove away to Austerlitz!

She recalled next the dreadful winter months—the chasing from town to town, finding nowhere rest for her feet. In these days she sustained her husband's hopes by referring him to Alexander's noble promises, which were repeated by every messenger from St. Petersburg.

Then she recalled the little town of Bartenstein, about thirty miles southeast of Königsberg. How happy she had been when, at one time, the King had been on the point of concluding a separate peace with Napoleon, but had received a note from the Czar saying that he would risk his crown rather than that Prussia should lose one grain of her national sand!

In the presence of such noble sentiments every Prussian sacrifice seemed justified.

Then she recalled the touching meeting of Alexander and her husband, and a certain noble contract signed at Bartenstein on April 26, 1807, in which each bound himself to do nothing without the other; to make no terms with Napoleon without the other's knowledge—in other words, to make the war one of brotherly interest.

In this famous Bartenstein Contract, made at a time when the Prussian King had scarcely a kingdom, let alone an army, the Prime-Minister Hardenberg introduced a clause that gave Luise great satisfaction. Here

was first formally stated that Prussia was fighting the common enemy of all Germany; that the victory of Prussia meant the independence of Germany, the foundation of a great German "Constitutional Federation."

That all seemed very shadowy to Luise as she drove by the flower-studded fields of East Prussia. There was no thought of such possibilities in her weary spirit. She knew that Napoleon had taken the half of Prussia for his share of the war spoils. She did not expect that he would give back much of it; but, as she said, pathetically, "If he will give me back a village or two my errand will not have been in vain."

But then she reviewed what had happened at Tilsit since the truce. Her husband had not been consulted. On June 25th Napoleon entered a skiff on the south side of the Memel River, and Alexander at the same moment pushed off from the north shore. They met on a raft that had been anchored in the stream at a point close above the present bridge. On this raft two huts had been erected, decked out with boughs and flowers.*

The Prussian King was not asked to this meeting on the raft. He was treated as quite an outsider to the interests at stake. The two emperors were on his land; they had made a truce, and apparently set about making a peace wholly at Prussian expense.†

* I made a sketch of the river at this point one beautiful summer's afternoon, and have seen many pictures purporting to represent the meeting of these two emperors. But not only do no two pictures agree one with the other, but none gives the local scenery as it is to-day.

† "Voici la limite entre les deux empires," said Napoleon, pointing to the Weichsel. "Votre maître doit dominer d'un côté, moi de l'autre!"—Words spoken before Tilsit treaty to Lobanoff; preserved by Bantysch-Kamensky, and published by him in 1839.

It was raining while this interesting raft meeting took place. During the rain Frederick William rode up and down the north shore of the river, impatiently waiting for its conclusion. But the minutes dragged, and full three hours passed before the King saw his noble ally again.

Two days before this raft meeting news had come from London that England had already shipped troops to Prussia's assistance; that plenty of arms, ammunition, and money were also on the way.* From Austria came also good news, that thence, too, help would soon arrive. Naturally Luise looked to Alexander as in a position to make good some of the promises he had so sentimentally expressed over and over again in the past few weeks.

His first words on seeing the French Emperor were, "I hate the English as heartily as you do, and am ready to help you in everything you undertake against them." This is strange language to use in regard to one's allies. However, for the moment it seemed to serve the Russian's purpose.

Napoleon and Alexander from this moment became bosom friends. They dined and supped together. They were inseparable. They talked about the past war as a

* Already, on May 16, 1807, Lord Castlereagh writes to Lieutenant-General Lord Hutchinson, the special British agent in Prussia, that England has shipped 10,000 muskets to Colberg, also 3,000,000 ball cartridges, 100,000 flints, and some artillery. This is soon to be followed by 600,000 flints, 5000 barrels of powder, 5000 sabres, and many other things. On June 9th, Lord Hutchinson reported that he had paid £80,000 to Russia and £100,000 to Prussia by way of subsidy. On December 23, 1806, Hutchinson made a report which only reached London on January 31, 1807. In it he quotes a Prussian minister as saying that Prussia disliked the idea of Austrian assistance against Napoleon, upon which the Englishman makes the reflection that Prussia had sunk to the condition of a petty state, still propped up in a measure by Russia and England.—London Public Record Office MSS.

blunder, and for the future made plans which knew no limit save that enforced by limited imagination. Russia was to conquer all the East; Napoleon was to remain content with all the rest of the world. Exactly where the East was to commence and the rest of the world to cease was not quite definitely stated, and this caused much trouble in the years that followed, because Russia then as now regarded Turkey as her legitimate prey. At any rate, one point was very satisfactorily arranged —that Russia should take possession of British India as soon as she found it convenient.

Three hours are a long time for two men to talk under ordinary circumstances, but when the whole world is being mapped out anew it is very short indeed. And so Alexander thought, for he quite forgot all about Prussia while arranging for the incorporation of India as a southern province of Siberia.*

At last, and as a species of after-thought, he begged as a favor that he might present to Napoleon his dear

* "L'Empereur Alexandre . . . crut avoir rempli tous les devoirs de l'amitié envers le Roi de Prusse, en lui conservant nominalement la moitié de son royaume; après quoi il partit, sans même prendre la précaution de s'assurer si la moitié que le roi devait conserver lui serait promptement rendue, si elle le serait pleinement, et s'il ne serait pas obligé de la racheter encore par de nouveaux sacrifices.

"On pouvait le craindre après la question brutale que Napoléon fit un jour à la Reine de Prusse :

"'Comment avez-vous osé me faire la guerre, madame, avec d'aussi faibles moyens que ceux que vous aviez ?'

"'Sire, je dois le dire à votre Majesté, la gloire de Frédéric II. nous avait égarés sur notre propre puissance.'

"Ce mot de *gloire*, si heureusement placé, et à Tilsit dans le salon de l'Empereur Napoléon, me parut superbe. . . .

"J'étais indigné de tout ce que je voyais, de tout ce que j'entendais, mais j'étais obligé de cacher mon indignation."—*Mémoires de Talleyrand*, i., p. 816.



NAPOLEON'S HEADQUARTERS AT TILSIT



friend Frederick William. This interview took place on the day following, and on the same raft. Napoleon treated the humiliated King with most conspicuous rudeness; acted towards him as to one asking charity; gave him less than an hour of his time, during which he addressed his remarks almost wholly to Alexander. Poor Frederick William was permitted to be present at some of the imperial interviews, but always in the character of an interloper. Alexander was never at his ease until his Prussian ally had left them.

The Russian so far forgot his relations to both parties that he listened contentedly while Napoleon joked about the "Brandenburg Don Quixote." The King reminded Alexander now and then of the famous Bartenstein Contract, but the Muscovite answered always with plausible evasions. He was just as false as Napoleon, but masked his Oriental qualities by a pretension to sentimental chivalry which deceived many for a short time.

Luise was met on the road to Tilsit by Hardenberg, of whom we shall hear more in coming years. Napoleon knew nothing of this statesman save that he was anti-French. Consequently he ordered Hardenberg to be dismissed from the King's service, and exiled to a distance of two hundred miles from the capital, whatever place that might be. That Napoleon should give such an order is strange enough, but that a monarch should fail to resent it is stranger still.* The chivalrous Alex-

* The British agent in Memel reported, under date September 25, 1807, that after the French had evacuated Königsberg some weeks, "an actor in a military character of a German play translated from the French" wore the French Legion of Honor. Some Prussian officers in the audience hissed the actor off the stage. The uniform was changed and the play went on. The affair was chronicled to Paris.

ander did not protest, and Hardenberg sought refuge in Russia. But before he went he had a good long talk with Luise, and gave her such a picture of the true state of things that she was able to meet Napoleon on less unequal terms than might otherwise have been the case.

It was at this time that Luise wrote of Napoleon: "His talents I can admire, but I do not like his character, which is obviously false and tricky. It will be hard for me to behave well in his presence. And yet that is what they ask of me—and I have grown used to making a sacrifice of myself."

Napoleon did not pay Luise the compliment of taking the short half-hour's drive to Piktupoenen, but waited until she came into Tilsit. Then, after she had been an hour in her rooms, he rode up in state, surrounded by a staff of high officers, and climbed the narrow stairs leading to her room.

The house in which she received Napoleon still stands,

Champigny sent for the Prussian minister, told him Napoleon felt insulted; that all diplomatic relations would be stopped, and Prussia *not* be evacuated until satisfaction given. Two Prussian officers had been mentioned—these must be shot.

Count Goltz told this story to the British agent, and said that nothing less than a fusillade, and that in peremptory fashion, was demanded by Bonaparte. "Thus in a town foreign to France, not occupied by French troops, in a theatre of Prussian players and a Prussian audience, a criticism on a matter of fiction is transmuted to a state offence against the French government, for which the death of two officers is demanded as the only atonement."

More strange still, this was received by the Prussian government not with a howl of ridicule, but by a solemn conference of the heads of the Prussian government—about twenty persons. And this in spite of the fact that the highest punishment for such an offence under Prussian law is one month's arrest. So low had Prussia sunk! —MSS. of London Record Office.

fronting a small open space paved with cobble-stones. I had some difficulty in finding it in 1892, and, not being able to get a good photograph of it, I sat down in front of it and made a rough sketch. There is nothing remotely suggestive of a palace; and the house occupied then by Napoleon is little better.* I could not help wondering that nothing was done by the German government of to-day to distinguish these two houses from the others; not even the guide-books call the traveller's attention to the historic interest their walls awaken.

Napoleon was not indifferent to the beauty of Queen Luise, as he admitted afterwards, but he was not successful in his efforts to extract amusement from her at such a time. Her heart was heavy with grief at the state of her country; she had sacrificed even her self-respect to come and beg at his feet, and was it fair to expect that in this hour she could play the coquette?

Napoleon, with a tact bordering on brutality, opened the conversation by asking her if her dress was made of crape or Indian gauze. Luise begged that he would not bring such trifles up for discussion at such a time. Then there was a dull pause, broken at last by Luise inquiring how he found the climate.

To this Napoleon made the rather ominous answer, "The French soldier is seasoned to every climate." †

* The house in which Napoleon had his headquarters at Tilsit in 1807 is now Number 24, Deutsche Strasse. On the occasion of my visit in June, 1892, there was no plate to mark its historical interest. The lower story was occupied by two shops, the one saddlery, the others millinery. It fronts upon a broad, well-paved, and gas-lighted street, and appears to be to-day of the same relative importance as in 1807.—P. B.

† "Et moi, je jurai intérieurement de cesser, à quelque prix que ce fût, d'être son ministre, dès que nous serions de retour en France.

Then, quick as a flash, falling back into the rôle of soldier-diplomat, he said to her, "How could you conceive the idea of making war against me?" But Luise pretended not to note the insult intended, and answered without hesitation, "We may be pardoned for having built too much upon the fame of Frederick the Great." Even Napoleon could not fail to feel the superiority of her repartee—for Rossbach happened not many years before Jena, and there Frederick the Great thrashed the French more gloriously than Napoleon ever thrashed a Prussian army. So the Emperor tried to change the conversation—to pay her compliments. But she always came back to the subject near her heart; she had come to beg him for an honorable peace. She begged for her husband and her prostrate kingdom; she admitted his power in war; he had secured all the glory that war could give him—now let him put the culminating crown to his head by showing the world that he was generous to the fallen; she spoke of justice, of mercy, of God, of conscience. Her voice choked; tears came to her eyes. She forgot all that Hardenberg had told her; she was no longer the Queen; she was a mother pleading for her children. It seemed as though he felt for a moment touched by the sight of this pure and beautiful woman

"Il me confirma dans cette résolution par la barbarie avec laquelle, à Tilsit, il traita la Prusse, quoiqu'il ne m'en fît pas l'instrument.

"Cette fois, il ne s'en rapporta pas à moi pour traiter des contributions de guerre et de l'évacuation des territoires par ses troupes. Il en chargea le Maréchal Berthier.

"Il trouvait qu'à Presbourg je m'en étais acquitté d'une manière trop peu conforme à ce qu'il croyait être ses véritables intérêts." . . . —*Mémoires de Talleyrand*, i., 308.

It was this same Talleyrand who claimed credit for having saved the Dresden galleries from plunder at the hands of Napoleon.—*Ibid.* i., 310.

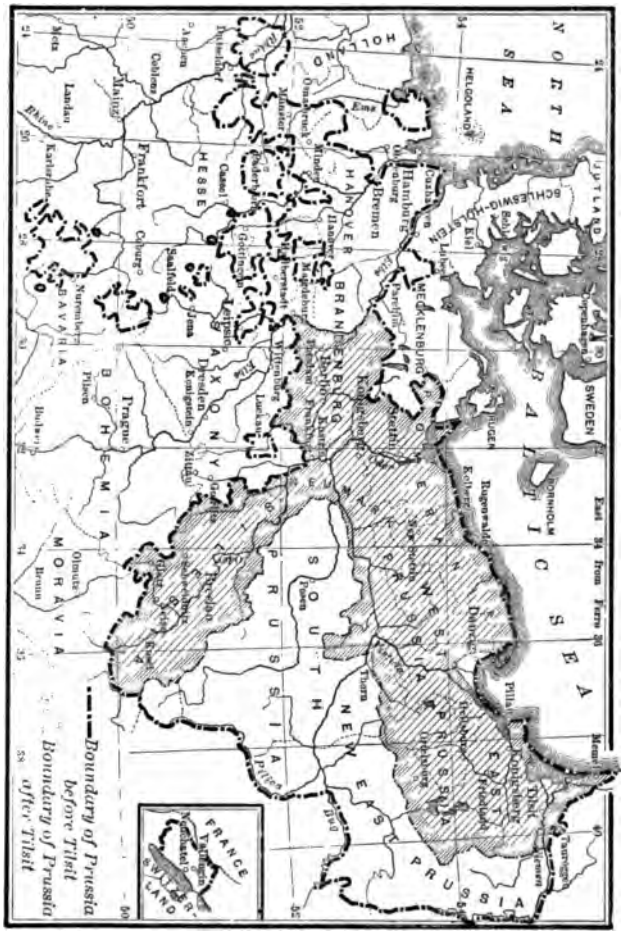


HOUSE AT TILSIT IN WHICH QUEEN LUISE RECEIVED NAPOLEON





pouring out to him such noble thoughts as no woman had ever before ventured to present to his sensual and



PRUSSIA BEFORE AND AFTER THE TREATY OF TILSIT

calculating mind. She pleaded hard for Magdeburg—the proudest fortress on the Elbe—a town as dear to

Prussia as Dover to an Englishman, as West Point to an American, as Quebec to a Canadian. Magdeburg was to Luise the key to Prussia, and she begged for it with a fervor that would have gained a kingdom from any other man. Napoleon, whether honestly or not, seemed moved, and said, with some show of amiability, "You are asking a great deal—but we shall see."

The words "we shall see" made Luise very happy. She thought that Napoleon had human feelings, after all, and she forgave all those who had induced her to make the degrading journey to Tilsit.

She did not know that on the way home that evening Napoleon laughed the matter over with Talleyrand, saying "that Magdeburg was worth to him a dozen Queens of Prussia."

That night, after dinner, Napoleon sought to play the gallant, and offered her a rose. She looked at it, and was about to decline it. But, recalling the object of her mission, she forced a smile to her lips, and said, "Let it be at least with Magdeburg." To this Napoleon answered by a stare, and words which showed that his politeness lay only on the surface — "Permit me to remind you, madame, that it is my place to offer, and yours to accept."

The Tilsit dinners, balls, and so-called festivities were melancholy functions to poor Luise, who learned in the following days that Napoleon had insisted upon every item of his demands exactly as he had originally dictated them, and that he treated his talks with the Prussian Queen as idle chaff. Furthermore, he sent words to the Prussian King that he was tired of Tilsit,* and wished

* I have seen illustrations in pretentious histories which lead the casual reader to think that the entertainment in Tilsit took place in a magnificent palace. This is a mistake, and it shows that such



LUISE AND NAPOLEON AT TILSIT





the matter closed. And so on July 9, 1807, Prussia signed away to Napoleon half her territory, and every sovereign right that might assist her to become strong in the future. She bound herself to pay an indemnity enormously beyond her means, and to mantain French garrisons in the country until this impossible sum was paid off. No such terms had ever before been accepted by a great nation. That was the famous treaty of Tilsit.*

historian had never been in Tilsit and had no access to a contemporary picture of the place.—P. B.

* Secret treaty of Tilsit, July 7, 1807, printed for the first time by Tatistcheff in *Alexandre I. and Napoleon* (1891). Of this treaty Tatistcheff says: "Seul l'exemplaire russe existe à l'heure qu'il est," namely, in the archives of the Russian Foreign Office; and this he says he transcribed "fidèlement."

Article I. His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias and His Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, engage to make common cause, whether by land or whether by sea, or whether by land and sea, in all wars which Russia or France may be compelled to undertake or sustain against any and every European power.

Art. II. provides that each shall place his whole war strength at the disposal of the other.

Art. III. All the operations of a common war shall be made in concert; and neither of the contracting powers may in any case treat of peace without the co-operation and consent of the other.

Art. IV. If England does not accept the mediation of Russia, or if after accepting it she does not by the 1st of November consent to make peace by recognizing that the flags of all powers shall enjoy equal and perfect independence upon the high seas, and by restoring the conquests made at the expense of France and her allies since 1805, when Russia made common cause with her, a note shall, in the course of that month, be sent to the court of St. James by the ambassador of His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias. That note, expressing the interest taken by his said Imperial Majesty in the peace of the world, the intention he cherishes of employing all the forces of his empire in procuring to humanity the blessings of peace, shall contain a positive and explicit declaration that on England's refusing to make peace on the terms indicated, His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias will make common cause with France; and in case the

The Czar Alexander* paid his dear ally Frederick William some compliments, acquiesced in all that Napoleon did, and assisted in the work of spoliation by stealing

St. James government shall not have given a categorical and satisfactory answer by the 1st of next December, the Russian ambassador shall have instructions in such an event to demand his passports on that same day, and to leave England immediately.

Art. V. When the event just anticipated shall have occurred, the high contracting parties shall in concert and at the same time summon the three courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Lisbon to close their ports to the English, to recall their ambassadors from London, and to declare war against England.

Art. VI. The two high contracting parties shall act with the same concert and insist energetically (*avec force*) at the court of Vienna to compel it to adopt the principles enunciated in Art. IV. above: that she close her ports to the English, recall her ambassador from London, and declare war against England.

Art. VII. If, on the contrary, England makes peace on the conditions above mentioned in the specified interval of time, and His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias shall use his whole influence to accomplish this result, Hanover shall be restored to the English King as a compensation for the French, Spanish, and Dutch colonies.

Art. VIII. refers to the plundering of Turkey.

Art. IX. The present treaty shall remain a secret, and cannot be made public or communicated to any cabinet by either party without the consent of the other. It shall be ratified, and the ratifications exchanged at Tilsit within four days.

Done at Tilsit, July 7, 1807.

Signed by Kourakine, Rostof, and Talleyrand.

"En outre fut signé le même jour un traité secret d'alliance. La Russie promettait de déclarer la guerre à l'Angleterre le 1er Décembre suivant. En revanche, la France promettait sa médiation, et au besoin son alliance, contre la Turquie et un plan de partage de l'Empire Ottoman fut arrêté. Il fut également parlé d'une expédition vers l'Inde."—Talleyrand, i., 315.

* Alexander I. . . . "appeared effeminate and sensitive, had that peculiar friendliness which expects reciprocal feeling—in short, that something which in woman's face we look upon as coquettish vanity."—Arndt, 1812, p. 84.

from Prussia a large slice of her eastern provinces, including the city of Warsaw.

On July 10, 1807, Luise went back to Memel. She was incapable of more sacrifice—her heart was broken.

XII

COLBERG—GNEISENAU, NETTELBECK, SCHILL

"The God who made Earth's iron hoard
Scorned to create a slave;
Hence unto man the spear and sword
In his right hand he gave.
Hence him with Courage he imbued,
Lent wrath to Freedom's voice;
That death or victory in the feud
Might be his only choice."
—Arndt, "Vaterlandslied."

"THE fortresses which should have shielded us and set bounds to our misfortune passed over to the enemy through cowardice and treachery." So wrote Queen Luise in a confidential letter to her father, dated May 15, 1807. She applied the terms coward and traitor to Prussian officers who represented exclusively titles of nobility and high military rank. I should not venture to use such language had I not for so doing the authority of competent judges.

In this campaign between Jena and Tilsit, in which traitors and cowards occupy so much historical space, there is one precious exception. It shows us again how much Prussia might have accomplished had the honest plain citizens been allowed a voice in the defence of their country.

On the lonesome shores of the Prussian Baltic, about seventy miles from the mouth of the Oder at Stettin,

and about one hundred miles from the Vistula mouth at Danzig, is the little walled seaport of Colberg. It is one of the worst seaports I can imagine, for the town lies about a mile from the Baltic, up a narrow and shallow river, which forms at its mouth a bar exceedingly difficult for boats to cross in bad weather. The walls of Colberg had fallen to decay; on the ramparts were only eighty-six pieces of antiquated artillery, which ultimately proved as deadly to the gunners of the town as to the enemy. There was only one artilleryman to each gun, and the total garrison was only about one thousand men, made up of such as were not good enough to send to the front. The commander was, like his colleagues in the other Prussian posts, a "nobleman" of high military position, and, like the rest, showed a most unsoldierly readiness to surrender the town as soon as the French expressed a desire to occupy it.

Now Colberg had some sturdy citizens, who loved their country, and believed that their town was worth a good fight. They too had traditions, and remembered that in the days of the great Frederick its walls had successfully resisted three Russian attacks. Colberg also maintained the tradition that every citizen must be ready to man the ramparts in case of invasion, and the town had thus an auxiliary force of volunteer militia or "minute-men" amounting to eight hundred, well armed and equipped, and tolerably trained. The commander of this citizen band was a rare noble character, seventy years of age. Nettelbeck was his name. He had been a seafaring man, and a traveller in many strange quarters of the globe. After the manner of sailor-men, he was honest and brave, and full of resources. He had come back to his native town at a

time when most men think only of spending their declining years in peace. His fellow-citizens had quickly recognized his loyal qualities, however, and in the hour of danger elected him their leader.

When the French menaced Colberg, he promptly reported himself to the "noble" commandant for the purpose of placing at his services the citizen force of eight hundred. Before the commandant could formulate an answer, his adjutant, another nobleman, turned rudely to old Nettelbeck and said, "But what business is that of yours, pray?" The average nobleman of that time did not think that a plain citizen might also have a country to preserve. The commandant contemptuously dismissed old Nettelbeck with the words, "Well, if you care so much about parading, do so!" The volunteers were therefore drawn up in the market-place, ready for inspection; and Nettelbeck, pocketing his pride, once more went to the conceited commandant to report that his force was assembled and awaited further orders.

The noble commandant wore a most ill-pleased look. Nettelbeck, for all recognition, received this message: "Stop this nonsense, you silly people. For goodness' sake, go back to your homes! What is the use of my looking at you?" This was discouraging. Nettelbeck held a council with his officers, and it was decided to sacrifice everything to the welfare of Colberg. So Nettelbeck once more called upon the pretentious commandant, offering to assist in putting the fortifications in better order. The answer given was:

"Oh, bother your everlasting *citizens!* I want no citizens, and shall have nothing whatever to do with them."

A less tame population would have treated this com-



THE DEMAND FOR THE SURRENDER OF COLBERG





mandant to a coat of tar and feathers. But the patient and patriotic Colbergers worked away secretly and in spite of the commandant. They suspected him of treachery, and therefore watched the gates of the town day and night, taking turns at the work. As the danger grew more serious, Nettelbeck made an inventory of the food-supply, and called the commandant's attention to the matter. Instead of thanks, he was treated to insult.

On March 15, 1807, a French officer bearing a flag of truce, and driving in a carriage drawn by four horses with postilions, demanded admittance. On the box of the carriage sat a bugler; at each side walked two soldiers with muskets. The commandant not only allowed the whole party to enter Colberg, but received the officer with cordiality, and remained closeted with him for a long time, during which the soldiers of the escort were shown over the works by a Prussian sergeant, who within two days deserted to the French. Nettelbeck was convinced that this French escort was composed of engineer officers, and that the commandant was hatching treachery while locked up with the bearer of the flag of truce.

Old Nettelbeck was not afraid of the French, but treachery was more than he could stand. So down he sat and wrote directly to the King, who was in Memel, about three hundred miles away.

The King shared with the average Prussian nobleman a strong dislike of anything in the shape of citizen enterprise. He had persistently rejected every proposal made on behalf of a national militia. He feared an army of Prussian citizens more than he did that of Napoleon. To him the people in arms meant a mob such as cut off the head of Louis XVI. However, now that

his throne was in such danger that abdication and exile were discussed, he permitted measures which from his point of view were desperate. The letter of old Nettelbeck, instead of calling forth a severe injunction to mind his own business, was at this time well received, and steps were taken to send to Colberg a commandant of energy. Meanwhile Nettelbeck and his citizen guard devoted their lives and their fortunes to fighting the French and thwarting the unpatriotic attempts of the supercilious commandant.

It was on April 5th, while the bombardment was going on, that this nobleman happened upon the market-place just as a few bombs exploded harmlessly near by. He looked bewildered at the soldiers, and stammered out to the officers near him, "If this goes on, gentlemen, we shall have to give in."

A fine way this for a fortress commander to encourage his men! Old Nettelbeck stepped forward, and checked further talk of this kind by shouting out to the commander, so that all could hear him: "The first man that dares to repeat that damned suggestion of surrender dies—and I shall kill him!" Then pointing his sword straight at the cowardly commander's breast, he said to the citizens: "Now is the time to show the stuff that is in us; let us do our duty—or we deserve to die like dogs!"

The commandant screamed out helplessly: "Arrest him! Put him in chains!" But no one would carry out the order. The citizens crowded around old Nettelbeck and saw him safely home. The commandant then made out an order that Nettelbeck should be shot early on the following morning; but this created such an uproar in Colberg that it was promptly rescinded, with many threats of future indefinite vengeance.



NETTELBECK THREATENS THE GOVERNOR





At last, however, this governor was recalled. His successor, who arrived on April 29, 1807, was a man disliked by the King; a man of courage and enterprise. He had spent a year in America during the war of independence as a young officer in the pay of George III.* He came back from that war with new ideas, for there he had learned that farmer-boys inflamed by love of country and guided by men of practical common-sense can be a match for mercenary soldiers led by professional officers. This officer was forty-seven years old, and his name was Gneisenau (pronounced *Gnyzenow*, the "ow" pronounced as in *how*).

Old Nettelbeck on the morning of that day had been looking everywhere in town for the vice-commandant of the fortress, and finally found him coming from the shipping with a stranger. Nettelbeck had news regarding some fresh movement on the part of the French artillery.

"This stranger," to use Nettelbeck's language, "a young, vigorous man of noble carriage, pleased me at the very first, nor can I tell exactly why. But as my business was with the vice-commandant, and urgent at that, I drew him aside by the hand in order to whisper in his ear, because of the presence of this stranger. But he smiled at this precaution, and said, 'Come to my quarters; it is a more convenient place.'

"Once there, and 'under six eyes,' the vice-commandant turned to me and said: 'Cheer up, old friend! This gentleman, Major Gneisenau, is the new commandant whom the King has sent to us.' And turning to his guest, 'This is old Nettelbeck.'

* England sent to America during that war 30,000 German regulars, of which 17,000 only returned. The balance ran away, for the most part, and became citizens of the new republic.—P. B.

"My limbs were seized with a sudden pleasurable panic, my heart beat violently in my breast, and tears streamed uninterruptedly from my eyes; my knees trembled beneath me. Overpowered by my feelings, I sank to the ground before him, our new protecting spirit, held fast hold of him, and cried out: 'In God's name, do not leave us! We will stand by you as long as a drop of warm blood remains in our bodies, even though we have to see every house in town reduced to cinders! Nor am I alone in this; we all breathe the same thought: the city must not be, shall not be, surrendered.'"

Gneisenau raised the old man up with the words, "No, children. I'll stand by you. God will help us!"

Next morning, the balance of this day being spent in an incognito inspection of the place, Gneisenau mustered the troops and gave them a talking to, "as impressive and affecting," says Nettelbeck, "as though a good father had been addressing dearly beloved children."

"All felt his words so deeply that the old bearded veterans wept like children, and with choking voices shouted that with him as leader they were ready to die for King and country."

On the next day his meeting with the municipal leaders was no less touching, they with enthusiasm declaring, as they grasped his hand, that they intrusted him cheerfully with their lives and fortunes.

"And to speak truth, a new spirit and new life came from this time on upon all we did—as though straight from heaven."

As to the wretched man whom Gneisenau superseded, he was subsequently retired on a good pension, with the rank of major-general—a man who richly deserved the gallows.

We shall hear more of Gneisenau in years to come.



NETTELBECK AND GNEISENAU ON THE RAMPARTS AT COLBERG





He was given command in Colberg purely on account of merit; for, as I have said before, he was personally distasteful to his King, as were nearly all the strong men who subsequently made Germany free. It should encourage young officers to reflect that Gneisenau was forty-seven years old before he found the opportunity to make his name heard in any way.

The siege of Colberg gave him the means of putting his previously gathered knowledge into practice. In America he had learned the importance of skirmishing tactics. At Colberg he inaugurated the method of fortress defence which has slowly made its way in the military mind, and now is accepted everywhere. His idea was not to merely shut himself in behind walls and resist the cannon of the enemy. Gneisenau gave his besiegers no rest night or day.

Schill was his guerilla help. That gallant young cavalry officer had made his way with a handful of men from Jena, had reached Colberg at last, and at once commenced from under its walls a series of raids upon the French which caused them much trouble.

He received in January the royal permission to recruit an independent corps, and throughout the siege contributed enormously to the discouragement of the enemy. Old Nettelbeck always kept a big pot of potatoes and other vegetables simmering on his stove, and these he carted out to the camp of Schill whenever he got the chance. Sometimes he had difficulty in getting provisions for his "children," as he affectionately called Schill and his gallant men. Old Nettelbeck would then go about from house to house and beg the good citizens to quickly cook him something good, which was always cheerfully done.

It is needless to say that Schill was disliked by the

previous commandant of Colberg as a busybody, but highly prized by Gneisenau and Nettelbeck.

It was a hard siege, and it grew in hardness as the French crept nearer and nearer with their big guns. The garrison, however, increased from 1000 to 6000 men, mostly loyal fugitives from Jena and Auerstädt. This was a force considerably more than the normal population of the town itself. But of these brave 6000 more than 2000 were killed or wounded during the siege, and scarce a house had a window-pane left when a truce was announced on July 3, 1807. The French knew* that on June 25th Napoleon and Frederick William III. had signed a cessation of hostilities, but they did not let Gneisenau know of this. On the contrary, they made most desperate efforts to conquer that place before news of peace should penetrate the walls. And so the needless killing went on, simply because the King had made no arrangements for rapid communication between his headquarters and his principal fortresses.

* The isolation of Prussia as regards news during these years was striking, as can readily be noted by any one turning over despatches in the London Record Office. From one to two months was required for a letter to reach London from points in Eastern Prussia. The Königsberg newspaper of January 1, 1807, for instance, has its latest foreign news despatches dated as follows: Ulm, December 4th; Vienna, December 7th; Hamburg, December 11th; Venice, November 30th; Constantinople, November 9th. To-day the traveller can cross the Atlantic and return in less time than it took in 1807 for a Prussian to post from one end of Germany to the other.

The French did things better then: "Ainsi, les communications entre son quartier général [Warsaw] et ses ministres étaient assurées par un service d'estafettes, comme elles auraient pu l'être de Paris à Fontainebleau."

"Le gigantesque entrait dans les habitudes."—Pasquier, vol. i., p. 298. Referring to the ease with which Napoleon governed Europe in the winter of 1806–7.

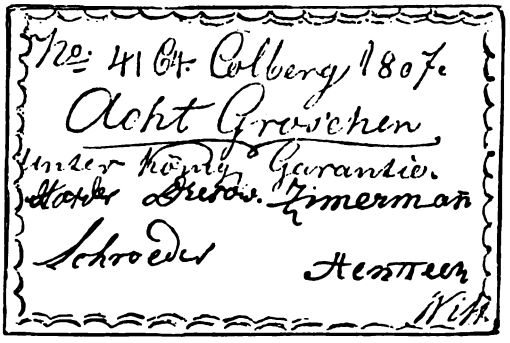


SCHILL



Gneisenau took no particular credit to himself for the glorious work he had accomplished. He had acted as a brave man and done his duty. To one of his comrades he wrote: "I had good luck in getting hold of the stuff I needed — and I needed nearly everything. I shouldered every responsibility, acted like an independent prince, was often despotic, cashiered officers who showed the white feather, made friends with the good fellows, did not worry about the future, and let the artillery play for all it was worth."

When Gneisenau ran short of money to pay his men, he issued paper for small sums from two up to eight



GNEISENAU'S MONEY

groschen (from five cents to one shilling, or twenty-five cents). He had no printing-press in Colberg, and therefore utilized the school-children to write out these extraordinary notes. Counterfeits were punishable by death.

Nettelbeck had suggested this means of raising money. He had seen it in operation amongst the planters of Dutch Guiana, as I have seen it amongst

the European merchants in the Chinese and Japanese treaty ports. For small sums the plan works well in a community which has full confidence in the solvency of the party making the issue. In Colberg all believed in Gneisenau, and, as events proved, their trust was well placed, for the Prussian treasury subsequently redeemed all the Colberg paper money issued during the siege. I have seen many specimens of this curious currency in German museums. The paper certificates, or "checks," are about two inches long by one and a half wide, made of the poorest paper. On one side is the coarse official seal of Colberg stamped in black ink. On the other side is the value, expressed in children's handwriting—two, four, and eight groschen. There are three official seals on each piece of paper money, and this fact alone suggests that the Prussian officials in Colberg must have had much time to spare, if they found it worth their while to sign every five-cent piece in circulation.

Of course, had the Prussian King been deposed by Napoleon after Tilsit, this paper money would have been worth no more than Confederate "shinplasters" after the close of the civil war in America.*

Gneisenau did not regard himself as either a hero or a genius. He set to work in Colberg as a plain man of business. Instead of insulting the patriotic citizens, he made them his friends; and when he left the place for good he was followed by the blessings and prayers of all whom he had defended. He believed in Prussia and the German people; he knew they had suffered a heavy blow, but he believed that this blow would rouse them

* We have been assured on good authority that more than one town in Prussia is still (1896) paying interest on moneys raised under compulsion during the Napoleonic occupation.

from their state of self-conceit and weakness. Even as the siege wore on into the months of summer, when Napoleon had won the battle of Friedland, Gneisenau did not lose heart. He kept the port of Colberg open, and received supplies from English and Swedish men-of-war. The Prussian army had been so thrashed that at the battle of Eylau, in early February, only 6000 men were there to represent the cause of Germany. But the people were still there; the King had but to give the signal, and a new army would be in the field.* Not an army of mercenaries with weak-kneed old nobles in command, but a people in arms commanded by men of their own choosing, like Blücher and Schill and Gneisenau. England controlled the sea, and was landing arms and ammunition as rapidly as they could be used.†

Gneisenau looked upon Colberg as a base from which to sally forth and harass the long weak line of communication between Napoleon and his sources of supply.

To be sure, a king must trust his people when he puts rifles into their hands and lets them organize independent companies, and, unfortunately for Prussia, Frederick William could not do this. He did permit privates to rise from the ranks and become officers, but only for the

* Hutchinson reports on April 30, 1807, that a whole battalion of Prussian regulars deserted to the French at Weichselmünde, to say nothing of all the Prussian Poles.

† Germans are apt to forget the great services done them by England in these trying days. Already on November 20, 1806, Lieutenant-General Lord Hutchinson was appointed special envoy, authorized to advance £200,000 to Prussia merely on condition of having Hanover restored to her. And from this time on through to the battle of Waterloo England loyally served the cause of the German people, even when she had reason to fear that the money which she sent to Frederick William III. might be spent, not against Napoleon, but for him, as, for instance, in the campaign against Russia.—Reports of Garlicke and Hutchinson, Public Record Office, London.

duration of the war. Yet, small as this concession was, it had an excellent effect, and Gneisenau noted on all sides a popular disposition to volunteer and carry on the fight. Far down below the surface the people were beginning to say to themselves: "We have had enough of the pretentious, swaggering, professional soldier. He makes a fine show in peace-time, and runs away when the bullets fly. He sneers at citizens, yet our citizens fight better, and make less fuss about it."

Gneisenau had learned in America the importance of public sentiment in a free community. He made soldiers out of the most unpromising material. At Colberg he found free citizens and mercenary garrison troops, and to these were added several thousand who had escaped from Jena. Under other commanders these men accomplished nothing. They became heroes under the influence of a Gneisenau.

Colberg to-day has a costly monument to Frederick William III., but none to Gneisenau, Schill, or Nettelbeck. In 1892 I made a pilgrimage to this place, sacred in the annals of German liberty. Many were the inquiries I made before discovering where was the grave of Nettelbeck—a neglected stone in an obscure part of the graveyard. I searched in vain for traces of the great men who have made Colberg a household word wherever German liberty is prized. The old walls still stand from which Gneisenau directed his gallant defence. The earthworks at the mouth of the little river can still be traced, and the ragged sand dunes from behind which Schill started on his daring raids, after the manner of Marion in the war of the American Revolution. The harbor mouth, where English men-of-war unloaded stores for the hard-pressed garrison in 1807, is now the resort of pleasure-seekers, who flock here in summer for the



NETTELBECK



excellent sea-bathing. The ground that then was soaked in the blood of besieged and besiegers is now laid out in pleasant paths for the tourist, and the music of the Casino band plays where formerly only cannons had the say. In truth, looked at from the surface, Colberg has forgotten her heroes and her days of suffering. But the heart beats below the surface, and to-day in Germany no words awaken livelier gratitude and patriotism than these four: Colberg, Gneisenau, Nettelbeck, Schill.

XIII

SOMETHING ABOUT GNEISENAU'S EARLY STRUGGLES

"Good Sword! Yes! I am free
And fondly I love thee,
As wert thou, at my side,
My sweet affianced bride.
Hurrah!"

—Körner, "Schwertlied."—Composed a few hours before the author's death on the battle-field.

One day, in the course of a canoe cruise down the beautiful Elbe (1893), I arrived under the walls of a grand old castle belonging to the fortress of Torgau. The majestic walls of this beautiful place recalled to me not merely Frederick the Great's famous victory over the Austrians, but the curious fact that when young Gneisenau matriculated at the Erfurt University he was enrolled as from Torgau, rather than from his native place Schilda (now generally spelled Schildau).

So off I started for Schildau, which lies about ten miles south of Torgau and six miles away from the Elbe. I was driven in an open peasant's wagon by a citizen of Schildau, who proved highly entertaining. In the first place, he taught me that no citizen of Schildau cares to have it known where he belongs, because throughout Germany the term *Schildbürger* (Schilda burgess) carries with it the idea of municipal stupidity. In fact, every story in which acts of peculiar silliness

occur are to this day referred to Schildau — albeit not one person in a thousand could find the place on the map. Schildau is not on any railway, not even on a highway of any kind.

A citizen of Schildau thought it a pity that the grass on the town walls should not feed his cow, so one fine day he tied a rope round the animal's neck, and hauled her up, but of course strangled her in the operation. Another citizen called out the fire-brigade one night because the moon was reflected from his windows very brightly. Another citizen blocked the gates of the town for several days in trying to bring in a long piece of timber. The town council were debating how they might accomplish the task, when a tramp from the next town advised them to carry it lengthwise rather than broadside on through the gate. And so the stories run, each more silly than the other—each of no consequence, yet in the aggregate strong enough to compel young Gneisenau to deny the place of his birth for fear of incurring constant ridicule at the hands of would-be wits.

My peasant friend knew nothing of Gneisenau, but I found my way easily enough to a house on the main street over the door of which was carved in stone an old-fashioned beer mug. This was the sign of the inn —Die Goldene Kanne—where on October 27, 1760, just forty-six years before Napoleon entered Berlin, little baby Gneisenau was born. Gneisenau was not his name then; his father was plain Neidhart, an impecunious lieutenant of artillery, serving in the Austrian army. Of his father history records nothing satisfactory, and of his mother we know only that she ran away from her father and mother in Würzburg to share the camp life of an obscure young soldier of fortune.

The present owner of the Goldene Kanne showed me a room on the ground floor where the future hero was born. Two small windows faced the street. The furniture was modern. In fact, Schildau has nothing to remind the passing stranger of Gneisenau.

The poor mother was forced to fly with her first-born almost immediately, for the Prussian Frederick occupied this village within five days of Gneisenau's birth. The christening took place at the Goldene Kanne on the very same day. The father was not present. There was every circumstance to depress a young mother at such a time.

The Protestant pastor at Schildau placed his church book at my disposal, on the occasion of my visit, and allowed me to make a photograph of the entry — which shows that most of the transcriptions I have seen contain errors.*

* In a life of Gneisenau, published in 1856 by the chief military periodical of Germany, I found no less than one mistake for every line in the transcription of this memorable document, which is here for the first time accurately rendered :

"August Wilhelm Antonius, ein Söhnlein Herrn August Wilhelm von Neidhart, bey der zur Reichsarmee gehörigen Artillerie bestellte Lieutenants, und seiner Gemahlin Fr. [space left for the mother's name], ward den 27. October, Vormittags, gebohren und gegen Abend sogleich im Hause getauft.

"TESTES: Herr Antonius von Krumbach; Maior , dessen Stelle der Pastor M. Daniel Christian Tittman vertreten ; Fr. Johanna Regina Rosina, Herrn Johann Christovs Wolffs, Uhrmachers in Torgau, Eheliebste ; Herr Johann von Restich, Lieutenant unter dem kayserl. Regiment Altcoloredo ; Jgfr. Hedewig Erdmuth, Herrn Carl Heinrich Heunens, Stadtschreibers und Rechts-Consulentes in Schildau, jüngste Tochter, und Herr Elias Thomas, General Axcis Einnehmer in Schildau."

Translation : "Augustus William Anthony, a little son, was born in the forenoon of October 27th [1760], to Mr. Augustus William von Neidhart, a lieutenant of artillery belonging to the Imperial army ;

As this parish register is all that speaks for Gneisenau in his tenderest years, it is most precious. The entry states that a son is born to Neidhart the lieutenant, "and to his wife . . . ," leaving a line blank for the insertion of her name. This blank shows that the clerk did not know her name, and that the mother did not choose to publish her shame in the house of God.

Another notable feature of the entry is the absence, not merely of the father's name, but of the name of his regimental chief. Four witnesses are recorded, in addition to the pastor. Of these, however, only one is a brother officer, and his rank that of lieutenant. The rest are probably such as were called in from the street in order to give a species of solemnity to the entry. Two women and a tax-collector make up the list. Thus was little Gneisenau born in an inn; he was christened by people who knew neither the name of his mother nor the regiment to which his father belonged; even this entry appears never to have been seen by him, for to the day of his death he invariably celebrated as his birthday the wrong day of the month.

His mother had to fly before the victorious march of Frederick the Great, as did later Queen Luise before Napoleon — and both were winter marches in bitter sorrow. The wagon in which little Gneisenau started from Schildau broke down during the night, and the

and to his wife, Mrs. [In recent years some meddlesome person has interpolated the words "née Müller, of Würzburg."] The child was christened towards evening in the house where it was born. Witnesses, etc., etc., etc."

The *von* before Neidhart was inserted obviously out of courtesy, for elsewhere it appears that Mr. Neidhart did not use any title of nobility until his son became an officer in 1780.

worn-out mother was helped upon a peasant cart. Here she lay between life and death, holding to her breast the little baby boy — conceived in shame, born in sorrow, and dedicated to a pauper's career.

But in that dreadful night of jolting over bad roads her little strength gave way. The baby slipped from her exhausted arms, and was picked up by a warm-hearted grenadier just as an artillery piece was about grinding it into the mud.

The mother died in a few days from the birth of this child. We do not know who closed her eyes; whether even her parents were informed of the fact that they had a little grandson.

At any rate, the baby was handed over by his father to some people in a village through which the defeated Austrian army happened to pass. A small sum of money was given with the child, along with the promise that the father would soon return. The money was soon used up, but no father returned.

Little Gneisenau knew neither mother nor father, nor even where his early days were spent. He ran about ragged and barefoot, was fed upon black bread, and his foster parents tolerated him because he was a healthy, useful lad, who could watch their flock of geese.

One day a beggar passed the little goose-herd and asked him for a piece of bread. Gneisenau had none—had, in fact, nothing to give save a prayer-book, which by some strange accident had been left with the child along with the rest of the mother's scant wardrobe. The child of course did not then know the difference between the prayer-book and any other, and so offered it to the beggar, who took it into the village and tried to exchange it for bread. But the first tradesman to whom he offered the book suspected him of having stolen it, seized it, and

brought it back to the foster parents, who rewarded Gneisenau's generosity by a cruel flogging. The prayer-book was the means of identifying the child's grandfather.

A local tailor was touched by the cruel treatment poor little Gneisenau endured, and one day, at his own expense, set off on a long journey to Würzburg to discover the parents of the mother who had given birth to a son in Schildau.

Let us hope that the tailor's story melted the hearts of the good people, who no doubt heard for the first time the sad fate of the daughter whom they had disowned. At any rate, they resolved to do something for their goose-herding grandson.

So one fine day a carriage, more grand than any that Gneisenau had ever seen, drew up beside the goose-green, and a flunky in gorgeous livery told the people that he had come with orders from the grandparents in Würzburg to bring the child to them. The little ragged goose-herd thought he was playing a part in a fairy tale. He wanted the flunky to sit inside the carriage while he climbed upon the box, and could not understand that so showy an individual was merely a servant, while he, in his dirt and rags, was a person of rank and authority.

The fact that no member of the family came in person to look up the little grandchild suggests that Gneisenau's rescue was dictated rather by feelings of duty than by affection for a daughter who had brought shame upon them.

In Würzburg his life was not happy. He was sent to a Catholic school, for his mother had been of that church, although his father was Lutheran. In after-years he recalled with bitterness that his Roman Catholic teachers had outraged his childish feelings by addressing him as "Lutheran dog."

We are seeking for some trace of sunshine in the early years of this child, and find nothing but sorrow. His education seems to have been in the hands of heartless and narrow-minded priests, and what he learned was from such books as fell in his way by happy accident.

Next to the christening, the first authentic entry regarding our hero is on October 1, 1777, in the books of Erfurt University, where his name reads: *Antonius Neithardt, Torgaviensis.* This entry, like that other of Schildau, is full of suggestion. In the christening the name is *Neidhart*, showing that he could not have known of this register, or he would have been more particular on so serious an occasion as that of becoming a student of philosophy. At Erfurt he is called simply Antonius; at Schildau he was christened August Wilhelm Antonius. There is no suggestion in this entry that the young student or his father affected noble rank or had ever dreamed of the name Gneisenau. The lad was not quite seventeen years old when he entered, and did not remain more than a year. His father had married and settled here with Gneisenau's step-mother. He had some occupation as civil engineer. But we have no evidence that either he, his wife, or their children ever contributed anything but discomfort to the young student. It is significant that in Erfurt Gneisenau did not live with his father.

In 1778 he became a soldier in the Austrian army, which was then preparing for war with Prussia. But the war-cloud passed, the troops were disbanded, and Gneisenau found himself again without money or employment.

His university course had been cut short probably for want of money; but short as it was, it could not have failed in strengthening for good a character so singularly frank and receptive as young Gneisenau's. It was then, as in early times, when Luther lived there as a



GNEISENAU
[From the original plaster cast in the Rauch Museum in Berlin]



monk, a battle-ground for Protestant and Papist. It was at the centre of German movement in letters and politics, and here for the first time Gneisenau was able to shake off the unhappy results of his clerical training in Würzburg, and to taste of the strengthening knowledge furnished by vigorous men of liberal training in northern Germany. From leaving Erfurt Gneisenau became a professional soldier, yet, thanks to the influence of this short year as a *Torgaviensis*, he preserved throughout his long and active military career a certain breadth of judgment that distinguished him from the average man of his class.

In 1780, at the age of twenty, we first hear of our hero as a "nobleman" bearing the name he since made famous. He then entered the service of a petty German prince who was hiring his troops out to George III. for the purpose of quelling the revolutionary spirit in the American colonies.

In those days none but officers were considered men of honor, and only a "noble" could make a career as officer. The young citizen of Schildau felt therefore constrained to supplement his patronymic by von Gneisenau, a name suggested by some shadowy connection between some member of his family and some castle of that name somewhere. Fortunately the College of Heralds was not over-particular, and no one in his regiment cared to raise the question. Gneisenau's very obscurity was his best protection. He did not himself know when or where he was born; there was no one to tell tales about him; he was bound for the wilderness of the New World, and this step was to be a totally new departure.

Gneisenau had no more interest in the questions at issue than the many West Point graduates who have sought active service, since our civil war, in Egypt,

Turkey, China, or South America. The soldier can only perfect himself at his trade by constant practice, and must take employment when he can find it. From the soldier's standpoint there is not much difference between Steuben, who enlisted under Washington, and Gneisenau, who went out in the pay of George III. Both went to get practice in their handicraft and as much salary as possible. Gneisenau was on the losing side, and was not heard of; Steuben had better luck, and is now quoted in American school-books as a shining example of disinterested patriotism.

After the surrender of Yorktown Gneisenau returned, much wiser for his American trip. He prepared an exhaustive paper, setting forth the modifications he deemed necessary in order to profit by the lessons taught in the American war. This paper earned him the reputation of being a dangerous character, and the authorities of this little German principality looked askance at him.

But Frederick the Great had his eye on this young firebrand, and called him to Potsdam. He was well received, and in 1785 he entered the Prussian service, and began to drill the light infantry in skirmishing tactics.

And so Gneisenau became definitely a Prussian. He commenced life as a Saxon by birth, for Schildau had not then passed into Prussian hands. His school years he spent in Würzburg, a centre of Catholicism in south Germany; as a student he matriculated in the principality of Mainz, to which Erfurt then belonged; he then became Austrian soldier; at the Peace he entered the Army of Ansbach-Baireuth, and in 1785 he for the first time, and at the age of twenty-five, became subject to the monarchy in whose army he became field-marshal

and count. Few men at twenty-five can say that they have shifted their citizenship half a dozen times.

Frederick the Great died the year after Gneisenau entered his service; and with him died, for Prussia, all hope of a military reorganization in the sense of Gneisenau.

Ten years of inactive garrison service, marriage at the age of thirty-six, then ten more years of routine military life, and at last we reach the year of Jena, 1806. Of these twenty-six years as a soldier, Gneisenau spent many in bitter want; his resources were at times so low that in cold weather he lay in bed because he could not afford a fire. He had apparently very bad luck throughout, as though Providence meant to thwart his military ambition. His enlistment at Erfurt was followed by profound peace; he sailed to America just in time for another peace; he entered the Prussian army just before the great King's death; the Prussian wars from 1792 to 1796 did not call his company out, and even the battle of Jena gave him no chance for anything but a trifling skirmish four days before the great event.

Gneisenau in all these forty-seven years that preceded his appointment as military governor of Colberg had not only never been in battle, he had never enjoyed any regular military education, in the modern sense of the term. What he knew he had absorbed from observation and from such books as fell in his way. As to professional knowledge, it is safe to say that he knew less at the age of forty-seven than the West Point cadet in his second year, and was as unprepared for war as the average volunteer officer who answered the call of Abraham Lincoln in the American civil war.

Let citizens who love their country ponder the life of Gneisenau. He earned the gratitude of Germany by

leading her armies to victory after they had been led to defeat and shame. No man is the worse for good blood and thorough education; but disaster is sure to overtake a state which holds that the great body of the people is insensible to patriotism, courage, and civic virtue. The years of servile torment which Germany endured at the hands of Napoleon after the battle of Jena should make this lesson precious to her, as to all free peoples.

XIV

SCHARNHORST MAKES A NEW ARMY

"Where is the German's fatherland?
Name me at length that mighty land!
'Where'er resounds the German tongue,
Where'er its hymns to God are sung.'
Be this the land,
Brave German, this thy fatherland!"
—Arndt, "Des Deutschen Vaterland."

NAPOLEON left Tilsit for Paris on July 9, 1807, delighted with his many triumphs. He had taken from Prussia all her land west of the Elbe; had reduced her population from ten to five millions; had changed the Czar Alexander from an enemy into an enthusiastic friend; had estranged Russia and Prussia by giving the Czar parts of Poland which formerly belonged to Prussia; he had offered Frederick William many personal slights, and had capped his triumphs by receiving Queen Luise as a suppliant and sending her back empty-handed.

And all this was done when Frederick the Great had been dead only twenty years.* No wonder Napoleon

* On July 20, 1807, Hutchinson reported to the British government that he had in vain sought to discover the terms of the Tilsit treaty; that the Prussian King's minister had given him an evasive answer on the subject, "and says that the conditions of the treaty are so degrading to Prussia that he is ashamed to give them to the world." This is the testimony of a friend, for it was this same Hutchinson who on January 28, 1807, signed the treaty of peace between England and Prussia, England paying £500,000 by way of subsidy.

felt that his destinies were guided by a star of good fortune!

Alexander left Tilsit for St. Petersburg quite as happy as Napoleon, for he had secured an alliance with France which promised him the conquest of India and anything else he might covet to the eastward. The official papers of Russia made the people rejoice by announcing that their Czar had added largely to the empire by annexing land which was formerly Prussian.

Queen Luise left Tilsit for Memel with a broken heart. She had, indeed, suffered as only a highly bred woman can suffer. From our point of view she deserves our sympathy vastly more than her royal husband; for she had endured not merely all that he had endured, but she had endured him into the bargain.

The treaty of Tilsit left Frederick William on the throne, but left him hardly means enough to keep it in repair.* He was called upon to pay a war indemnity amounting ultimately to one milliard of francs, and was told that so long as it remained unpaid Napoleon would keep his troops quartered in the country. Now to pay such an amount of money was wholly out of the question, and Napoleon knew it. He did not wish the money paid at all. He much preferred to have his troops quar-

* In the London Record Office is a despatch from Garlicke, the British agent at Memel, dated August 26, 1807, in which he states that the King of Prussia desired of England the loan of one million sterling—this, too, at a moment when Prussia was in close alliance with France against England. On the day following the same agent reported that Frederick William III. entertained the notion of joining Napoleon's Rhine Confederation, in which case England's million would have been a gift to Napoleon rather than a loan to Prussia. Instances might be multiplied to show that in these dark days Prussia lost much support because of the dishonesty of her professions towards friends as well as enemies.



ALEXANDER I. OF RUSSIA



tered in Prussia indefinitely, thus making sure that no new war could threaten him there. These troops were, of course, available in the event of war with Russia or Austria; and so long as they cost him nothing to maintain, it was an arrangement highly satisfactory to the French treasury.

So the Prussian King had, in 1807, two alternatives to face—either to remain a captive in his own kingdom, or to buy his liberation at a price he knew not how to pay. He could not go back to Berlin, for all that part of Prussia was garrisoned by Frenchmen. He could not start the machinery of his government on the old lines, for so much of it had been smashed that it would no longer work. Prussia might have earned something by foreign commerce, but Napoleon forbade any trade with England. This meant that he should trade with no one, for England had complete control of the sea.

The situation was desperate from every point of view, but mainly from the fact that there was no money to run the government, and no sources of revenue in any way adequate.

It was only when the Prussian King found that the Czar had deserted him, and that he was on the brink of bankruptcy or abdication, that he allowed himself to be persuaded into something like a reasonable course of action.*

* The British agent in Memel wrote on November 9, 1807, to his government that after Daru had made a demand on Prussia for the three fortresses, Stettin, Küstrin, and Glogau, a treaty was about to be concluded on that basis, but that a fresh demand came from Napoleon for Graudenz and Colberg, "*neither of which had fallen in the war*, that Prussia must maintain in each 8000 French troops (equal to 40.000), with a proportion of horses, forage, ammunition, pay, and clothing.

In these dark days succeeding the Peace of Tilsit the distracted and humiliated King gave his sanction to measures which six months before he would have treated as revolutionary. There is no evidence that he himself was the author of any of the good laws passed at this time, and there is abundant evidence that he did all that was possible to nullify their wholesome object. That Prussia was saved from complete absorption after Tilsit is owing:

1. To Napoleon, who completely exposed the rotten state of the military and civil administration.

2. To Queen Luise, who braced her husband in his moments of weakness, and who united about her the honest and capable men of Germany.

The public sentiment of Prussia judged better than the King's courtly advisers, and this public sentiment was best represented by two men, neither of whom was Prussian by birth or education—Stein and Scharnhorst. Stein abolished serfdom in Prussia; Scharnhorst created

"This demand has been accompanied by an estimate of the expense, amounting to $11,000,000 annually.

"The whole Prussian army—I am supposing the former establishment of 250,000 men—was maintained for $17,000,000."

Ergo, France demands for these 40,000 about two-thirds of what Prussia required for 250,000, "and something more than half of the actual revenue of Prussia, which is computed, the country being in her own hands, at $20,000,000.

"But this is the military demand only. To these $11,000,000 are to be added about $4,000,000 for the annual discharge of the contributions, and $2,000,000 for other debts—total, $17,000,000—and leaving $3,000,000, or £600,000 sterling, for the revenues of the Prussian monarchy.

"The insolent mockery of the proposition is equal to its cruelty, for if Prussia accepted the terms she must renounce even the forms of government. The Prussian ministers therefore say that they (the terms) will not be accepted."—Record Office MSS., Garlicke to Canning.

an army of citizens. Germans cannot feel too grateful that in such a crisis appeared two men who loyally supported one another; who sacrificed all they had to the country of their adoption; who ignored the calumny which their enemies prepared for them; who dared to tell the truth to the King, and consequently never lived in courtly favor.

Stein and Scharnhorst, the statesman and the soldier, both believed that Prussia could be regenerated only by calling in the people to a larger share in the government. Both held the belief that the monarch is strong only when he is supported by the whole people instead of by a privileged class. The King was ready to acknowledge that something was radically wrong when his officers became bywords for cowardice and incapacity.*

Here is a picture drawn by Scharnhorst. It is that of a Prussian general who held a conspicuously high command in the war: "He never inspected a regiment, never made a reconnoissance, knew nothing of the outposts excepting upon the map; his memory and mental pow ers were so feeble that he was unable to form a picture of geographical features and the relative position of troops. In campaigning, of even the mildest kind, he was totally incapable of taking command and conducting the operations. He was satisfied to take the opinion of any one."

This was the seventy-year-old man who commanded

* The extent to which the Prussian King trembled at the sound of Napoleon is reflected in the despatches of Garlicke, the English consul in Memel. On November 25, 1807, he wrote to George Canning: "His Prussian Majesty has personally requested me to leave the country. . . ."

"At this moment," said Count Goltz (the King's minister), "Prussia can assert no opinion of her own. She must adopt those of France!" —London Record Office MSS.

the Prussian contingent at Eylau, and there were plenty more just like him. Such were the officers who, before Jena, listened complacently on the Potsdam parade-ground while the commanding general uttered these words: "Gentlemen, the army of His Majesty [Frederick William III.] can show many officers *fully equal to Monsieur Bonaparte!*"

A week after Tilsit (July 17, 1807) Scharnhorst was placed at the head of a military commission charged with inquiring into the state of the army. He was fifty-three years old, had just been made major-general, and was trusted by the King because he had helped Blücher in rescuing some remnants of the army from Jena, and bringing them in safety over some two hundred and fifty miles of dangerous country.

The King trusted Scharnhorst, but did not like him. He had, however, no choice. So Scharnhorst, the son of a Hanoverian peasant, found himself, in 1807, sitting in judgment over hundreds of Prussian nobles, who had given strange proof of their chivalrous pretensions.

Gneisenau was added to this commission, but so afraid was the King lest such men should be too thorough that he always managed to hamper them by adding members who represented the old army traditions and a dislike to change. The matter dragged on in this way until Scharnhorst and Gneisenau both became thoroughly disgusted with their King's behavior, and resigned.

This frightened Frederick William, however, and he promised solemnly that thenceforward he would deal honestly with them. So at last (January 31, 1808), after six months of wasted time, the commission secured a majority in favor of reform.

Of course I omit the tedious details which filled these six months—the intrigues of the court, the vacillation

of the King, the angry protestations of the patriots, and the constant efforts of Luise to keep her husband to his duty. And even after the commission had a majority in favor of reform, Scharnhorst found that the King took no direct personal interest in its work, but obtained his knowledge of its proceedings through an adjutant, who persistently misrepresented the views of the patriots. Finally, with the help of Stein and Queen Luise, the King dispensed with this hostile intermediary, and on May 1, 1808, did what should have been done at the outset — appointed Scharnhorst to the task of explaining the work of the commission.

Here, therefore, we see that it took nearly a year for the King to make up his mind to support a commission which he himself had created for the express purpose of inquiring into the administration of an army of which he was commander-in-chief. Nor is there any evidence that the King's obstruction was dictated by other motives than preference for courtiers and aversion to men of energy and honesty like Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, and Stein.*

In reading the life of Washington I used to imagine that he was singularly handicapped in his command of the army by reason of the Continental Congress, which wasted precious time in debating. But slow and weak as that Congress was, it was a model of strength and swiftness compared with this Prussian monarch, whose will was law. The citizens of a self-governing community can gather a vast store of political courage by

* Stein once wrote of Martin Luther: "Dr. Luther, thanks be to God, has made the approach to heaven a little shorter by ridding us of many lord chamberlains, masters of ceremony, and doorkeepers."

closely studying the ups and downs of Prussia under Frederick William III.*

Scharnhorst now undertook to collect evidence throughout the army regarding the behavior of the principal officers during the late war. Seven generals were condemned to death for cowardice or treachery—but the King pardoned them all. The commission, in so far as the King was concerned, failed to punish the men whom it found guilty. But, nevertheless, it did a great good. It purged the army of much bad stuff, and when the war broke out again, in 1813, only two generals received commands out of the hundred and forty-three who figured in 1806—and one of these generals was, of course, old Blücher.

Nothing but lack of money could have made these reforms possible. Napoleon cut down the Prussian army to 42,000 men, and the officers who had found places in the old army of 250,000 were now forced to look about elsewhere for work. Here was a capital excuse for getting rid of a large number of incapable men, and Scharnhorst was quick to discover merit in those who remained.

Prussian officers in general had treated their defeats with some philosophy so long as their pay continued and the hope of revenge was alive; but when the majority of them were turned adrift, and many of them

* The German General von Verdy, who was on Moltke's staff during the Franco-German war, noted the difficulty of making headway after the fall of Napoleon III. and when the armies of the French Republic were commanded by Gambetta. It took only about four weeks of fighting to capture Sedan with 150,000 "regulars," but it required more than four months to subdue the raw levies of the republic, even after the whole of the imperial army had been shipped into Germany as prisoners of war.—Verdy du Vernois, *Im grossen Hauptquartier*. Berlin: Mittler und Sohn, 1896.

had to earn their living by hiring themselves out by the day, the matter assumed a more serious aspect. So great was the poverty among the peasants that in 1808 the government published a list of roots and herbs that would sustain life. The price of food was high, but the wages of labor low. The government had flooded the country with a vast amount of paper currency, which, before Jena, was accepted at par; but after the war so little confidence did Prussia induce that her currency had little more value than that of Jefferson Davis. General Boyen, in his memoirs, says that he could get only twenty-eight per cent. of the face value of a Prussian government bond in 1807, and that under the most favorable circumstances. Officials of every class had to be dismissed on the score of economy, and those that were retained had to accept reduced salaries. So poor was the country, and so black the prospect, that timeservers left the King, and thus made an opening for men who loved their country.

The King over and over again refused his sanction to a national militia with universal service. As we shall see, he dreaded it as a revolutionary measure. But Scharnhorst and Gneisenau never let the matter rest, and prepared the ground for it so thoroughly that when the King finally did give way, a nation in arms sprang up at his call as though by magic.

What Scharnhorst did accomplish with the commission was, however, most important. The principle was adopted that army promotion should be strictly the reward of merit—that nobles and commoners should be equally entitled to become officers. This seems a very easy law to pass, but in 1807 the bulk of the Prussian army regarded this measure as calculated to destroy every vestige of good in her corps of officers.

Another law was signed more willingly, namely, that the soldier should not be flogged for every offence, but should be treated humanely. This measure called forth universal condemnation amongst the old-school officers. They foresaw calamity. They would not understand how men could be kept in order without flogging them. Soldiers were flogged for every offence imaginable, and we have but too many witnesses to prove that officers of that day could treat their soldiers with cruelty equal to that which is chronicled in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Scharnhorst wished to make the army popular, and to do this he had to make it a career open to every citizen of good character. How could a lad be expected to enlist as a volunteer in an army where the privates were regarded as beasts and the officers as taskmasters?

These two little measures were signed about one year from the Treaty of Tilsit. They were very simple measures indeed, but from them have come all the subsequent army reforms which placed Germany in a position to fight Napoleon in 1813, and to maintain herself as the first military nation down to our day. The German army is strong in so far as it is democratic and draws its support from the whole nation. In so far as it seeks to form an aristocracy of its own, it reverts to the dangerous position it occupied before Jena.

Since the King would hear nothing of universal service, and the army was not allowed to exceed 42,000, Scharnhorst set to work quietly discharging men as soon as they had learned their duties, and filling their places immediately by others. In this way he managed, every month, to turn five men out of every company. These were not, however, lost sight of. They were secretly looked after in their homes by officers who had been nominally retired, but actually drew small salaries, on



FREDERICK WILLIAM III.



the understanding that they should reside near the places where they were needed, and should drill these reserve soldiers from time to time.

Here was the simple method by which Prussia, under the very noses of Napoleon's spies, developed the reserve forces into a national militia capable of taking the field at a moment's notice, fully equipped and commanded. This could never have been accomplished save under the pressure of the Napoleonic occupation, which roused amongst the people so much hatred against France that patriotism was kindled where it had scarcely been known before. Scharnhorst had won the people's confidence. The soldier was no longer a despised creature; he had become a citizen representing German liberty. He was now as popular as he had before been shunned.*

Prussia soon had all the well-drilled soldiers she needed, but had no money to pay for muskets, cannon, horses, ammunition, clothing, and the many costly things needed for an army. But Scharnhorst set to work methodically and persistently, and soon, little by little, the losses of the war began to be made good. Pikes were seriously treated, and an infantry was drilled in their use

* The accompanying cut is from a photograph made under my supervision from the original by Rauch. A bronze cast of this stands on the Opera Place, Berlin. Rauch was a personal friend to Gneisenau, and had abundant opportunity of studying him in Berlin in the years 1819–25, when Gneisenau was governor of the capital. Rauch made this statue in 1853, and the bronze was erected in 1855. Before the Prussian King, Frederick William IV., was satisfied, Rauch had to make seven different sketch models in plaster, six of which, about twenty inches high, are now in the Rauch museum. It was in 1819 that Rauch returned from Rome to take up his residence definitely in Berlin, and it may be assumed that he was a frequent visitor of Gneisenau, who counted amongst his friends Schinkel and Hegel and the leaders of science and literature.—P. B.

so long as no muskets could be got. We naturally recall Benjamin Franklin's suggestion that the American troops of his day be armed with bows and arrows rather than not go to war. Both measures emanated from men who believed that a people fighting for its independence cannot be conquered, whether its weapons be pikes, muskets, or bows and arrows. And, strange to say, the spirit of liberty in Germany was aroused first amongst the people who joined the national army created by Scharnhorst.

XV

SOMETHING ABOUT SCHARNHORST

"Lieber noch eine Schlacht verloren, nur nicht Scharnhorst."*—
Blücher to Gneisenau, June 29, 1813.

SCHARNHORST'S character was so pure, his aims so disinterested, his purpose so definite, and his tact so infinite that we are constantly tempted to draw a parallel between him and Washington.

He was born in 1755, about fifteen miles northwest of Hanover town, in a little village called Bordenau, too small to be found on ordinary maps. He died in 1813, in the first battle of the war, at an equally inaccessible village called Gross Görschen, where I could find no trace of any disposition to honor his memory. He lies buried in Berlin, in the so-called Invaliden Cemetery; a place ignored by travellers in general, and scarcely known even by Germans. It was on a beautiful morning in August that I made my pilgrimage to this interesting spot. I was quite alone during the hour that I spent there, and was told that very few people come to this place. Trees waved their branches over his monument, which is in every way worthy of the man whom it seeks to honor. It is a massive marble block, on which lies a slumbering lion, cast in iron. Graveyards are not often interesting, but this one is a notable exception.

*Translation: "Rather have lost another battle, had Scharnhorst only been spared."

The only ancestor of whom Scharnhorst had any knowledge was his peasant grandfather. His own father behaved somewhat after the manner of Gneisenau's. He courted the daughter of a village magnate, who gave him a flat *No* when he offered himself as son-in-law.

The daughter, however, helped matters considerably by presenting the would-be son-in-law with a child. In consequence, the marriage was solemnized, and the first born in lawful wedlock was our hero. From the standpoint of social conventions, there is little choice between the mothers of Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, although the Hanoverian peasant had the advantage of knowing that he was born legitimately—as the little church of Bordenau testifies to this day.

Like Gneisenau, Scharnhorst had a rough time of it in childhood. He had no schooling to speak of, and spent his time chiefly in driving the cows to and from pasture.

When Scharnhorst was seventeen years old, his father, who had by a lucky stroke of fortune come into some property, made up his mind that one of his children at least should become an officer and thus raise the whole family in the social scale.

Now, the education of Scharnhorst had been as fragmentary as that of Gneisenau, and neither could possibly have passed serious examinations. But it so happened that the reigning grandee near by had indulged in the luxury of founding a German West Point on a tiny island in the midst of a great lake not six miles from Bordenau.*

* It was with great difficulty that I managed to get upon this little island, called Fort William (*Wilhelmsfest*), for the nearest village is five miles from the present railway ; there is no regular ferry to the island, and the good peasant who finally did row me over had much

This strange little West Point was founded in 1770, and ceased to exist in 1777. The whole island is scarcely as big as a modern man-of-war, and nearly the whole surface is occupied by a miniature fortress. There is less room for parade-ground and gymnastic exercise than on an Atlantic steamer, and life there must have been singularly dull, even to a peasant. The school died with its patron; but it must have done so in any event, for few lads could have survived the bad sanitary conditions of this highly eccentric place.

This island school had difficulty in securing twelve pupils, and no doubt to this eagerness of its patron must we attribute the fact that so ill-equipped a youngster as Scharnhorst was admitted at all.

This place is interesting to us because it was in its day not merely the first, but for many years the only, artillery school in Germany. The patron was a distinguished soldier, and the course of study excellent and very practical. Scharnhorst, at any rate, held his military Alma Mater in grateful memory, and within its walls one is shown drawings which he had made in his cadet days.

The formal oath of allegiance, which he signed on entering his little West Point, says:

"I, Gerhard Johann David Scharnhorst, about to enter the artillery and engineer corps in the service of the Serene Master Lord William, ruling Count of Schaumburg, noble Master and Count of Lippe and Sternburg, Knight of the Royal Prussian Grand Order of the Black Eagle, Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of His Most Faithful Majesty the King of Portugal and Algarbia, as well as *the Armies* of His Royal Majesty of

trouble forcing his big flat-bottomed boat through the weeds, which grew luxuriantly up to the surface.

Great Britain; General Field Marshal of His Princely Serenity of Brunswick-Lüneburg—

"Promise, in lieu of oath, that I will not resign from this service within ten years from the date of undertaking its obligations. And should I at any future time resign from the service of the Serene Master Lord William, ruling Count of Schaumburg, etc., I promise never, directly nor indirectly, in any way to serve against His Serenity and his territories, or against such powers as the said master may have as allies, or who may be in the service of his most high person."

It is curious that the name of Scharnhorst appears three times on the same page, but in no two cases is the spelling identical. It will be also noted that while young Scharnhorst bound himself in the most severe manner, the noble patron undertook nothing, and in 1777 turned Scharnhorst out upon the world without even a commission.

However, his reputation in the Wilhelmsfest had been so excellent that he almost immediately secured a commission in the Hanoverian service, under a general who greatly admired Count William, and who zealously sought to raise the standard of education among the younger officers. Scharnhorst was selected to teach in nearly every branch of military knowledge, including mathematics, drawing, artillery, fortification, history, and geography.

The American war was then going on, and his garrison was in the way of the German regiment that marched to fight under the flag of England. He was in a good position to hear the tales brought home by fellow-officers, and was quick to see that there must be something wrong in Old-World tactics when veteran troops failed to hold their own against farmer lads

fighting as volunteers under leaders of their own choosing. Scharnhorst was so valuable as an instructor that he could not be spared for fighting in the New World, or he would no doubt, like Gneisenau, have embarked under the colors of George III.

In 1783, while the grand old Frederick was still alive, Scharnhorst was sent to South Germany and Vienna to make a report on artillery schools. On the journey he made some notes in Prussia, and was amazed to discover that Prussian troops could fire as rapidly as six times in one minute.

In 1793 Scharnhorst became captain, at the age of thirty-seven, and made his first campaign against the soldiers of the French Republic. Here is what he wrote to his wife after the first battle:

"May God grant us soon peace! I am not made to be a soldier. I can bear danger; but the sight of innocent creatures near me groaning in their blood, the flames of burning villages kindled by men for their amusement, and the rest of the barbarity connected with general destruction — all this puts me into rage and an unbearable state of mind."

These are strange words in the mouth of a man who had been already twenty years apprenticed to the art of killing, and who was destined to lay the foundation for a military system which has converted Europe into one vast camp of war.

This inglorious campaign (1792–95) had precious lessons to teach, but few were ready to grasp them. France had sent half a million badly equipped, badly fed, and badly drilled men into the field against a thoroughly well prepared army of twice that number. The population of France was twenty-five millions, that of the nations allied against France seventy-four mill-

ions. The French were "raw levies," the Allies were "regulars"; yet the ragged republicans held their own, and secured an honorable peace after three years of fighting.

This war broke out only ten years after the Peace of Yorktown, and men who had fought at Saratoga and Trenton were again in the ranks during the battles of this war. Scharnhorst remarked that these Hessian troops who had learned their fighting in the American war were vastly superior to the rest.

But unfortunately for Germany, her kings, princes, and ruling men generally regarded republics as so thoroughly wicked that no reformer dared quote republican example in preaching the new art of war. It is strange that while Scharnhorst and Gneisenau both thoroughly appreciated the lessons taught by the war in America, there is no evidence in their communications to the King that such a war ever took place. Frederick William III. regarded the American campaigns as of importance equalling but not exceeding a jungle squabble between two handfuls of blacks in some remote part of the East Indies.

Nor must it be lost sight of that Napoleon was spared the necessity of creating an army when he returned from Egypt. He placed himself at the head of troops who had learned the art of war in the best of schools—three years of fighting.

In 1801 Scharnhorst received *from London* the permission he sought—to leave the service of George III. and enter that of Frederick William III. This step shows us conclusively that he at least had no suspicion of the real state of Prussia, or that, if he had, he preferred it to that of Hanover. After Jena there were very many wise soldiers to explain how it all happened; but it is

odd that up to the eve of the catastrophe not even Gneisenau or Scharnhorst saw what was coming. They disapproved of many things in detail, but of course no one but the King was in a position to inspect the whole machinery of the army and say what was or was not wanting.

Scharnhorst was relieved of his Hanoverian allegiance without a single mark of regret from above. Two years afterwards the French took charge of the place, and thus fixed their troops in the heart of North Germany, within two days' marching from Magdeburg, five from Berlin, seven from Stettin, next door to Denmark, and separated from Sweden only by the duchy of Mecklenburg.

This was a menace, not to any one German state in particular, but to all of them. Germans, at this stage of Napoleonic development, began to forget their local jealousies and quarrels, for they were face to face with an enemy who menaced them all alike. Prussia, as the big brother of the North-German family, was looked to for assistance and leadership, but Frederick William III. had not the courage or political sense to do his duty. Can we be surprised that even Germans were dissatisfied with a definition of monarchy that required them to surrender the proud position they had held under Frederick the Great?

So long as the French fought for their country and for liberty they had the sympathy of Germany. But when Napoleon showed that his object was to subjugate the nations he conquered, and to win mere military glory, Europe took alarm. Patriots in every corner of Germany ceased to be Saxon, Mecklenburg, or even Prussian —they began to use the word *German* as belonging to a common fatherland. They dreamed of a German federation—a German empire. Scharnhorst ceased to be

Hanoverian; Gneisenau ceased to be Austrian or Saxon; both became not merely Prussian, but intensely German.

It was this patriotic belief in the regeneration of Germany that kept Scharnhorst and others hard at work developing the military resources of Prussia at a time when Prussians themselves had almost ceased to hope. In 1808 the finances were so bad that Scharnhorst and Stein seriously entertained an offer to send three or four thousand mercenary troops to Spain, and they would have gone had not the Spaniards concluded they could get on without further help.

The war in Spain strengthened still further Scharnhorst's confidence in popular armies. From beyond the Pyrenees came news that Napoleon was harassed by the peasantry to such an extent as made his position in the peninsula problematical. Had Prussians fought after Jena as did the guerillas of Spain, it is safe to think that Napoleon would never have succeeded in dictating peace at Tilsit.

In 1809 Napoleon was once more engaged in a war with Austria, and the Prussian people clamored to join their kinsmen fighting on the Danube. But Frederick William would not hear of it, though his own subjects could not be kept from the fight. Even the Tyrolean peasants showed that men fighting for liberty and their homes are almost invincible.

Scharnhorst was tempted in 1809, by an offer of £800 a year, to come to England as Inspector-General of Instruction at the Royal Military College, but dark as the outlook seemed in Prussia, he determined to stand and fall by the King he had sworn to sustain.

This King, in 1810, was ordered by Napoleon to dismiss Scharnhorst, and he obeyed. He had already dismissed

Stein and every one else whom Napoleon regarded as a German patriot.

But Scharnhorst, from his hiding-place, still kept his eye on what was going on, and conducted the administration of the army pretty much as before. In that year the fighting force of Prussia numbered only 22,000 men, and the cost of maintaining it was less than six millions of thalers, or about four and a half million dollars. This is the smallest army a Prussian king ever had, and the comparison with the present military budget of the German empire is amusing if not instructive.

In 1810 Queen Luise died, and with her seemed to pass away all hope for Prussia; for in 1811 Napoleon forced her husband to place the Prussian army in his hands for the campaign against his former ally, Alexander. And while Frederick William was signing away his country to the French, Scharnhorst was on a secret mission to St. Petersburg, bearing to Alexander vows of unalterable friendship from the Prussian King. On May 11th he wrote to Alexander: "Rest assured that in the dealings between myself and France nothing shall be undertaken against Russia."

On July 16th, same year (1811), he writes again to Alexander: "I voluntarily bind myself, in the event of a war between France and Russia, to support no other cause but yours!" All the while he was negotiating with Napoleon a treaty pledging Prussia to make common cause with France in an invasion of Russia.

As late as this year he rejected again every proposal for a national Prussian army, and the recruiting was done by the same clumsy means as in 1792.

Every now and then between 1806 and 1813 we seem to have reached a point below which no nation could possibly sink, yet Frederick William somehow or other

usually managed to find a level lower still. In 1811 he obeyed Napoleon as though he were in French pay. On September 26th he ordered all work stopped on the forts of Colberg and Spandau. On October 7th he obeyed again, and ordered the disarmament in Prussia to be more strictly observed. On October 10th Napoleon ordered him to dismiss Blücher from the Prussian service, and it was done. On October 22d the King authorized French officers to make a formal inspection of his garrison and forts, in order to satisfy Napoleon that his orders had been obeyed.

Each of these events would justify a nation in celebrating its anniversary with fasting and mourning—but they were too many.*

In January of 1812 French troops marched into Pomerania; in March 15,000 more marched from Magdeburg to Brandenburg; on the 5th of March Frederick William joined his 20,000 Prussians to the columns of Napoleon, and the French army swallowed up what there was left of the army of the Great Frederick. Gneisenau could not stand this, and he too left the Prussian ser-

* Hutchinson reported to his government from Memel, under date of January 9, 1807: "Count (*sic*) Stein, the only man of real talents in the administration, resigned or was dismissed two days ago. It seems that the expenses of Bonaparte's table and household at Berlin were defrayed, before and after the negotiations for an armistice, by the King of Prussia. Since that period, I believe, not many days ago, one of the ministers still resident at Berlin called upon Stein, who was Chief of the Finances, to pay 300,000 crowns on the same account. Stein refused, with strong expressions of indignation. The King spoke to him on the subject. He remonstrated with His Majesty in the most forcible terms, descanted on the wretched humiliation of such mean conduct, and said that he never could pay money on such an account unless he had the order in writing from His Majesty—which was given a few days after this conversation took place."—MSS. London Record Office.

vice. Many Prussians sought employment against the French by entering the army of Wellington; but in July, 1812, Frederick William sent out a sharp edict against such of his officers who should dare to engage against France—threatening even death in some cases.

Throughout 1811 Prussia in word and deed acted as a conquered province of France. No Prussian was allowed in office whom Napoleon did not desire; no measure was adopted by the King without first consulting the French. In June of that year Napoleon had 78,000 men and 3000 officers quartered in Prussia, and in every respect used her exactly as suited his momentary purpose.

But on October 19th Napoleon began his retreat from Moscow. The news reached Berlin on November 12th, and on December 14th, with the thermometer fifteen degrees below zero, news reached Breslau that Napoleon had passed Glogau in his flight from Russia to Paris.

And now Scharnhorst threw aside his mask.

XVI

THE PRINCES OF GERMANY PAY COURT TO NAPOLEON AT ERFURT

"Let all that glows, let all ye can,
In flames surge high and bright!
Ye Germans all, come, man for man,
And for your country fight!
Now raise your heart to Heaven's span,
Stretch forth your hands on high;
And cry with shouting, man for man,
Now slavery shall die!"
—Arndt, "Vaterlandslied."

ALREADY, on January 14, 1808, six months after embarking on the raft in the river Memel, Napoleon sent word to Alexander that he wanted to dismember Prussia still further—that "Silesia is the only compensation he can entertain" (Champagny to Caulaincourt).*

On February 20th the Czar sent back word that his

* Tolstoy, the Russian ambassador, had an interview with Napoleon on November 7, 1807. He pleaded that the Czar desired the accomplishment of the Treaty of Tilsit, and complained that Napoleon did not keep his word—did not evacuate the country. He painted the pitiful distress of Frederick William III. Napoleon became angry, and said: "You do wrong in bothering about him. You will see him play you a sharp trick yet." He promised to evacuate the country, but added: "Such things cannot be done in a hurry. You cannot remove an army as you take a pinch of snuff." Napoleon offered Russia the Danubian principalities, and when asked by Tolstoy at what price: "Eh bien! C'est en Prusse"—that he would find compensation. That meant that Russia should take still more land from Prussia!

"honor" would not allow him to sacrifice Prussia any more. "*Ces gens là*—those poor devils over there keep writing to me, importuning me, driving me to despair." Thus Alexander referred to his dear friend the Prussian King as an importunate relative.

"They are not able to get a square meal; I am speaking literally. . . . You wish to take one of their provinces. Will you release them then from the war contributions they owe you? It is a ruined country."

We note here that Alexander knew the full extent of the misery he had inflicted upon his Prussian ally by deserting her at Tilsit. We shall see later that he objected to Napoleon's absorbing Silesia, not because it would be unjust to Prussia, but because he feared Napoleon as a near neighbor. On February 2, 1808, Napoleon sent to his ambassador in St. Petersburg a letter which was spread in part before the Czar, and which gave him great pleasure. It is the only letter of Napoleon's on this matter that has come down to us, the reason being that this one was copied into the Russian archives, while the other papers in the embassy in general were destroyed at Wilna in 1812 to prevent their falling into the hands of Prussia.

"Be sure to tell the Czar," writes the Corsican master of falsehood, "that everything that he wishes I also wish; that my system is inseparable from his; that we can never interfere with one another, because the earth is big enough for both."

As events proved, however, this earth was not big enough for both. Alexander wanted Roumania, and Napoleon wanted Silesia.* Each thwarted the other's

*Napoleon "demandait . . . que la Silésie lui fût cédée."—Pasquier, I., 331—speaking of Erfurt.

wish. Roumania has since achieved independence under a Hohenzollern, and Silesia has done the same.

Napoleon continued his tale of flattery by saying: "I am not far from contemplating an expedition to the East Indies and the partition of the Ottoman Empire. And for this purpose there should be an army of 20,000 to 25,000 Russians, 8000 to 10,000 Austrians, and 35,000 to 40,000 French marched into Asia, and thence into India. Nothing could be easier than this expedition. It is quite clear that before this army reached the Euphrates, England would be seized with terror."

But Napoleon said he must have an interview with the Czar before deciding further. That is, Napoleon used the Indian scheme as a bait to draw the Czar to him, believing that when once together with him he could succeed in his plans for dismembering Prussia.

"If the Czar Alexander can come to Paris he will make me very happy; it will be the happiest day of my life. If he can come but half-way, place the dividers on the map, and take the half-way point between Petersburg and Paris. With energy and firmness, therefore, we will bring our two empires up to the highest level of grandeur. . . . What matters the rest?"

This is one of the most remarkable documents in history—the words of a man mad with success, who airily talks of dividing the world as thieves share their booty. Not one word in the letter breathes of justice, or any higher law than physical force. He encourages Alexander to conquer all Sweden, and not rest content with Finland alone.

Alexander was delighted with Napoleon's programme. Instead of indignantly protesting against the Frenchman's constant quartering of troops in Prussia, he wrote



GENERAL SCHARNHORST
[After a photograph by the Author from the bust by Rauch.]





to him on March 13, 1808, a letter containing such words as these:

"Monsieur mon frère,—Your Majesty's letter of February second carries me back to the days of Tilsit, the memory of which will ever remain so tender to me. In reading it I seemed to be once more in the enjoyment of the hours that we passed together, and cannot sufficiently express to your Majesty the pleasure they gave me."

In reading this letter we must bear in mind that Alexander was at the same time protesting ardent affection for the Prussian King, at whose expense he and Napoleon had been enjoying themselves so fully.

"The views of your Majesty appear to me no less glorious than just," continued the Muscovite flatterer. "It has been reserved to a genius so lofty as yours to conceive so vast a plan. . . . I offer you an army for the expedition against India, and another to assist in seizing and holding the intermediate posts in Asia Minor.

"At the same time, I am writing to the different commanders of my fleet to place themselves entirely at your Majesty's orders." In the midst of a few more bits of flattery, the Czar names Erfurt as the place of meeting Napoleon, *only two weeks'* journey from St. Petersburg. "I am looking forward to that meeting as to one of the happiest moments of my life!"

He adds the news that he has nearly conquered Finland—a peaceful country which never did him any harm—and says that "the moment cannot be distant when England too will have to bend the knee. And finally, my brother, I pray that God may have your Majesty in His holy and worthy keeping. Your Imperial Majesty's good brother, Alexander."

So these two imperial highwaymen started from their respective capitals to meet a second time. Erfurt has figured before in this story by reason of its nearness to Jena, and as the university town where Gneisenau studied, before entering the Austrian army as a lad of seventeen.

Napoleon went to Erfurt because he felt confident that he could gain control of Alexander through personal contact. He regarded the Russian as an impetuous and chivalrous nature, whom he could readily dazzle by dreams of Eastern conquest. And Alexander pretended to be dazzled. But under this pretence lurked a large amount of Oriental cunning quite equal to that of the Corsican.

Four full-fledged kings and several dozen princes, who were dependent upon Napoleon, also came to Erfurt, and made a very brilliant picture to look at. Napoleon ordered his theatre from Paris, and promised his actors a "parterre of kings." Those were wonderful days in Erfurt — a vast display of power for the purpose of dazzling Europe in general, and Alexander in particular.

A Prussian general who was officially present (Muffling, page 25) records that one day Napoleon took Alexander to a grand review near Erfurt, the troops parading being such as were returning to France from the battle-fields of East Prussia:

"Arrived on the field, Napoleon put spurs to his gray and galloped down the front, leaving the Czar to follow on a Napoleonic horse, with much the appearance of an adjutant.

"When the regiment was massed, Napoleon called out, 'Les braves en avant!' (The brave men step forward!), at which a number of officers, non-commissioned

officers, and privates came out of the line and formed a semicircle.

"Napoleon dismounted, and invited the Czar to stand at his right. On his left stood the Prince of Neuchâtel with a note-book. The remainder of the semicircle was closed by the princes and their suites.

"The regimental commander called each one by name, and presented him separately to Napoleon, who thereupon asked him where and in what manner he had distinguished himself."

Now, the particular regiment selected had distinguished itself mainly by killing a great many of Alexander's subjects at Friedland. This one had killed three Russians with his own sword, that one had captured a Russian flag, the other had driven a Russian battalion into the river and seen them drown, and so on through a list of glorious deeds at the expense of Russians. The Czar had to listen to all this with the air of one who rather enjoyed it; but he remembered this in 1812, while his Cossacks were pursuing half-frozen Frenchmen from the Beresina to the Memel.

"To the honor of Frenchmen," wrote the Prussian general who was present, "many of them showed that they did not approve of their master's behavior."

It is indeed strange that Napoleon, with all his cleverness in diplomacy, should have been guilty of several conspicuous acts of tactless brutality such as the one above recorded—brutality by which he lost very much, and gained nothing.

For instance, during these Erfurt days he invited his royal guests to shoot hares with him over the battlefield of Jena.* His guests were mainly German princes,

* Talleyrand, *Mémoires*, i., 441: "La journée commença par une

and not men of much character, to be sure. But yet many of them were bound with ties of kinship to such as had suffered on that battle-field two years before—and, after all, he was in Germany, and that field had been strewn with German corpses. And yet, which was most strange, that Napoleon should have indulged in such sport, or that German princes should have shared it with such a man in such a place?

It was on the 7th of October that Napoleon drove to Jena in 1808. The battle had been fought October 14, 1806. On the hare-hunting occasion his host was the Duke of Weimar, who had been a general in the Prussian army on the day of battle. On this occasion he begged the French Emperor's permission to change the name of Landgrafenberg into Napoleonberg—Napoleon Hill—for on that hill Napoleon had killed most of the Prussians who fell on the dreadful October 14th.

In driving to this field, Napoleon took with him in the same carriage a brother of the Prussian King, Prince William. This was a refinement of cruelty superior to that he had practised on the Czar. Oddly enough, it was this that saved Napoleon's life in 1808.

Two Prussian students were awaiting the carriage of the French oppressor in the road leading from Weimar to Jena. They had armed themselves with short blunderbusses, were well mounted, and had arranged to ride close up to Napoleon and kill him. But when the carriage came in view, and they saw the brother of

chasse sur le terrain d'Iéna; ensuite il y eut un grand dîner, etc. . . ." Talleyrand makes no further comment on this brutal affair.

Pasquier, i., 341, notes with contempt the "incredible obsequiousness" of the German princes who paid court to Napoleon at Erfurt—chief among them the one who proposed a day of sport on the field of Jena.

their King in it, their purpose gave way, and Napoleon escaped.

And yet, in the eyes of Prussia, who was the more deserving of punishment, Napoleon, who fought, conquered, and oppressed a warlike nation, or the prince of that nation who, in the midst of that oppression, goes out for a day's shooting over the battle-field where German liberty was lost?

Napoleon was such a bad shot, however, that he nearly accomplished with his own hands what the student assassins shrank from. When the game was driven at him he fired right and left, at the risk of hitting indifferently a king, a rabbit, or a field-marshal. Luckily for his suite, they had been provided with rifle-pits, into which they carefully crept when their master pointed his gun in that direction.

When the day's sport was over, and it was reported that none of the guests had been killed or wounded, the master of ceremonies gave a sigh of happiness, and said, "God be thanked for His mercy!"

When young Gneisenau was a student, Erfurt was a town of the German Empire, garrisoned by Austrian troops. After Jena it received a French garrison, and therefore in 1808 Napoleon was entertaining the princes of Europe within his own territories, and at the very centre of Germany.

Such as have studied Napoleon closely will have noted the gradual assumption by him of attributes belonging to an emperor with pretensions far beyond France. On taking the imperial crown, in 1804, he at once set about copying closely everything that could revive in his person the traditions of Charlemagne. In Erfurt he was therefore not merely Emperor of France, but Emperor of the Germans as well.

He called to him from neighboring Weimar Germany's great poet Goethe, and accorded him an audience longer and more intimate than he had vouchsafed to many a royal suppliant. He invited him to Paris, and mapped out for him new fields for literary effort. For instance, he told Goethe that the character of Cæsar had not yet been properly done for the stage; that the poet should show the world how happy it might have been had Cæsar lived to carry out his vast plans. In other words, Monsieur de Gueute, as Napoleon pronounced his name, was invited to assure his German readers that Napoleon was doing the very best thing for Europe by ruling it after his own fashion, and that for any nation to take up arms against France was more than folly—it was rebellion and treason.

Goethe sneered at German patriotism from an honest belief that Napoleon was right and invincible. He may have commenced his tragedy of Cæsar on the Napoleonic plan; but if he did, he probably felt ashamed of himself when its great prototype melted away with his army and his imperial pretensions.

Napoleon knew that Weimar was called the German Athens, and out of compliment to this sentiment allowed his Parisian players to give there a performance of Voltaire's "Cæsar." This play was forbidden in Paris, but could do no harm in Germany, thought Napoleon, who was fond of saying that Germans were always contented if they had a cellar full of potatoes. At the end of the first act these words are put in the mouth of Cæsar, and were pointedly spoken by the great Talma:

> "Allons, n'écoutons point ni soupçons ni vengeance,
> Sur l'univers soumis régnons sans violence."

These words, spoken to German princes at the centre

of Germany in 1808, might be expected to recall the murder of John Palm, of Nuremberg, and the daily acts of violence towards Prussia. But no. The audience rose as one man, and these German princes gave their master a round of applause.

The history of these days is crowded with the dramatic doings of monarchs of all degrees, and we are in danger of forgetting that there lived at that time in Germany many millions of educated and patriotic citizens who did not rise to applaud the conqueror with his iron heel on the neck of their country. They heard about the doings at Erfurt as honest people hear of vast fortunes acquired by rogues — as something permitted by an inscrutable Providence, but in no way to be regarded as part of the divine scheme.

In every hamlet of Germany children were training to prepare for the coming struggle, which was to determine not merely whether Germans are one people, but also whether they were to be led like sheep by princes who had made patriotism a term too vulgar for courtly ears.

Nor did the people of Germany know a tithe of their shame. In this year their kinsmen in Austria were arming in defence of their independence, and Prussians clamored for the right to help them against the common enemy. One Prussian nobleman went so far as to publish his opinion that a nation has a right to fight for independence even without the consent of the monarch. He was promptly sent to jail.

Germans did not then know, and could not imagine it possible, that their king had pledged Napoleon not only that Prussians should henceforward be obedient to his will, but that in the coming war against their own flesh and blood on the Danube they should furnish an army of 16,000 mercenaries.

The first time that I visited Erfurt it was crowded with the wreck of the French army of the Second Empire. That was in 1870. Twenty years later I was again there. A German emperor was entertaining German princes, and a German army was under inspection. But the German princes had become servants to a German constitution, and the German army was the German people.

XVII

THE FIRST BREATH OF LIBERTY IN PRUSSIA—1807

"Come in! come in!
Stand, comrades, round, and lend your aid
To christen now the bell we've made!
Concordia her name shall be,
In bonds of peace and concord may her peal
Unite the loving congregation's zeal."

—Schiller (born, 1759; died, 1805), "Das Lied von der Glocke."

In the winter of 1807 and 1808 Prussia passed through a revolution quite as refreshing as that of France in 1789, but without shedding one drop of blood. A few months brought about political reforms which are a blessing in Germany to-day, and which cause every lover of liberty to honor the name of Stein.*

This great man was not Prussian, but from the Rhine province of Nassau. He was an aristocrat, a free baron of the Holy Roman Empire, and he hated shams. Like Scharnhorst and Gneisenau and Blücher and Hardenberg, and many another "foreigner," he had made himself Prussian because he believed in Prussia as the chief state of Germany, and as the destined nucleus of the great German Empire.

* "God made him [Stein] a man of stormy nature, one fit for sweeping measures and upheaval; but the Almighty had also laid in this faithful, brave, and pious man kindly sunshine and fruitful rain—for mankind and his people."—Arndt, p. 60.

Arndt (p. 63) regarded him as one peculiarly fitted to lead a great parliamentary body.

In January of 1807, after Jena, but before Tilsit, the King dismissed Stein from the Prussian service in these words:

". . . I was not mistaken in you at the beginning. . . . You are to be regarded as a refractory, insolent, obstinate, and disobedient official, who, proud of his genius and talent, far from regarding the good of the state, guided purely by caprice, acts from passion, and from personal hatred and rancor."

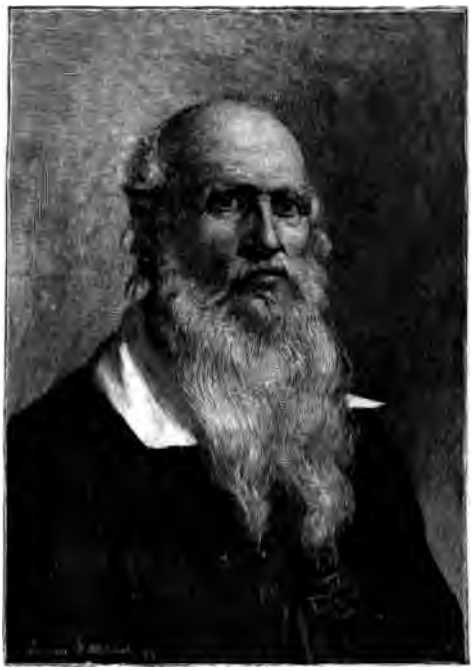
These words were as unjust to Stein as they would have been from the Continental Congress to Washington or Franklin.

Stein did not receive even a formal letter of dismissal. He met this violent explosion of temper by a reply of cold defiance, packed up his trunk, and went back to his estate on the Rhine.

The King was a Hohenzollern through and through, painstaking and proud, believing in the patriarchal form of government, and dreading nothing so much as an organized public sentiment. He wished Stein to help him, for he had need of help. But Stein would not accept the post of Prime Minister unless the King dismissed many courtiers whom the rugged statesman justly regarded as harmful to the public service. And so Stein left the Prussian service, presumably forever.

But in less than six months, immediately after signing the shameful Treaty of Tilsit, this same King was so besieged by the importunities of Queen Luise and the best of his court that he begged Stein to return and take charge of Prussia according to his own terms.

We of to-day readily see the reasons why the King should recall his excellent minister, but none the less it must be reckoned as the noblest moment in the life of Frederick William III. when he took the step which



FRIEDRICH LUDWIG JAHN



publicly acknowledged the wrong he had done, and which showed that he could sacrifice personal feelings to the welfare of his country.

The King did not like Stein. He had never done so. Stein helped to prepare and send to the King, before Jena, a document protesting against the King's manner of governing. Stein believed in having the people represented in Parliament, and advocated all manner of reforms, which the King deemed revolutionary.

Then, too, the King had been used to pliant and polite servants, who never contradicted, and never expressed opinions opposed to those of their master. Stein, on the contrary, found very little to praise in the King's propositions, and very many things which he severely censured. But though the King disliked Stein, as he disliked other great men of his time, he still came to respect his talent and honesty and patriotism, and conferred on him almost unlimited powers.

Queen Luise was the most eager to get Stein once more at the head of affairs, for she had an instinctive appreciation for strong men. She wrote impatiently to a dear friend:

"O God! why hast thou forsaken us? Where is Stein? He is my last hope. He has a great heart; a mind to grasp everything; he may find means of deliverance that are concealed from us."

On the last day of September, 1807, Stein reached Memel. The letter from the King had taken one month in reaching him; he was ill in bed with fever, but immediately prepared to obey its summons. He did not bargain or make conditions; he felt that his country needed him, and that was enough.

But what could possibly cause Queen Luise to write

in so desperate a strain? Had not Napoleon made peace? Was not Prussia once more a sovereign state?

Stein found matters much worse than he had feared. Nominally he had merely to raise a large war indemnity. But practically he found that this sum was vastly larger than Prussia could possibly pay. While Stein was hurrying from Nassau to Memel, a letter from Napoleon was on its way to Daru, his agent in Berlin, saying:

"My *sine qua non* is, first, 150 million francs; secondly, payment in valuable commercial goods; and if that is impossible, and I must content myself with the King's promissory notes, it is my intention to hold the places Stettin, Glogau, and Küstrin, with 6000 men as a garrison in each of them, until these bills are fully met. And as these 18,000 would occasion me additional expense, it is my intention that the expenses of pay, provision, dress, and board of these 18,000 men be charged to the King. . . . The King of Prussia has no need to keep up an army; he is not at war with any one. . . ."

Napoleon then went on to say that in case these conditions were not complied with he would not withdraw his troops from Prussia.

Now, King Frederick William believed at that time that if he could but raise 150,000,000 francs, say thirty million dollars, his troubles would be at an end, the French would retire quietly, and he might then have no more serious task than paying interest on his national debt.

But we know now what he did not know then. Napoleon did not mean that this indemnity should be completely paid; but he did mean to keep Prussia in a state verging upon bankruptcy until such time as he could arrange to reorganize it as a vassal of France.

At that time he had 157,000 troops in Prussia; add to these the 18,000 for the three fortresses, and we have 175,000 French soldiers as a permanent charge upon a state whose total population was barely five millions.

One naturally asks, why did not Napoleon make an end of Prussia at once, since he treated her as a conquered province? He certainly would have done so had he not feared to lose thereby the friendship of the Russian Czar. That Czar cared little for Frederick William, but he had a keen distrust of Napoleon, and insisted that Prussia should remain between them as a buffer.*

Stein now had one of those grand opportunities which come so seldom in the lives of great men. The King admitted that he was unequal to the task of saving his country — the country must save itself. Stein enjoyed in these days such powers as no Prussian minister before

* The French ambassador in St. Petersburg had been persistently seeking to win the Czar over to Napoleon's wishes for the dismemberment of Prussia. The Czar as persistently rejected the advances on this subject. He feared the proximity of French troops apparently as much as the dishonor of breaking his word to Prussia. In the course of a long conversation, repeated by Caulaincourt, the Czar said:

"The armies of Frederick (the Great) which came to attack us started always from the line of the Oder. These recollections are too recent, Silesia too near, and that line too offensive to permit of such an arrangement, even if there were no question about that poor King of Prussia, in whom nobody takes any further interest. For my part, I keep saying to all about me that you do not evacuate that country (Prussia) because he (the King) does not pay up. Is that all that keeps you there?

"*Ambassador:* That is the principal reason (laughing). Your Majesty will permit me to say that you have no better ones for remaining in Wallachia. But this remark is personal to me, for the Emperor would not allow of a doubt concerning the intentions of your Majesty.

"*The Czar* (also laughing): We are chatting now. I like to be addressed frankly. Your language was not so bad."—Letter of Caulaincourt to Napoleon.

or since has ever had. His King was in desperate straits, and was prepared for heroic remedies.

Stein turned his attention first to the millions of acres of public land belonging to the crown. Here was a source of great wealth. The land must be sold, he said, and the proceeds applied to paying Napoleon.

On October 9, 1807, Stein made the King of Prussia sign a law which primarily was framed for the purpose of facilitating the transfer of land, but which ultimately abolished, once and forever, the feudal system of serfdom.

Before this date the Prussian peasant was almost a slave. He was forbidden to move about from place to place, or to change his occupation. He belonged to the soil, and was forced to perform services for the lord of the manor, who had magisterial powers almost unlimited.

Stein abolished slavery in Prussia. His next step was to make his freemen fit for citizenship. He made the King sign other bills which recognized the principle of local self-government as applied to the counties or provinces of Prussia; and, above all, he made the towns of Prussia centres of constitutional liberty.

It is very hard for us to picture to ourselves a state of society such as Germany presented before Stein set his country free. The King governed through a host of paid officials who had no further interest than to keep order and earn their pensions. The German of that day knew nothing of what his government proposed until he read of it in an official proclamation. He could take no interest in public affairs, and was consequently indifferent to political changes.

King Frederick William III. made his people free because he needed money, and because free people can pro-

duce more than slaves. Towns, villages, and county conventions vied with one another in voting to their distressed King money which slaves could never have brought together. From every hamlet of Prussia came a warm response to the King's words of trust, and for the first time in the history of the Prussian monarchy the plain people were consulted as to the best means of saving their country from extinction.

Stein's memorable leadership lasted barely more than a year. In September of 1808 Napoleon discovered that he was a patriotic Prussian, and promptly ordered him dismissed from the public service of his country. His King accordingly dismissed him in November, and in December, 1808, Napoleon declared him a criminal, and forced him to fly for his life.

Such was the career of the greatest benefactor Germany has had since Martin Luther. His reforms have been a blessing to his country from the day of their proclamation. He is the author of civil liberty in Germany; he was preparing the way for a national Prussian constitution when he was dismissed; and his guiding ambition to the day of his death was to see all Germany united under a federal constitution headed by a German Emperor.

The revolution which Stein accomplished has no parallel in modern history, if we take into account the vast change which it effected and the happy results which have followed. The liberation of the negro in 1863, the emancipation of the Russian serf, the Japanese revolution of 1868, and, above all, the great French Revolution —these immediately spring to our memory. But none of them effected such sweeping results, or left so few mischievous traces behind.

Stein had no mass-meetings, no newspapers, no con-

ventions, no party politicians, none of the modern machinery associated with a reform bill. He was not even sustained by the knowledge that any considerable number of his fellow-countrymen cared about what he was doing.

The great German revolution of 1807 was prepared and completed in a thoroughly business-like way. Practical men of affairs were consulted; experts were summoned to give evidence; and when Stein finally called upon his King for the royal signature he had in his hands a bill prepared on strictly business-like lines, and not mutilated by the conflicting demands of political party leaders. This bill, which gave Germans their first taste of constitutional government, was adopted much as though it had been a change of time-table submitted to the directors of a modern railway company.

Those who can recall the many years of popular agitation which preceded the English reform bills, the adoption of free trade, the emancipation of our negroes, or any other measure affecting the pecuniary interests of a large class, can readily imagine the strong opposition Stein had to encounter in 1807, when he came to fight against the whole of the Prussian landed aristocracy. These besieged the King with petitions; they intrigued at court; they accused Stein of being revolutionary; they predicted the ruin of the Prussian monarchy. And, moreover, they used the very arguments which carried weight with a King who detested democracy and innovation.

But, fortunately for Germany, the pressure of Napoleon was an argument stronger than any which Stein's enemies could bring forward. And the Germans who glory in their constitutional liberty should be grateful, not merely to the great Stein, but also to the

greedy Corsican, who forced the King of Prussia into such straits that he could choose only between ruin and reform.

We shall see more of Stein in coming years. He passed for the moment into exile. But, though twice in two consecutive years dismissed from the Prussian service, he remained the centre of all German hope of liberty. He kept in touch with the patriots, and fanned the hatred of Napoleon into a flame that was soon to burst out with unexpected power. He was one with Scharnhorst and Gneisenau in preaching that every school train up German children in the feeling that no education was worth anything that did not lead directly to liberating the fatherland from the domination of France.

XVIII

PRUSSIANS BECOME REBELS TO THEIR KING, AND DIE FOR THEIR COUNTRY

"Oh, welcome death for Fatherland!
Whene'er our sinking head
With blood be decked, then will we die
With fame for Fatherland."

—Klopstock (born, 1724; died, 1803), "Heinrich der Vogler."

On the 28th of April, 1809, the commander of a Prussian hussar regiment marched his men out of Berlin as though for a day's sham-fighting. When they reached the open country near the village of Steglitz, which, by-the-way, is now swallowed up by Greater Berlin, he called his men about him, and proposed to them to go off and fight Napoleon on their own account.

This cavalry officer was named Schill—the same Schill who had conducted the guerilla warfare against the French from under the walls of Colberg only two years before. He was a popular hero. Peasants bought prints of him to hang up in their cottages; his head was painted on big porcelain pipes and on beer-mugs. To the people of Germany Schill appeared to be a man of action, who by daring enterprise would once more stir up a national spirit of resistance to the great French tyrant, and make their country free. In December of 1808 the French had evacuated Berlin, and Prussian troops had once more taken possession. The day had been a national



ONE OF SCHILL'S FOLLOWERS

festival. All crowded to see their hero, and if possible to kiss his hand or some portion of his garment. Berlin was then full of French spies, and the authorities wagged their heads ominously at this manifestation of patriotic unrest; for they asked themselves, "What will Napoleon say to all this?"

But Schill was not a politician. His trade was fighting, and he felt that the present condition of his country was unbearable to a German of spirit. During the winter months he had been besieged by patriotic emissaries from many parts of Germany, praying him to head a rebellion against the French — a popular war. Some proposed to depose the King of Prussia in case he did not go with them. But Schill was, above all, loyal to his King, and could not dream of his country as in other hands than those of Frederick William III. However, he was given to understand by many people of influence about the court that the King, in spite of his nominal alliance with Napoleon, was not wholly averse to a movement for deliverance from this humiliating position.

So Schill called his gallant troopers about him on this eventful day, and made them a speech that sent the blood tingling through their veins. He told them that Napoleon was preparing to drive their beloved King from the throne, to treat Prussia as he was then treating Spain. "But never," said he, with impressive force and flashing eyes—"never shall the faithless tyrant succeed in such a damnable plan. Austria and Germany, every honest heart, rebels at the thought. And shall we Prussians lag behind?

"We are acting for our country, our beloved King, for the Queen, whom each one of us adores, from whom I hold here in my hand a precious gift. For her we are

prepared to fight to the death at any moment she may call."

His words were greeted with enthusiastic approval. He had not said that he moved under orders from the King, but his language left the impression that his movements were not wholly unconnected with some secret plan approved in high quarters.

Then he showed his troops a pocket-book given to him by Queen Luise. On it she had written these words: "*To the brave Mr. Schill.*" This confirmed his people in the honest belief that the cause of Schill was not merely the cause of their country, but also that of their King. They drew their swords, gave a mighty hurrah, and swore that they would fight and die for German liberty wherever Schill chose to lead them.

In these days Austria was fighting Napoleon on the Danube, and Schill's idea was to assist her by making a raid in Germany in the neighborhood of Cassel, where Jerome held his court as King of Westphalia.* Jerome had been bullied by his brother into divorce from a beautiful and accomplished young lady of Baltimore, whose crime in the eyes of Napoleon was that she was a republican lass, and therefore not fit to sit on a throne beside the brother of the French Emperor. That this French Emperor was the son of a Corsican attorney made no difference.

Schill expected all Germany to rise at his call, but, as

* So critical was the situation of Napoleon on the Danube, and so eager the desire of the German people to assist Austria in her fight against him, that the French ambassador in Berlin kept his travelling carriage in constant readiness, so that he might fly at a moment's notice. Not that the diplomat feared the officials or soldiers of the King—he was in dread of the people, who threatened to follow the example of Schill.—Geheim-Staats-Archiv, Berlin.

I have said before, Schill was a soldier, not a politician. The good people of Westphalia despised Jerome for the cowardly and cruel manner in which he had treated his American wife, but Napoleon was having too many successes on the Danube to let them hope that they could better themselves by going to war.

And so Schill's enterprise failed. But his failure paved the way for the great things that followed, for his failure was glorious.

Schill's disappearance from Berlin created an immense excitement in all classes.* The authorities tried to catch him and bring him back. The King was very angry, and sent forth a decree full of threats † against rebels,

* The Chief of the Berlin Police, Gruner, under date of May 13, 1809, reported to the Prussian King that many officers were secretly leaving Berlin to join Schill; also that he could barely keep the towns-people from making public demonstrations in his favor, that they were perpetually celebrating alleged victories of Austria over Napoleon. Gruner's reports are preserved in the secret state archives in Berlin.

† In this year a wide-spread movement was started in Berlin which gave the police much uneasiness. It was a conspiracy to overthrow the government and rise in insurrection against the French. Four thousand Berlin citizens were at one time reported as pledged to this purpose.

"Am Sonntag den 30ten d. Mts. liefen das siebente und neunte österreichische Armee-Bulletin hier ein, wonach die Lage dieser Armee siegreich und günstig geschildert ward. Das Gerücht davon verbreitete sich bald in der Stadt; der Jubel war allgemein. Man überlief das Hotel des k. österreichischen Gesandten, um nähere Data zu erhalten, und war im fröhlichsten Tummel, der stets einen Ausbruch gegen die französische Gesandtschaft besorgen liess. Ich veranstaltete geheime und öffentliche Beobachtungen, und Alles lief ruhig ab."—(On Sunday, the 30th April, arrived the 7th and 9th Austrian Army Bulletin, according to which the condition of that army is favorable and victorious. The rumor of this rapidly spread in town; jubilation was universal; the palace of the Austrian ambassador was

but the people prayed for his safety, and a week after his disappearance another body of Prussian troops, numbering 156 men and four officers, left the capital in secret and joined the patriot rebels.

Two days after Schill left Berlin, one of his hussars who had been left behind tried to follow him, but was stopped at the Brandenburg Gate and turned back. Hereupon the gallant trooper dashed at full gallop (*mit verhängten Zügel*) towards the next gate in the town wall, fired off his pistol as he sprang past the guard-house, and disappeared over the fields beyond before the sentry quite realized what it was all about. This incident was deemed worthy of special mention in a report made by the Chief of Police, for it made great sensation in Berlin at the time.

The Chief of Police deemed it good policy to encourage the popular notion that Schill's enterprise was secretly encouraged by the higher authorities. In case of success they would gain; if he was unsuccessful they might then disavow him. Dr. Jameson's raid into the Transvaal in the winter of 1895–6 furnishes a rough analogy.

King Jerome, on May 5th, pronounced Schill a brigand and outlaw, and offered 10,000 francs for his head. Schill made light of the matter, and returned the compliment by putting a price on the head of Jerome—five thalers, about three dollars.

But Schill did some good fighting before his country saw the last of him. On the 4th of May he reached the

overrun in order to learn more particulars. The people were ecstatic with delight, and there was momentary danger of an attack upon the French embassy. I ordered police supervision, secret as well as public, and all passed quietly).—From the confidential report of the Berlin Chief of Police, May 2, 1809.

outskirts of Magdeburg with about 500 men, of whom 50 were infantry. The French came out to meet him with three times that number. They had no cavalry, but to make up for that they had two pieces of artillery.

Magdeburg became French after the Treaty of Tilsit, and it was for this historic Prussian fortress that Queen Luise had pleaded with Napoleon, her eyes wet with tears, her voice choking with emotion. The thought of Magdeburg once more German inflamed the minds of Schill and his followers, and he determined to do his best in the cause of a prize so dear to his Queen.

But first he sent one of his officers, Lieutenant Stock, to see if he could not win over the Westphalian troops by speaking to them of the common fatherland. The lieutenant went with a flag of truce, but was promptly ordered back by the commanding officer. Young Stock obeyed, and while riding back was killed by a bullet from the French lines.

Schill now sounded the battle-call, and away sprang his men with hurrah and swinging sabres, thirsting to avenge the death of the brave young Stock. They cut the enemy to pieces, Schill himself cutting down the gunners. They took 160 prisoners and a quantity of flags and arms. They left the dead piled high in squares where they had fought, and themselves hurried westward to escape the expected French reinforcement from Magdeburg.

Schill saw now that it required more than a regiment of hussars to make a successful insurrection. He felt that his only hope lay in reaching the Baltic and seeking shelter on board British men-of-war. So he led his men towards Stralsund, a famous old town north of Berlin, opposite the island of Rügen. Danes, Dutch,

and French were marching against him, and even the Prussian frontier was in arms against him.

It was a forlorn hope that Schill was leading, for the British fleet had sailed away to the eastward, and he had no means of getting word to its admiral. However, there was just the bare possibility that he might sustain himself in Stralsund long enough to effect at least an honorable capitulation.

The fortifications of the place were so feeble that the French commander marched out to meet him, and took up a strong position on the sluggish Recknitz River, which enters the Baltic close to the west of Stralsund, at a little place named Dammgarten. Here the Frenchmen, supported by Polish Uhlans and Mecklenburg * riflemen, waited for Schill, who arrived on May 24th, and promptly sought to cross the stream. He engaged the enemy in front with a small portion of his force, while the rest swam their horses across the river at a point lower down, and, sweeping round in a broad circle, fell upon them in flank and rear. The battle lasted four hours, and ended in a total rout of the French, who left 600 of their force as prisoners, together with 34 officers.

Thus Schill, within thirty days from leaving Berlin, had twice met largely superior French forces upon their own ground and gained brilliant victories. The King might call him a rebel, and officials try to check him, but the plain people everywhere felt hope revive when they heard what Schill and his plucky men had done.†

* "When Napoleon took Berlin after Jena, Prince Isenburg raised a regiment of Prussian volunteers, to whom Josephine presented colors inscribed 'Le Premier Regiment de Prusse.'"—Droysen, *Freiheitskriege*, 2d ed., p. 209.

† As late as August 22, 1809, the Berlin people believed that Schill

Germans began to think that if their soldiers at Jena had been led by Schill, the result would have been different. Schill showed his people that Frenchmen could run away from Germans when the conditions of the fight were fairly equal.

Schill lost no time in taking advantage of his victory; he arrived under the walls of Stralsund on the following morning, May 25th, and was received by the fire of artillery, which was intended not for him, but in honor of Napoleon's having entered Vienna on the 13th of May.* The news had taken twelve days in coming from the Danube to the Baltic, a distance of only about 450 miles air-line, so slowly did news travel then in Germany.

Schill and his troopers were not expected to take part in this celebration. It was of course assumed by the French garrison at Stralsund that he and his men had been captured; and when a detachment of cavalry sprang into the town no one would at first believe that these were the very men whom they were looking for. Into the middle of the town dashed the troop, and soon

had escaped to England and been made a brigadier-general—so isolated was the King's capital then.

* Napoleon was not behind the petty German sovereigns in the art of manufacturing spurious popularity. For instance, the following, from the original in the Berlin secret state archives:

"By most high and particular order [*allerhöchsten Specialbefehl*] of our most gracious King [of Saxony], the whole of this town is to be illuminated, in order to celebrate the complete and great Victory of his Imperial and Royal Majesty Napoleon over the Austrian Arms. All the Citizens and Inhabitants here are therefore notified to illuminate every front window by placing lights inside of them.

"Landlords are to note this, and see that their tenants do the same.

"Leipzig, *April* 26, 1809.

"Der Rath zu Leipzig"

[L. S.] (The Common Council of Leipzig).

put a stop to the Frenchmen's celebration by capturing the commander of the artillery in the public square.

Had Schill at once embarked his men he might have saved his whole command by landing them on the shores of Sweden. But to him such a course savored of cowardice. So with barely 1500 men he put the walls of Stralsund into fighting shape, and awaited the enemy, who were 5000 strong, made up of Dutch and Danes, allies of Napoleon.

They stormed his walls on the 31st of May, and the end came as might have been foreseen. It was a gallant fight against tremendous odds, and Schill sold his life for a good price. When the enemy had battered in the town gates, and all hope of effectual resistance was gone, Schill gathered a troop of his men together, and pointed to a group of officers who were directing the operations against him. "Come," shouted he, "let us carry our hides to a good market"; and with that he put spurs to his horse, dashed into the midst of them, and cut down a lieutenant-general commanding, while his men sabred right and left about him. As though by miracle he himself was unharmed, and wheeled his horse back to another part of the town where his men were still making a stand. On the way, however, he passed a fountain where a good-hearted Dutch rifleman was binding the wound of a fallen Prussian hussar of Schill's corps. Seeing his gallant commander, the Prussian trooper gathered all his strength together and shouted, "Hurrah! Schill!" This cry of encouragement betrayed Schill, and drew upon him the vengeance of his enemies. They did not fire at him, for they believed him invulnerable. But they rushed with fury upon him from all sides, attacked him with sabre and bayonet, dragged him from the saddle, mutilated him as he lay



DEATH OF SCHILL IN THE MARKET-PLACE AT STRALSUND

in the street, stripped him of uniform and medals, and then exposed him as a monster.*

So died Schill for his King and his country. Schill achieved the glory of dying in battle, though the King treated his memory as that of a rebel, and ordered his estates confiscated.† His head was cut off and sent to Cassel, to be laid at the feet of the French King of Westphalia, Jerome Bonaparte. That same Cassel was destined to be the prison of a French Emperor, Napoleon III., in 1870, and a favorite summer residence of a German Emperor's family to-day—so strangely does history change. Nor is it without interest to Americans that the splendid palace near Cassel was built by a German prince who secured his means by selling Hessian soldiers to George III. of England for the war against the American colonies, and that subsequently this princely house of blood-brokers was itself chased from power, and Hessia swallowed up by Prussia.

Schill's body was buried in Stralsund, and was for

* One of Schill's hussars, named Lieske, who was present at the time of his death, deposed in writing, "on the word of an honest man" (*mit dem Worte eines ehrlichen Mannes und durch seine Unterschrift*), that for two days after his death his body was exposed (*zur Schau ausgestellt*) in the house of a barber named Schuckart on the Old Market (*am alten Markt*).

In the night Schill's head was cut off in the presence of General Gratien and several French officers, and carried away. Lieske deposed that the body was buried, but he did not know in what spot. He adds that the courage of Schill and his men was freely acknowledged by the enemy, of whom from 1200 to 1600 were killed, including 1 general, 2 colonels, 2 captains, and 19 subalterns.—Prussian secret archives.

† On the 19th of August, 1809, the Berlin Chief of Police reported to the Prussian Minister of the Interior that he had forbidden the wearing in public of a medal with Schill's face on it, because it "attracted too much attention" (*ein unmässiges Aufsehen dadurch erregt wird*).

many years neglected. His head was preserved at the University of Leyden, and people came to stare at it along with the other monstrosities of the Natural History Museum. Here it lay until 1837, when a band of friends in Germany finally succeeded in having it brought to Brunswick, where it is now suitably buried in the soil of the country for which he nobly died.*

To-day all Germany honors the name of Schill, and his grave at Stralsund is the object of many patriotic pilgrimages from all corners of the fatherland. A monument was erected to him here fifty years after his death, and German singing societies vie with one another in here recalling the courage of him who revived hope in Germany when courage had come to be regarded as madness and patriots were branded as highwaymen.

Some of Schill's companions managed to make their way into Prussia, where they underwent court-martial of a very light kind. But Napoleon's men captured 11 officers and 557 privates. These were for the most part wounded in the hard fight, but, notwithstanding, they were marched off to Cassel and locked up in the common jail as though they had been highwaymen. King Jerome sent to Napoleon for instructions, and of course

* Near Stralsund was erected a pillar, and on it were inscribed verses in memory of Schill. The government subsequently regarded these lines as revolutionary, and the pillar was removed. I quote the last verse, as the only one that could possibly have disturbed the political mind of a German official:

"These steps are steps of German men,
That, when the tyrant keeps his den,
Come crowding round with midnight tread,
To vow their vengeance o'er the dead.
Dead? No, that spirit brightens still.
Soldier, thou seest the grave of Schill!"

—After a translation in the *North American Review*.

no one doubted what these would be. The privates and non-commissioned officers were to be set to hard labor in the prisons of Cherbourg and Brest; the eleven officers were to be brought before a military court and shot within twenty-four hours.

Napoleon made no provision for a trial; he ordered them shot within a given number of hours, and gave the tribunal no powers beyond the purely perfunctory one of passing formal sentence.* Thus had the Duke of Enghien been shot in 1800; thus was John Palm of Nuremberg disposed of; thus would the grand old Stein have died had the police caught him after his dismissal; thus was murdered the noble Andreas Hofer; and so died eleven brave young officers who had obeyed their commander, believing that he spoke for a Queen whom they adored and a King whom they had sworn to defend.

It was on the banks of the Rhine that this bloody bit of Napoleonism was consummated, at the ancient fortress of Wesel. The eleven Prussian officers represented names famous in their country's history; the oldest was thirty-one, and the youngest only eighteen—they were mere boys, just old enough to die like men.

The charge against them was read; they were pronounced guilty of highway robbery; they were to be shot as common thieves. They were manacled two and two, and like a gang of criminals led out to a flat meadow beyond the fortress walls to the shores of the Lippe, which here flows into the Rhine. The place is marked by a monument to-day; so is the spot in Braunau where John Palm was shot.

* On October 27, 1809, the police of Berlin stopped the performance of a popular play because there occurred in it several references to Napoleon, which the audience naturally utilized for purposes of popular demonstration.

A detail of French soldiers were on hand. The gallant young patriots embraced each the other, commended their souls to God, gave a cheer for their King, tossed their caps into the air, drew themselves up in line twelve paces from their executioners, and then looking the Frenchmen square in the face, called out the word of command, "Fire!"

It was a horrible butchery — a bunch of bleeding bodies writhing in the last breath of life. But one yet stood erect. It was a youngster of twenty, who had been wounded only in the arm. In the midst of his slaughtered comrades he stood, patiently awaiting the second volley. But soldiers are men; and the executioners glanced at their commanding officer, pointed to their discharged barrels, and hoped that this young Prussian might be pardoned.

The condemned youngster recognized the movement in his favor, but checked it at once. "No pardon!" he cried. "Aim better, my men! Here is my heart! It's beating for my King!"

Three French soldiers now stepped forward. They had loaded their guns anew. They took deliberate aim, fired, and—Napoleon's will was done.

That all happened on the 16th of September, 1809. Things did indeed look well for the French when their Emperor could with impunity reach out his hand into any corner of Europe, seize, imprison, and shoot the subjects of a sovereign state, and be called to account by nobody on earth—at least for the present.

XIX

GERMAN LIBERTY TAKES REFUGE IN THE AUSTRIAN ALPS

"Sind die Tyroler, ein Volk von Schützen, nicht das treueste aller Völker? Möge denn also künftig jeder Bürger bei uns ein geübter Schütze sein."*—W. v. Burgsdorff, June 24, 1813.

NAPOLEON spent the year 1809 in fighting Austria. He did not require much time to get the better of armies commanded by grand-dukes and field-marshals of sounding title; but to conquer the peasants in the Tyrolean Alps was a serious task, for he there fought not against a Kaiser and his courtiers, but against a people in arms, commanded by their chosen leader. Andreas Hofer was a plain, rough, honest, God-fearing peasant. He had inherited a country tavern far up the Passeyr Valley, near his birthplace, St. Leonard, a village about ten miles above Meran, and about thirty-four miles air-line south by west from Innsbruck, the capital of Tyrol. Travellers to-day who cross the Alps in going from Berlin to Venice see from their seat in the railway not only one of the most beautiful bits of mountain scenery to be found in Europe, but a succession of places savagely fought over by Germans and French when France represented tyranny, and the cause of liberty

* Translation: "The Tyrolese are a nation of riflemen—are they not the most loyal of men? Then let us Germans henceforth become good shots!"

was maintained by Alpine peasants fighting for the house of Hapsburg.

The first official proclamation issued by Andreas Hofer was short and characteristic of the man: "To-morrow, on the 9th of April, we are to shoulder our muskets for God, Kaiser, and native land. Each one is called upon to make a plucky fight of it."

Two days afterwards, in the mountains about Hofer's home, the mountaineers had a fight with Napoleon's allies, the Bavarians. Hofer had never learned the art of scientific warfare, but he knew how to fight and how to win battles. With a sense of the practical, natural to mountaineers, he made a zareba of hay-wagons, and from behind this simple fortress inflicted such damage upon the enemy that they were forced to lay down their arms. It was a grand day in Tyrol when there marched into Meran Napoleonic "regulars" who had surrendered to the "minute-men" of Andreas Hofer.

On fought the devoted Tyrolese. They were branded by the French as "brigands," but their consciences were clean. They knew that they were obeying the orders of their dear Kaiser Franz. That Emperor had, on May 29, 1809, assured his faithful Tyroleans that he would never be party to a peace that did not make Tyrol forever a member of the Austrian Empire. These simple peasants believed the word of their Emperor.

Hofer's great influence with his people lay largely herein, that in the year previous he had been called to Vienna by the government to consult on the best means of making a peasant insurrection. The Emperor's own brother, who was looked upon by the Tyrolese as their particular protector at court, took the liveliest interest in Andreas Hofer, and assured him and his fellows that Austria would never lay down her arms until Tyrol had

regained her liberty under the empire of the dear Kaiser Franz.

One must have lived amongst the peasantry of the Austrian Alps to appreciate the fierce loyalty of these mountaineers for their Kaiser, their saints, and their native valleys. The men who followed Ferdinand Schill across the sands of Brandenburg were Lutherans, who cared little whether their lot was on the banks of the Elbe, the Vistula, or the Spree, so long as they shared with their fellow-Germans a common liberty in political development. With the Tyrolese the feeling that made them heroes was purely the personal loyalty to a Kaiser Franz, whom they looked upon as a species of protector, indissolubly associated with the Virgin Mary, Nepomuk, Florian, and the other images which the traveller sees on every road and every mountain-path of that beautiful country.

The childish Tyrolese faith in Kaiser Franz played so important a political part of the great war of 1809 that it deserves particular notice. Hofer probably knew as little of Prussia as of Bunker Hill, and had he been told of Schill, he would have crossed himself and prayed God to keep away from Tyrol a monster who was not merely a wicked Lutheran, but dared to fight without orders from the Lord's anointed.

When Hofer headed the Tyrol insurrection his country was a province of Bavaria, which was a vassal of France. Bavarian rule had been established only three years, and during these years the Austrian Emperor had never ceased encouraging in Tyrol the idea of an insurrection against the Franco-Bavarian usurper. The mountaineers had been enrolled into a militia, after the pattern of Switzerland, and this was very easy, for in the Alps nearly every peasant grows up accustomed to the sport-

ing-rifle, and is as well prepared to take the field as the minute-men who marched to Boston in 1775.

Andreas Hofer had two excellent staff-officers. The one was a fierce-fighting Capuchin monk named Haspinger; the other was a chamois-hunter named Speckbacher. So well did they fight that by the end of May they had driven the enemy out of Innsbruck, and given the whole country once more back to their dear Kaiser Franz.

But Kaiser Franz on the Danube did not make so good a fight as Hofer in the valley of the pale-green rushing and tumbling Inn.* Had he dismissed his field-marshals, and put in their places a few peasants with courage and common-sense, he might have done better—he certainly could not have done worse.

Napoleon left Paris on April 12th, and in thirty days had taken up his quarters in Vienna, having beaten in succession all the Austrian generals who came out to meet him. By the middle of July he had frightened the good Kaiser Franz into signing a truce withdrawing his troops from Tyrol.

Thus the gallant Tyrolese, after shedding their honest blood for the Kaiser whom they loved, were by a stroke of the pen handed over naked to the vengeance of the enemy.

The French now poured into the valleys of the beautiful country, and with them the Bavarian allies. This

* Whoever wishes to appreciate the intense love of home characteristic of the Alpine peasantry, let him launch his canoe at Innsbruck and paddle leisurely down to the mouth of the Inn, with a map in one hand and a history of Hofer in the other. He will, on such a cruise, enjoy not merely beautiful scenery and architecture, but meet with a people full of admirable virtues. He will meet with more beauty in women and men than in any trip of equal length in Europe—of course with the exception of Hungary.



HOFER CONFERRING WITH THE AUSTRIAN STADTHOLDER



was more than Hofer and his followers could bear. They were prepared to obey the terms of the shameful truce, but could not understand how such a truce permitted the enemy to take possession of their home.

So once more the Tyrolese issued from their cabins and rallied around Hofer for a desperate fight against what they regarded as the "enemy of heaven and of earth." The French commander put a price upon the head of Andreas Hofer as upon that of a brigand, and this price eventually brought to light a Judas Iscariot. But before his end he made such an impression upon a French field-marshal as revived respect for popular armies.

By the middle of August Innsbruck had been again cleared of French, and Hofer took up his quarters in the imperial palace. Here he transacted business of state with the same simplicity that he had been accustomed to in his little hut up the valley of Passeyr. Ministers of state found him in his shirt sleeves surrounded by peasants who were receiving instructions or discussing with him further defensive measures. These peasants in power did not at any time lose their heads. They permitted no plundering, but carefully watched over the administration of the country in the spirit of pious Christians and practical men.

The proudest moment in the life of this strange dictator was on the 29th of September, when a gorgeous official from Vienna arrived at the palace of Innsbruck bearing a gold medallion with a long chain. It was a present to Andreas Hofer from the good Kaiser Franz. Tears filled the peasant's eyes at this mark of his master's favor, and all good Tyroleans saw in this not merely a reward for Hofer's past services, but a proof that their Emperor meant them to continue the good fight, rely-

ing upon his promise that no peace should be signed separating Tyrol from the good Kaiser Franz.

And yet on the 14th of October, the third anniversary of the battle of Jena, this same Kaiser Franz did make his peace with France, and did expressly surrender Tyrol to the enemy. But the faithful mountaineers would not believe the disgraceful news. They trusted their beloved Kaiser, and kept on offering their money, their goods, and their lives for what they knew to be their duty. They kept up the unequal fight for another fortnight, but finally, on November 1st, so severely did the peasants suffer in a desperate struggle near Innsbruck that all hope of resisting the armies in the field was abandoned. The French had finally "pacified" Tyrol; and the hunted rebels dispersed by inaccessible paths, some to take refuge in Austria, others to places of concealment in their native valleys.

Andreas Hofer had ample opportunity for escape. But he would not listen to those who talked of leaving his beloved Tyrol. Far up in the valley where he was born he hid himself in a cabin that was left untenanted during the winter. For two months he preserved the secret of his life here, protected by the snow and ice and by the loyalty of his comrades in the huts below him. His meals were brought to him by his intimate friend and adviser, the priest Donay. But the French finally had their suspicions aroused. Partly by threats and partly by promises they at length made this priest turn traitor to the confiding friend who had placed his life in his hands.

On the 20th of January, as Andreas Hofer lay sleeping, troops surrounded his cabin. He was manacled like a felon, and marched down the valley between loaded muskets. He passed the village of St. Leonard, where

he was born, the little tavern where the patriots of the valley had gathered to talk of Tyrolean liberty. This was his only home, and the sole support of his wife and children. They were now left beggars, for Andreas Hofer was declared a rebel and a brigand; his goods were condemned to confiscation, and himself to be shot.

On through the valley, through ice and snow, he tramped beside his captors. The friends of his youth, the peasants who loved him as their devoted champion, old women and children—for the rest had been killed—all pressed around him. They kissed his hands, his clothes; they begged for a blessing, and followed him with wet eyes and lips that trembled with a prayer for his deliverance.

He passed through Meran, then Botzen, down through the magnificent Brenner Pass, and was finally locked up in Mantua. Here it was intended that he should have a trial; but when it appeared that some of his judges were disposed to mercy on the ground that Andreas Hofer was obeying orders from his Emperor, there came suddenly a peremptory message from Milan sentencing him to be executed by powder and ball within twenty-four hours.

This put an end to the mockery of a trial. He was taken out and shot like a mad dog on the 20th of February, 1810.

If anything can make this act of cruelty seem more cruel still, it is the recollection that Andreas Hofer gave himself up as a sacrifice for his dear Kaiser Franz, and that while he was awaiting execution in the dungeons of Mantua that same Kaiser Franz was negotiating the sale of his daughter Marie Louise to a Corsican notary's son, who had divorced his lawful wife, Josephine, in order to marry into higher society. One word from Marie Louise

to her future husband might have saved the life of Andreas Hofer, but that word was not spoken. The good Kaiser Franz might have asked his future son-in-law to set his most loyal subject free before receiving Marie Louise as a bride. But the court of Vienna was too much occupied in preparations for the wedding to think of Tyrolese patriots, even though these very peasants had done more for the crown of Kaiser Franz than all his court and all his pompous generals.

Shortly before his death Hofer wrote to a dear friend: "Farewell, ungrateful world. Dying comes so easy to me that my eyes do not even moisten. At nine o'clock, by the help of all the saints, I set out upon my journey to God."

But Andreas Hofer did not die in vain. The story of his life and death spread rapidly over all Germany, and made men feel ashamed when they learned of the much that had been done by a handful of brave peasants. Queen Luise was much affected by his fate, coming so soon after the death of Schill.*

Austrians now honor their great peasant patriot. To the visitor in Innsbruck is shown a splendid monument in marble erected over his grave in the court church. He has another heroic monument on the heights overlooking the town, whence he directed his most splendid military operations for the liberation of his country. The museum of Innsbruck is full of interesting relics connected with his life and times, and no stranger can be long in that country without feeling that he is in the land of Andreas Hofer. His life has been dramatized and played by his fellow-peasants to enormous audiences;

* The people of Berlin showed their sympathy for the liberty-loving mountaineers by smoking pipes decorated with the face of Andreas Hofer.



DEATH OF SCHILL IN THE MARKET-PLACE AT STRALSUND



and it would be almost impossible to find a school-child between the Alps and the Baltic who did not sing the plaintive song,

"Zu Mantua in Banden,
Der treue Hofer war,"

a song that cannot to-day be sung to even mixed audiences without causing the throat to grow tight and the eye to fill in recalling the honest life, the brave fight, and the heroic death of the simple peasant lad who, when generals and grand-dukes surrendered to the French, kept up the fight for liberty and defied Napoleon with a handful of mountaineers.

XX

THE LAST DAYS OF QUEEN LUISE

"Die Einheit Deutschlands liegt mir am Herzen. Sie ist ein Erbtheil meiner Mutter."*—Frederick William IV., eldest son of Queen Luise of Prussia.

Queen Luise died in 1810, at the age of thirty-four. She saw all the shame that came upon her country, and died of a broken heart in the midst of political movements promising complete extinction to the Hohenzollern dynasty. After death her heart was examined, and upon it was discovered a strange growth resembling the initial letter of the great Corsican conqueror.

The history of her country was impressed upon her by several memorable murders executed by Napoleon. In 1804 the Duke of Enghien was living in Germany as an exile. Napoleon had him kidnapped and shot without a trial.

In 1806 the German bookseller John Palm forwarded a book of whose contents he was ignorant. Napoleon ordered him shot without a trial.

In 1808 the greatest statesman Germany has ever produced, the Prussian Prime-Minister Stein, was pronounced by Napoleon to be an enemy of France. He had to fly for his life. His estates were confiscated.

* Translation: "The unity of Germany lies close to my heart. It is an inheritance from my mother."

Had he been caught he would have been shot like the Duke of Enghien.

In 1809 Schill marched his regiment against Napoleon, hoping to aid Austria in her war. He was declared a brigand. His head was cut off and carried in triumph to Jerome Bonaparte, his men were sent as convicts to the penitentiary, his fellow-officers were shot as highwaymen.

In 1810 Napoleon ordered the shooting of the noble peasant Andreas Hofer, whose crime lay in fighting for his home and his Emperor against overwhelming odds. His trial was a mockery.

These acts of violence were all of a nature to outrage the German sense of justice, and to kindle in Germans of every section a feeling that Napoleon had come upon earth for the express purpose of being their scourge.

So much for the startling acts affecting the people.

In the councils of the palace the hand of Napoleon was felt still more crushingly. Napoleon had demanded of Prussia a war indemnity representing more than sixteen times the gross revenues of the country for any one year, and he backed up this demand by threatening to occupy the country with his troops and tax-collectors until his demands should have been met. This meant nothing less than making Prussia a province of France and the Hohenzollerns dependent princes.

Queen Luise became at once, in these desperate days, the centre of all national hope. She kept her husband in the right way, and cheered him up when her own heart was sore with bad news. She had an instinctive appreciation for strong men. She knew that the King disliked Stein, but she brought them together after the Peace of Tilsit (1807), and when Stein lost his temper



and country, for the s
sake—patience!

This is a mother pl
bending Stein. These
courtly officials. Luise
to Stein for the sake of
somewhat the sore pligl
finds it necessary to ind
by her husband.

Luise is the best hist
the passion and enthusi
served a balance of mi
forming most correct jud

Her brother George v
him she wrote loving lett

"Ah, George," wrote
"you can't imagine how h
not bring anything worse
come down pretty low. I
of the dreadful peace [of T
war one must be prepared
enormous ones. . . . But t

the internal welfare of the country. The present misery is unlimited, but at the same time there are many forces now lying dormant, many springs of plenty yet unopened. . . . The great master [Stein] is here. He can waken all this up. He has the ability and force; the will and the energy—all together."

She was at this time expecting the birth of her eighth child, and hoped that she might soon be allowed to return to Berlin so as to be confined more comfortably.

Her brother George went to Paris shortly after this and begged Napoleon to allow his sister to return to Berlin for the sake of her approaching confinement. Incredible as it may appear, this man, who had pretended so much gallantry towards her in Tilsit, received this request with impatience and refused it with rudeness.

Napoleon had cast reflections upon the virtue of Queen Luise and had otherwise offered her insult in bulletins published throughout his official press. In spite of this, and even at this time, she repeatedly offered herself as a hostage in the hands of France—as guarantee that the money demanded should be paid. But Stein said, "Not yet." He rightly saw that Napoleon wanted more than the sum of money—he wanted Prussia itself. And that is why Stein, with heart and soul, encouraged everything which promised to awaken personal self-respect and patriotism amongst the people.

"God be praised that Stein is here," wrote Queen Luise (October 10, 1807). "It is a sign that God has not wholly abandoned us."

But in the same letter she contemplated the probability of Prussia ceasing to have an independent existence. "I shall then have but one desire — to emigrate — far away. To live the life of private people and—if possible — to forget. Great God, what has Prussia come to!

Abandoned out of weakness [a hit at Alexander I.], persecuted through insolent pride, weakened by misfortune; thus must we go down. Savary [the French agent] has given assurance that Russian intervention would do us no good; but he offered us a bit of friendly advice: to sell our jewels and valuables at auction. Think of his being allowed to tell us these things!"

Germans who have grown up under the great modern empire founded at Versailles in 1871 must find food for thought in recalling a time in this century when employés of Napoleon sat in Berlin and told the family of Hohenzollern how they should make both ends meet.

Luise's favorite brother George went to Paris, and had his first interview with Napoleon on November 1, 1807. He was twenty-eight years of age, and came to fulfil the promise he had made to his sister—to plead for justice.

The court was at Fontainebleau. Napoleon had revived the ceremonial state of the old monarchy, and with it the so-called *lever* at eight o'clock in the morning, where all had to appear in pompous court uniforms modelled after those worn before the Revolution. At one of these *levers* young Prince George was permitted to approach the mighty man and present his petition, the admission of Mecklenburg as member of the Rhine Confederation. Be it said, in parenthesis, that Mecklenburg, the ancestral home of Queen Luise, had no choice between joining the Rhine Confederation and being extinguished. It is to Mecklenburg's credit that she delayed her action to the very last.

In the midst of discussing this question Napoleon suddenly changed his tone, and, with a sneer, asked him if he had news of his sister.

George: "Yes, sire."

Napoleon: "Is she well?"

George: "No, sire; she cannot be."

Napoleon: "Why not?"

George: "Because she has been deceived in her most precious and most just hopes. According to the treaty signed with your Majesty, the King of Prussia should now be back in Berlin. But as the conditions of this treaty are not fulfilled, the Queen must see her dearest wish not fulfilled of having her approaching confinement in Berlin; and that operates unfavorably on her health."

Napoleon (angrily): "That is not my fault. You wanted the war, and these are the results."

George: "Peace has been signed and the conditions complied with."

Napoleon: "I cannot place any reliance upon the King. He is neither soldier nor statesman. Therefore I cannot trust him in the slightest degree."

The Prince of Mecklenburg naturally resented Napoleon's rude speech about his brother-in-law, and pointed out that Frederick William kept on fighting long after Jena because he was loyal to his ally Alexander I., who subsequently deserted him.

Napoleon (violently): "No; I know you all better than you do yourselves, and I cannot but be suspicious. And I shall crush them to atoms (*je les écraserai*) at the first bit of foolishness they may undertake."

This is a sample of the conversation. This prince of a sovereign state had not harmed France; had not been at war; had come to Paris to form an alliance with the master of Europe, and was treated with insult for the family he represented.

That winter the royal family of Prussia spent in Königsberg, with scarce enough pocket-money to set a respectable table. It was regarded as something quite exceptional that a champagne bottle should be opened

to celebrate the birthday of little Prince William, who was destined to become first German Emperor and enter France three times at the head of a victorious German army.

Luise sold her jewels and the King melted down the gold table service. They set an example of thrift that can be compared only with Washington's habits at Valley Forge. The house they lived in at Königsberg is still preserved—a simple farm-house, such as a family in reduced circumstances might select in order to conceal themselves economically during the summer holidays. When I visited this house, Königsberg was in festal dress to receive a German Emperor, the great-grandson of Queen Luise. He came to Königsberg to review 60,000 of the best troops in Europe and to unveil the monument of his grandfather the first German Emperor, on whose twelfth birthday it had been deemed strange luxury to open a bottle of champagne! Old Emperor William never forgot that birthday of his in Königsberg, nor did he ever depart from the habits of simplicity which were forced upon his parents by the hard hand of Napoleon.

Luise was devoted to Schiller's poetry, notably those of his plays which glorified the love of country. The great poet died in 1805, while Queen Luise was arranging for his appointment to Berlin, which would have given him a competence for life. She was a loyal friend to Blücher, Gneisenau, Scharnhorst, and we have seen how she encouraged the daring Schill by giving him a keepsake which tacitly meant the royal approval of his rebellious expedition.

When the Tyroleans fought so gallantly in 1809 she threw all her influence on the side of Austria, and was the first to see that Germany's natural ally was not



Russia, but the people of German tongue and German blood, who together make up the great Germanic nation. When that war ended in disaster and Andreas Hofer was shot, she wrote: "Thou, O God, art the only help left. I believe in no future on earth. God knows where I shall find a grave — probably not in Prussian soil. Austria is singing her dying song, and then, good-bye, my Germany!"

Her disappointment can be measured by the aid of her own words in a letter to a dear friend:

"'Liberty dwells in the mountains.' That is a passage which I only now appreciate as a prophecy, when I see how the mountains have responded to the call of Andreas Hofer. And what a man, this Andreas Hofer! A peasant becomes commander of armies, and what a splendid leader! His weapons, prayer; his ally, God! He fights with clasped hands! fights on bended knee, and smites as with the sword of a cherub. . . . A child in heart, these people fight like Titans, with blocks of rock, which they roll from the side of the mountain."

I cannot resist quoting so much from this Queen, because her words so well reflect her thoughts, and these were so honest.

That Prussia might take up arms against Austria and the plucky Tyroleans grieved her intensely; and yet according to the terms of the treaty with Napoleon this was quite possible.

"Prussia against Austria! What is then to become of Germany? No, I cannot tell you what I feel; my breast aches to bursting. . . . O God! have we not yet suffered enough? My birthday (March 10th) was a day of horror to me. A big and brilliant ball at night, given in my honor by the town [Königsberg], and preceded by a festive banquet in the palace—oh, how it all

made me sad! My heart was torn—and I danced! I made a smiling face, I said pleasant things to those who gave this feast, I was agreeable to all the world—and through it all desperately miserable!

"To whom will Prussia belong a year from now? When shall we all be scattered? Father Almighty, take pity on us!"

That was the spring of 1809, when Napoleon had driven Stein from Germany, and talked seriously of taking from Prussia her richest remaining province—Silesia, that province which Frederick the Great had won after seven years of glorious fighting.

Queen Luise in this year of despair laid the foundation for Germany's greatness in many ways, but in none more efficiently than in the encouragement she gave to common-school education on the lines of Pestalozzi. That eccentric genius (born 1745) lived in Switzerland, and developed in his little village principles of education which now are applied universally, but in his day came like a revelation. He originated the now generally accepted axiom that the good citizen is the outgrowth of a system of training commencing at the mother's breast. Education in his eyes was pre-eminently of vital interest to the state, on the ground that a state is secure only in so far as it reposes upon the consent of the great body of educated people. These ideas in his day had something republican about them which was formidable to absolute monarchs, and it is marvellous that the first state to accept his gospel and carry his teachings out to their logical end was that of the most absolute monarch Frederick William III.

Luise gathered in reports from all schools conducted on Pestalozzi's plan, and gave her husband no peace until he granted her request to have the educational ex-

periment tried in Königsberg. This experiment proved successful, in spite of the very small money means at her command. But more than money was the constant personal attention which the Queen gave to this work.

"I am reading *Lienhard und Gertrude*," writes she, "a book for the people, written by Pestalozzi. I feel so at home in that Swiss hamlet. Were I only my own master, I would jump into a carriage and roll away to Switzerland to see Pestalozzi, to thank that noble man with tears in my eyes and the heartiest pressure of the hands. What a great heart he has for humanity! Yes, I can thank him in the name of my fellow-man. One particular passage pleased me, because it is the truth: 'Suffering and want are blessings of God when they have been endured.' And so it is in the midst of my misery I keep saying, 'It is the blessing of God!' How much nearer am I to God! How much more distinctly have my feelings taken shape regarding the immortality of the soul!"

Pestalozzi, like Luise, lived and died in want and sorrow. They never saw one another. Like her, he never knew what his life was to accomplish for the benefit of generations yet to be born. One of the last public acts of Queen Luise was to go with her husband, on December 7, 1809, and carefully inspect the Königsberg Institute, where the methods of Pestalozzi were on trial.

A week after this she left Königsberg, and, after an absence of three years and three months, the royal family of Prussia once more took up its home in Berlin. She was already suffering from the disease that was to close her life, and yet never did she accomplish more for her country than in these last precious months. Since

the banishment of Stein by order of Napoleon the government business had fallen once again into incompetent hands, or, worse still, into the hands of officials who believed that the only safety for Prussia lay in complete servility before Napoleon. The King was weak enough to be influenced by this party, and it was difficult for Luise to make him see the slavery he was preparing.

Hardenberg was the successor to Stein in popular feeling, for in Hardenberg the best people of Germany saw a statesman able to cope with the difficulties of their very painful situation. Luise set in movement every influence at her command to secure the appointment of Hardenberg as Prime-Minister, and, above all, to overcome the veto of Napoleon. Hardenberg was known in France to be of German national sentiment, and therefore not likely to assist in the policy of Frenchifying his country. But by this time Napoleon had reached an altitude of glory from which things far below him appeared strangely insignificant. He sneered at the idea that Prussia could ever seriously think of resisting him, and approved of Hardenberg because that minister gave a guarantee that the Prussian finances would yield the highest possible sums for the benefit of Napoleon's army, which just then was having a very expensive campaign in Spain.

It is notable that in these dark days of Prussia, under a monarch regarded as absolute, whenever we hear of a good bit of statesmanship we can almost always trace it back to the doings of a woman whose character was essentially feminine, domestic, and dependent. She took great pains to conceal the part she played in the regeneration of her country, knowing that her King was a jealous King, who resented sharply any apparent in-



HARDENBERG
[From the bust by Rauch.]



fringement of his prerogatives.* She persuaded him now and then for the public good, because she was gifted with singular tact, and never made him feel that he was influenced. And, besides, he was fondly attached to her and loved to give her pleasure.

So, in Berlin, in January of 1810, the last time that Luise appeared at a grand court function in all her regal splendor, it was to do violence to the social traditions of that court—to place a high decoration upon the breast of an actor. Even Napoleon had not done such a thing in France to a Talma. Luise did it to Iffland, and with every circumstance calculated to make the ceremony impressive.

Iffland was director of the Berlin court theatre during the winter after Jena, when the Queen was flying into exile along the shores of the Baltic. The French occupied the capital, and had strictly forbidden that there should be any celebration of Queen Luise's birthday. Iffland had been threatened with prison by the French in 1807 for attempting to celebrate the birthday of his Queen. In 1808 he appeared on the stage with a rose. It was the evening of March 10th, and many hearts were beating for their Queen far away. Iffland suddenly stopped in his rôle, looked furtively to right and left, then hotly pressed the rose to his lips.

* The widow of a direct descendant of Queen Luise's sister, who died in Gmünden at the age of over eighty, told me, in the summer of 1893, that under the will of her mother she had been compelled to destroy a mass of most interesting correspondence between Queen Luise, her family, and friends. An idea of the mischief done may be gathered from the fact that this lady was occupied during three whole days burning up these precious letters. She, of course, regretted enormously the loss she was causing, but had no choice in the matter. This helps to explain why so little of this admirable Queen has come down to us. Nor do the secret archives of the Hohenzollern family assist us yet!

It was a slight thing in itself, but every German saw in that rose the emblem of his Queen, and the uproar in the theatre became so great that the French could not fail to understand the meaning of this enthusiasm. Iffland was then promptly locked up in jail and kept there two days.

So Napoleon hated Queen Luise, because he found that the little finger of that one pure woman could raise against him more enemies than he could conveniently keep quiet.

That winter, 1809–10, was her last on earth. She suffered more and more from pain in the region of the chest, and longed for the warm weather, when she might go out into the country and live the plain life that delighted her above all things.

On the 25th of June, 1810, at last she was able to start for a visit to her beloved father in Mecklenburg, and during this happy visit she died on the 19th of July, 1810. She died in the arms of her husband, and her last words were: "Lord, Jesus, make it short." *

As she had predicted so often, her life was not to be

* Rauch's famous monument of Queen Luise, which to-day makes Charlottenburg the favorite pilgrimage of Germans, was completed in 1814, and at once shipped to Hamburg from Leghorn on board an English ship. It was an odd coincidence that the completed statue left Rome on July 19th, the day of the Queen's death. But England in that year was at war with the United States, and so it happened that a Yankee privateer overhauled the British merchantman, took her prisoner, and sailed away with her and her precious cargo. But the captured merchantman was in turn chased and overhauled by the English privateer *Elisa*, so that once more the monument of Queen Luise sailed under the British flag. The precious marble was transferred in the island of Jersey to the brig-of-war *Spy*, and by her brought safely to Cuxhaven, at the mouth of the Elbe. At last, on the 22d of May, 1815, the famous work reached Berlin, having taken almost a year on the way.

long in this world. Born in the year of American Independence, 1776, she died in her thirty-fifth year. She was the inspiration of the great German war of independence, but for her own part she little dreamed of the great things she was doing. When she listened to the children in the Pestalozzi school; when she reconciled the King with the hot-tempered Stein; when she sent a little pocket-book to Schill; when she secured Hardenberg as Prime-Minister; when she publicly recognized the services of the actor Iffland—these seemed most simple things to her.

It is not often that a good mother can bless God for having taken her babe. When Luise heard that the Austrian Emperor had sold his young daughter Marie Louise to Napoleon for a political price, she wrote to her father: "God be praised forever that my daughter came dead into the world! She would now be in her sixteenth year. . . . Just think of the dreadful temptation that might have been ours. On the one side, all the feelings that are natural to a human creature, that are peculiarly natural to a mother, these would have cried out against it: No, never do this monstrous thing; do not make your child unhappy in this world, perhaps forever. And again, on the other side, are six millions of the people who, by a simple consent on my part, might step from misery and tears into happiness merely by the sacrifice of this one suffering creature. Think of this intensely, and thank God with me that he has kept this cup from the good King and me.* Yes, indeed, God does not lay heavier burdens than we can bear. He has not withdrawn his merciful hand—I see it clearly from this alone."

* "The King, who adored her, . . . is still miserable at her loss, and never misses a day visiting her tomb at Charlottenburg."—Lady Burghesh to her mother, Berlin, October 30, 1813.

To a niece of hers who was contemplating marriage with a Bavarian prince who insisted upon the Protestant princess becoming Roman Catholic, Luise wrote, with characteristic vigor: "What does a man gain who secures the world but stains his soul?" She strongly urged her to regard her religion as more important than temporal success. "It is but religion that gives us inner calm in the midst of the tempest and carnage that so often surround us here below."

Such sentiments were rarely expressed in those days, and even now we sometimes see a princess surrendering her religion for the sake of a profitable marriage.

When Luise died Germany mourned as for the mother of her country. The journey of her dead body from Hohenzieritz, in Mecklenburg, to Berlin was through a throng of sad-hearted people, few of whom could restrain their tears.* They laid her at rest in her favorite grove at Charlottenburg, and with pious hands the great sculptor Rauch reared her a monument in marble that is the marvel of the thousands who yearly come to stand by her tomb. Pure as that marble were her heart and her life; and we cannot too highly prize the happy coincidence that gave to Rauch the task of doing this labor of love—Rauch, the greatest of German sculptors, whose early life had been passed about the person of his Queen, whose career in art he owed to her whose tomb he chiselled. The body of Queen Luise was dead, but "her soul went marching on."

Queen Luise at the time of her death was engaged in writing a little volume of moral and religious reflections, drawn obviously from her own precious and pain-

* Even to our day the peasants of Mecklenburg point out to the stranger the spot where the coffin of Queen Luise rested during the funeral journey from Hohenzieritz to Charlottenburg.—P. B.

ful experiences. This little album contained forty pages, most of which were ornamented by her with flowers in water-colors—mostly lilies. She entitled the little book *Heavenly Memories* (*Himmlische Erinnerungen*), and devoted the third page exclusively to this motto:

Recht, Glaube, Liebe.
(Justice, Faith, Love.)

Luise was no hypocrite, and I feel sure that the reader will not begrudge the space I shall here occupy in reproducing a few of the words which this matchless Queen has left us.*

"Auch in guten Tagen kräftige ich mich durch die Religion gegen die Bösen die da kommen können, und in diesem Bronzenen (*sic*) Seculum nicht ausbleiben werden.—Potsdam, 1803."

("In happy days, too, I fortify myself with Religion against the evil days which may come, and in this bronze age [a hit at Napoleon] must be expected.")

"Der Mensch lebt von Erinnerungen. Wenn man sich nur Gutes von sich zu erinnern hat, so kann man nie ganz unglücklich sein.—Potsdam, 1803."

("Man lives upon memories. He who has none but pleasant ones regarding his life can never be wholly unhappy.")

"Ein Trost des moralischen Menschen ist, dass ihn Gott nicht ganz verlassen kann. Kommt die Hülfe auch nicht schnell, sie kommt doch gewiss.—Memel, 1807."

("The man of upright purpose has one comfort at least, that God cannot wholly abandon him. Help may be long in coming, but it will surely come.")

*The Duke of Cumberland, whose father was the last King of Hanover, kindly placed this precious manuscript in my hands, with permission to make the contents public. Unfortunately I am not able to explain satisfactorily the particular occasion for many of these strange expressions.—P. B.

"Man kann mit Recht sagen, dass nur indem wir thun was Recht ist, und wir unserer Pflicht leben, wir uns des Glückes *würdig* machen. Ob wir es theilhaftig werden, steht in Gottes Hand.—Memel, 1807."

("It may be said with truth that we deserve happiness only by doing what is right and living according to our sense of duty. But whether we shall attain happiness rests with God.")

"Wer das gesagt hat, dass nichts schrecklicher sei als die gute Meinung die man von einem Menschen hat, zurücknehmen zu müssen, der hat recht gesagt. Es schmerzt fürchterlich! Dennoch glaube ich mehr als je, dass es eine Tugend giebt, und dass sie allein uns auch schon hier auf Erden beglücken kann.—Königsberg, Mai, 1809."

("Whoever said this spoke true: that there is nothing on earth more dreadful than to be forced to withdraw the good opinion once held of a fellow-man.* It is frightful pain! But in spite of it all I believe more firmly than ever that there is such a thing as virtue, and that it alone can make us happy, even while yet on earth.")

"Also mache ich die Augen zu, und falte die Hände; und sage so oft ich nur kann: Wir alle stehen in deiner Hand, Gott; verlass uns nicht!—1809." (No place given.)

("And so I close my eyes and fold my hands, and keep repeating over and over again: We all are in thy hands. Forsake us not, O God!" N.)

"Ich las heute eine Stelle die mir gefiel, weil sie wahr ist: 'Leiden und Elend sind Gottes Segen, wenn sie überstanden sind.' Auch ich, mitten in meinem Elend sage schon: Wie näher bin ich bei Gott; wie deutlich sind meine Gefühle von der Unsterblichkeit der Seele zu begriffen geworden!—Königsberg, März, 1809."

("This morning I read a passage which pleased me because it is the truth: 'Suffering and misery are blessings from God when we have endured them.' And I, too, in the midst of my wretchedness already say: How much nearer am I to God; how much more dear to me have become my feelings regarding the immortality of the soul!")

*It is possible that Queen Luise here has reference to the Czar Alexander, who had in past years professed complete devotion to her husband's cause.—P. B.

"Nie kann der Mensch für den Ausgang seiner Unternehmungen stehen; wenn aber die Entschlüsse die man nahm einen guten Zweck haben, so muss das weitere in Gottes Hand gelegt werden.—Königsberg, 1809."

("No man can guarantee the result of his enterprise; but when a decision is taken with a good purpose in view, then may we leave the result in the hand of God."*)

"Ach! Bei allen verschiedenen Verwirrungen nur einen Augenblick Ueberlegung, und alles in der Welt hat wieder seinen angewiesenen Platz, welchen Gottes Vorsehung bestimmt. Das Auge empor gehoben, die Seufzer zum Himmel geschickt und ein Gebet um neue Stärke, so geht es gewiss; denn Gott verlässt nicht die Ihn lieben und die Ihn vertrauen.—Königsberg, August, 1809."

("Ah me! In the midst of many confusions, only stop for a moment and reflect; and everything in the world will be found in the place prepared for it by God's foresight. With our gaze fixed on things above, a sigh sent to Heaven, and a prayer for new strength, we shall thus be able to endure, for God does not abandon those who love him and trust in him.")

"Ach! Hätte der Mensch doch eine Stätte wo seiner bewegten Seele ganz wohl werden könnte; wo so manches Sehnen gestillt, so manche Thräne mit Gewissheit getrocknet werden konnte!

"So säufzte ich oft. Allein ich finde diese Stätte nirgends auf Erden. Aber meine Säufzer erheben sich endlich als heilige Gedanken zu Gott und ich werde gestärkt durch den Glauben.—1809." (No place given.)

("Ah, if man had only a place where he could find peace for his worried soul, where so many a yearning could be quieted, so many a tear be dried with certainty!

"Often did I sigh like this. But I found no such place of rest on earth. At last, however, my sighs go up to God as sacred memories, and I become strong through faith.")

These are the last words of Queen Luise in this her moral and religious testament.

*This may be construed into a defence of Schill, who in this year made his rebellious raid against Napoleon.

XXI

A NURSERY VIEW OF KING, QUEEN, AND POLITICS

"So soll dein Bild auf unsern Fahnen schweben
Und soll uns leuchten durch die Nacht zum Sieg!
Luise sei der Schutzgeist deutscher Sache,
Luise sei das Losungswort zur Rache!"

—Theodor Körner, March 19, 1813, from his poem entitled "An Unsere Verklärte Königin" (To our Queen in Heaven).

One of the most conspicuous figures of the Berlin court in the days of Napoleon was named Voss (V pronounced F), a punctilious, conscientious court lady who kept a diary,* which closed only with her death at the age of nearly eighty-six. When already an old woman she became chief companion to Queen Luise, but that years meant little with her may be inferred from entries in her diary, telling of long-sustained dances when she was eighty-one and eighty-two years of age.

Her diary, which deals with royalty and politics, is a most precious legacy, for it is full of odds and ends of

* The manuscript diary of Countess Voss has not yet been published, though a much garbled version of it, entitled "Sixty-nine Years at the Prussian Court," has appeared in German. The original is in French, and in a handwriting so bad that the most expert manuscript readers at the Record offices of both Berlin and London found the task of deciphering unusually difficult. This diary was kindly placed at my disposal by the present Count Voss, a direct descendant of the famous diarist. It is to be hoped that this precious MS. may some day be given to the world exactly as it was penned.—P. B.

information unconsciously let fall by her courtly quill. The names of Germany's great men are scarcely heard in these pages, though this is the age of Scharnhorst and Stein, of Gneisenau and Blücher. Still she was a power in history when the mood of the King meant more than that of all the wise men of his kingdom.

In 1798 she made the long, sandy journey from Berlin to Königsberg on the Baltic, accompanying Frederick William III. and his beautiful Queen Luise. It was the coronation journey, for the Kings of Prussia were by custom crowned in the old capital of Prussia. Countess Voss wrote that the King was soon bored and vexed by the interminable demonstrations of loyalty on the way. She did not, however, remind him that Louis XVI. would have suffered it most cheerfully in his stead. The roads were then very bad, and two carriages broke down in two days.

From Königsberg the royal party proceeded to Warsaw, which was then a part of Prussia, but now belongs to Russia. The Poles of that day appear to have preferred German to Russian rule, for the royal family not only took no unusual precaution against assassination, but appear to have been much pleased by their stay in the beautiful capital of the old Polish kings. "Man betet sie hier förmlich an," says Countess Voss, speaking of the feeling of Poles for Luise. Nor is this strange. Poland is the home of beautiful women and chivalrous men; and in such a country the beautiful young Queen soon made herself popular.

This first royal journey lasted somewhat more than a month, and gave practical demonstration to Europe that whatever force republicanism had in France, in Prussia there was a pretty general confidence in monarchical institutions.

In the next year (1799) the royal party made a two-months' tour in the other parts of Prussia, and there as well Queen Luise became a popular favorite, though Countess Voss's diary maintains discreet silence about the King.

In 1801 Luise presented the king with a sixth child, and in the next summer made, with her husband, a long journey to the extreme northeastern corner of Prussia to meet the new Russian Czar, Alexander I. The personal friendship of Alexander and Frederick William was disastrous to Prussia, for it gave one weak man a pretext for depending upon another still more weak. Voss says of Alexander: "He appears to have a soft, benevolent disposition." In 1807 she cursed his softness, for he became wax in the hands of Napoleon.

Luise is twice referred to as being more beautiful than usual, and Alexander was very attentive — who can blame him? Old lady Voss herself is much moved, and writes (under date of June 15, 1802) of Alexander: "He is the most amiable man it is possible to imagine, and withal most honorable in his views and objects. The poor fellow is completely fascinated by the Queen."

On the 4th of July, 1807, the old lady had to write of this same man of honor that his behavior was "worse than weak."

She might have said so earlier had she known what suggestions this honorable Czar was circulating in St. Petersburg in regard to a Queen whose pure character was never assailed by any other man save a Napoleon.*

* "L'Empereur [Alexander I.], *qui alors était fort épris autre part*, me raconta qu'il avait été sérieusement alarmé par l'arrangement des chambres qui communiquaient avec la sienne, et que, *pour la nuit, il s'enfermait soigneusement* à double tour pour que l'on ne vint pas le surprendre et l'induire à des tentations trop dangereuses qu'il voulait éviter.



THE MARQUIS DE TALLEYRAND

Prince Czartoryski, whose memoirs were published in 1887, and who was one of this Czar's few intimate friends, reports Alexander as complaining that Queen Luise made improper advances to him during this visit —as damnable a bit of self-conceit as ever entered the head of a twenty-five-year-old autocrat.

Memel is the name of the little place where King and Czar spent a week of most affectionate intercourse—reviewing troops, feasting, and dancing. Here was laid the basis of a friendship which the Prussian court fondly hoped was to protect them effectually against French invasion. Memel saw Queen Luise and her husband again after the battle of Jena—when they fled for their lives towards the Russian frontier.

Countess Voss lets us see at many points that Luise sympathized with the German patriots who preferred war with France rather than peace and Napoleon's alliance. But the King kept his Queen in ignorance of the course he was steering, and got deeper and deeper in the slough of political falsehood and treachery. At last we come to the war of 1806, when the King and Queen drove gayly off to the army headquarters at Erfurt, ten days before the battle of Jena. Countess Voss says, naïvely, on October 10th: "The French seem to be everywhere." And so they were, but the Prussian generals were the last to know of their whereabouts. The roads were everywhere abominable, she says. On the 13th she is driving with the Queen to Auerstädt, anticipating nothing disagreeable, when the carriage is ordered back to make room for a battle. This little item sufficiently illustrates the hopeless ignorance and helplessness pre-

Il le déclara même tout bonnement aux deux princesses [Luise and her sister] avec plus de franchise que de galanterie et de courtoisie."—*Mémoires du Prince Adam Czartoryski*, vol. i., p. 296.

vailing in the Prussian headquarters, for what else can explain this stumbling upon a battle-field which was to contain the bulk of the enemy's army!

So back they turn from the battle-field of Jena, and on October 17th, three days after the battle, she hears for the first time that the Prussian army is destroyed, and that she must not stop to pack her valuables, but hurry away beyond the reach of Napoleon. The fact that the Queen of Prussia heard the news of Jena first in Berlin on the 17th tells us eloquently how backward Prussia was as compared with France, not merely in posting facilities, but in the use of semaphores for telegraphing important news.

Luise hurried off to the Baltic coast at Stettin on the very next morning, and old lady Voss followed in twenty-four hours; doing her best meanwhile towards getting the necessary clothing and furniture packed. But one day was too little for her purposes, and Napoleon had a pleasant time ransacking Luise's private effects and reading letters which should have been burned.

No sooner had poor Luise reached Stettin than she received an order to hurry off to Küstrin on the Oder, another long journey which she had to make in a small open wagon. In fact, the royal people at that time were glad enough to get on in any shape, so long as they could keep out of Napoleon's reach.

On October 25th Countess Voss had not seen her dear Queen for a week, and did not know even where the King was. She was ordered to post on, over very bad roads, to another Baltic port, Danzig, and there to look out for the royal children. There she saw Hardenberg on October 28th, and he, the great Minister of Foreign Affairs, tells Tante Voss that in Küstrin he saw the

King, who "did not say a single word to him." Yet Hardenberg was one of the few men in Prussia capable of giving the King good advice. On the 30th October the old lady's diary flashes with indignation at the incapacity, indecision, and blindness of those in authority; "even of those about the King." Tante Voss is too polite to say that it takes a stupid King to select a stupid council. What she says is much, however, under the circumstances.

The month of November, 1806, opens with a picture of the royal family of Prussia scattered in different parts of the distracted country without their trunks and scarcely supplied with the common necessities. Queen Luise on November 2d writes that Prussia need expect no future; she hears that Jerome Bonaparte is to become King of Poland and Prussia; nor is the imagination startled by this rumor.

Pretty soon the Voss has even a worse thing to chronicle—an insurrection in the provinces of Prussia, which were once Polish: "Napoleon is trying to get up a revolution in Poland! He is a monster! May God destroy him!" The good old lady should have blamed Napoleon, not for rousing the Poles* to a struggle for liberty, but for having abandoned them after encouraging them to declare for him.

The Christmas of 1806 was a sad one at the court of Queen Luise, for she lay ill in bed, and no one was allowed to give or receive presents. The royal family were together at Königsberg, the city in which they had been crowned so recently; but now they counted the hours to the time when they should have to fly for their lives and

* After Jena the Polish officers in Prussian service preferred to go as prisoners to France rather than be set at liberty under Hohenzollern auspices.—Suckow, p. 86.

seek an asylum in Russia, for "the French keep driving us before them, and she [Luise] will soon be in danger here."

On the 5th of January, 1807, the wretched Queen had to be lifted from her bed to start on her dangerous journey northward, following the narrow strip of sand which separates the Baltic from the species of brackish sound called the Curische Haff. Old Countess Voss went ahead, but stopped at the first station, for "storm and sleet were so wild that the horses could get no farther." The Queen followed at noon, but Voss gives no evidence that she was accompanied by her husband.

On the 7th of January the old lady's diary says: "It was a wild storm, with thick whirling snow, and our way lay close beside the sea. We had no shelter from the gale; it was horrible."

After four days of this wretched work, in which the party had to spend the night as best they might wherever they happened to alight, they arrived at the little town of Memel, in the most northerly part of the kingdom and that nearest to Russia. Luise was too weak to walk, and the King does not appear to have sent orders ahead in regard to her comfort, for our old lady enters in her diary: "As no invalid chair had been provided to take her from her carriage up the stairs, a servant had to carry her upon his arm; it pained me to see this." *

This very severe illness of Luise lasted from December 10th to January 17th, when she took her first outing

* In the Prussian Record Office is preserved a letter of Hardenberg, dated August 14, 1810, in which he forbids the publication of a work about Queen Luise. The author of this work was one who signed himself Hofrath (court councillor) and tutor to a German prince. The reasons advanced by the Prussian Prime-Minister are strangely obscure.—P. B.

as convalescent—not, however, with strength enough to walk up-stairs. That she survived the journey from Königsberg to Memel caused universal surprise, and is a valuable tribute to the curative property of fresh air, even in pretty rude doses.

XXII

THE FIRST NATIONAL PRUSSIAN PARLIAMENT MEETS IN BERLIN, 1811

"Wouldst thou have beauty?
Give to the people freedom, noble thoughts,
Employment that begets great deeds."

—Leopold Schefer (born, 1784; died, 1862), "Laienbrevier."

THE 23d day of February, 1811, should be celebrated with particular joy in the home of every German citizen, for it was on that day that there came together in Berlin the first semblance of a representative national parliament. Stein had wrung this concession from the Prussian King in 1807, on Christmas Eve; but the great reformer did not stay long enough in office to carry out more than the provincial features of his great scheme of national representation. After the attainder of Stein by Napoleon, the King once more fell back upon the support of ministers and courtiers as weak as himself, and would have remained content with his surroundings had not Napoleon rudely called upon him to pay more money or lose more territory. In this dilemma his courtiers could give him no help, and he allowed Queen Luise to call Hardenberg back from exile.

Hardenberg * and Stein are two striking examples of

* Rauch of course saw much of Hardenberg, who sat several times to the sculptor. Rauch did five of Hardenberg, all busts, for different notables—one at the minister's request. The one I have selected is a

German statesmen. Both advocated for Prussia measures then regarded as revolutionary, yet both were members of noble families. Neither was born in Prussia, Stein being from Nassau, Hardenberg from Hanover.

Stein is dearer to the people's heart; he was direct, honest, rough very often, and occasionally vented his temper without reserve. Hardenberg kept his objects equally in view, but was not averse to devious ways. No matter how much provocation he had, his manners were always courtly, and even kindly.

Hardenberg was more of a cavalier, Stein very much of a Puritan. Stein would not allow a dirty story to be told in his hearing; Hardenberg was ready to take the world much as he found it.

Frederick William III. grew to like Hardenberg as much as he had disliked Stein. The courtly Hanoverian approached his King with a deference which Stein scorned to assume, and as a consequence Hardenberg soon found himself clothed with such real power as any Prime-Minister might have envied.

His first business was, of course, to raise more money for the importunate French, and to do so without driving the people of Prussia into rebellion.

He drew up a financial scheme for the King's approval, and then went off to talk it over with his great predecessor. But Stein was living in Prague, and dared not come within reach of Napoleon for fear of being shot.

marble bust 46 centimeters high. It has more simplicity and dignity than the others, and reflects Hardenberg's courtliness of disposition in contrast to the uncompromising impetuosity of Stein, Blücher, and Gneisenau. The accompanying picture is the best reproduction I know of Hardenberg. It was photographed under my supervision from the original in the Rauch Museum by permission of the director, Professor Siemering. What a pity that Rauch did not also make a study of Stein!

So Hardenberg secretly climbed up into the mountains separating Bohemia from Silesia, and there in a secluded hut joined Stein, who had made the journey from the other side.

They had a full and frank talk. Stein then returned, down the southern slopes, to his Austrian exile; Hardenberg returned to Berlin, and at once commenced putting into effect, with all the power at his command, the reform bill both had united in framing. Hardenberg's chief enemies were those who had also opposed Stein—the landed aristocracy. This class had been brought up to think that other people came into the world for the purpose of being their servants. They regarded government as an institution valuable only so far as it protected them in their privileges. The Prussian nobles claimed all the offices in the gift of the King—in fact, they claimed all the rights, but none of the duties, of a good citizen.

Now these pretensions had some force in the early days, when armies were made up of many petty barons or ranch-owners, who led their own farm hands into battle at their own expense. In those good old days, say of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, a peasant counted for something, because he was constantly called upon to fight for the owner of the land on which he had his little farm. In fact, stripped of humbug, the so-called feudal system represented a large number of big farms; each farm was managed by the farmer who could do the best fighting, and that farmer had to treat his farm hands well for the sake of the fighting he hoped to get out of them.

Now as time wore on and artillery improved, wars grew more and more costly, and the little feudal farmers found that they could make no head against armies



THE GREAT BARON STEIN



equipped by a centralized government. They therefore made terms with their King. Henceforth they were to become loyal subjects of the crown; they were not to make war, but to live on their fields peaceably and hold important offices.

The good peasants had been well treated as long as their landlords required them to be killed in battle; but now that the central government looked after the soldiers, the landlords had no further use for their peasants, excepting to get as much labor as possible out of them. So little by little the noble landlords reduced their peasantry to a state of slavery. The peasants were bound to the farm on which they were born; they owed all their labor to their landlord; they paid taxes upon everything they used; they had even to buy their beer of the landlord's brewery.

Hardenberg proposed that the Prussian nobles should pay their share of the national debt along with the rest of the people. And to make his financial reform possible, he at once issued his decree making the peasants independent of their landlords, permitting them to buy their beer from whomsoever they chose. In this manifesto was proclaimed that one Prussian was as good as another before the law, and that merit alone should be regarded in selection for public office.

The nobles were aghast at this invasion of their claims, and promptly besieged the King with a petition in which Hardenberg was denounced as a firebrand. Hardenberg met this attack by proving to the King's satisfaction that an insult to the King's minister was somewhat akin to *lèse-majesté*, and consequently should be punished as such.

In earlier times the King would have had to drag a heavy cannon through the sands of Brandenburg and

batter down the castle of the obstreperous barons. On this occasion he simply sent a piece of paper to the two noble ringleaders, and these were promptly taken in charge by the sheriff and locked up in Spandau fortress, in sight of Berlin. After five weeks the King was graciously pleased to release them upon receiving their abject apologies.

The Prussian nobles had shown that they could run away from the enemy, as at Jena, and Hardenberg very soon exploded their pretensions to privilege by showing them up as people who were evading the payment of their fair share of taxes.

The great National Parliament of February 23, 1811, was a glorious thing in name, for it awakened throughout Germany the belief that Prussia had at length attained by a stroke of the pen what France had secured only after horrible bloodshed. The King had used the words "national representation" in connection with this gathering. He had given his sanction to the principle of a popular legislative body, and if the present time might appear unfavorable for political experiments, still every German had reason to believe that a representative legislative body under suitable constitutional forms would follow as soon as the state of the country permitted.

In our time laws are submitted to the legislative body for discussion. The first Prussian National Parliament of 1811 was conceived from another point of view. The King first published his law, and afterwards called a Parliament to indorse it. Hardenberg addressed the sixty-four "representatives of the nation," and informed them that he had called them together on this occasion in order that they might have an opportunity of asking questions about the laws that had been passed. He

wished them to understand the benefits they were intended to confer on Prussia, and he wished them to go home after the session prepared to make these reforms popular amongst all classes.

Nothing better illustrates the degree to which patriarchal government had become natural to Germans than this first experiment in popular assemblies. The King of Prussia played the rôle usually assigned to the clamorous mob. He, the monarch absolute, prepared in secret a reform measure sweeping away aristocratic privilege, and calling to his assistance the great body of the people. This reform bill was not the outgrowth of mass-meetings or newspaper agitation. It was a social and political revolution of most popular character, framed and executed under the immediate and exclusive control of an absolute monarch.

The German is a strange mixture of man—half democrat, half monarchist. Those who know Germany superficially wonder that monarchy can last under the present social conditions of that empire. But the German, and particularly the Prussian, has in his blood traditions of kingly rule such as no other nation can point to. He does not deny that in other countries great reforms have been accomplished by long and savage civil wars; he is quite prepared to admit that in many respects his political progress falls short of what he might desire; but, on the whole, he is proud of a long line of Hohenzollerns, who have governed Prussia with conscientious thoroughness, who have always maintained liberty of conscience, who have encouraged common schools, who have respected the independence of judges, and who in their own persons have set an example of industry.

Frederick William III. was a strangely shy and weak

man, who nearly ruined his country by his lack of judgment and lack of courage. But, as though by a miracle, Prussia's very disasters brought into relief a handful of great patriots, who could not have made room for themselves in days of prosperity; and of them all the most important was a woman, Queen Luise, who did not even live to see the beginnings of parliamentary government in Berlin.

The strange Parliament of sixty-four members lasted from February 23 to June 28, 1811. Its members returned to their several homes to tell of the simplicity of their King's life; to answer all the questions about the new Prime-Minister; to descant on Hardenberg's fine voice and presence, his force and talents, his patriotic efforts, and, above all, to spread throughout Germany a knowledge of the great popular forces that were then at work stirring up war against the French.

Throughout the little army of Prussia, numbering 42,000 in all, new recruits were called in every three months, and passed rapidly through the most indispensable drill, to be discharged after ninety days. This was the soldiering of 1811, and it was this soldiering which made the troops of 1813, who routed the French at Gross Beeren and Leipzig, who stormed the intrenchments of Wartenburg. Blücher, Gneisenau, and Scharnhorst worked incessantly during this 1811 preparing the country for a war which they saw was coming. Napoleon and Alexander had awaked from their dream of dearest friend, and in this 1811 were exchanging diplomatic threats.

Prussia was therefore between two fires, in that Napoleon might crush her on the one side, and Alexander on the other. She was not strong enough to make her armed neutrality respected. She had to choose.

Hardenberg made up his mind that for the moment at least Napoleon was the more dangerous enemy to have. He made the King profess extravagant friendship for France, and promise an offensive and defensive alliance. At the same time he sent word to Russia that he meant very well by the Czar, and that though appearances might be against Prussia, still the King had good intentions.

Meanwhile the commanders in the army watched with uneasiness the Russian troops moving on the eastern frontier and the French garrisons becoming stronger. They strengthened themselves as well as they could by calling in all furlough men, but from day to day they did not know whether they were about to take the field with Russia against France, or with France against Russia.

In the spring of 1811 Napoleon, with brutal frankness, complained of Prussia's warlike activity, and ended with the words: "That wretched King of Prussia! In four weeks there may be nothing left of him but a Marquis of Brandenburg."

And, indeed, it did seem as though Napoleon's words were not without reason. During that feverish winter of 1811 to 1812 the French encroached more and more upon Prussian territory. They increased their garrisons in Glogau, Küstrin, and Stettin, three important forts on the river Oder which practically controlled Prussia. They acted as though Prussia were in all but name a French province. Napoleon had sent word already in October that he would make no treaty with Prussia unless she placed her soldiers under his orders. It was to Frederick William a case of stand and deliver.

Hardenberg on November 2d advised the King to yield everything Napoleon asked, and meanwhile to

make secret alliances with Russia, Austria, and England, looking to a struggle of life and death with the oppressor.

The King and Hardenberg here played an obviously double game. But let those judge who would have dealt more honestly under the circumstances. Napoleon held a pistol to the head of his Prussian victim, and made him sign a paper under penalty of extermination.

But even under these humiliating terms it was not known whether Napoleon would respect the Prussian flag. French troops marched across Prussian soil without asking permission, and it depended merely upon the whim of Napoleon whether he should not once more occupy Potsdam and Berlin with his troops, and take the King prisoner by way of hostage.

The King's travelling-carriage was packed, and everything was kept ready for immediate flight, in case the Corsican made a move to kidnap him as he had kidnapped the Duke of Enghien. The garrison of Berlin, 8000 men, were in readiness for just such an emergency, and elaborate instructions had been issued for this contingency.

At length, on the 3d of March, 1812, arrived Napoleon's answer, which had left Paris on the 24th of February. Prussia was to be spared for the present on condition that she made war against Russia with 20,000 men as part of the Grand Army of Napoleon.

And so this was the end for which Scharnhorst and Blücher, Gneisenau and Stein, had been working so faithfully and with so much secrecy. The men whom they had trained to liberate their country were now to join with Napoleon in making his yoke still more heavy. It did indeed seem as though the end had arrived.

Hundreds of Prussian officers took their leave, and sought service in Russia, in Austria, or with the English.

Once more the French occupied poor starved-out Prussia, and levied contributions in every village on their way. They did not respect the treaty they had made, but took what they wanted wherever they could lay hands on it. Spandau was occupied, and Berlin received a French governor once more. Napoleon sent most minute instructions to his generals to see to it that no popular outbreaks should occur, and that no recruits should be levied for the Prussian army, nor any military activity indulged in during the Russian campaign.

But the Prussian of 1812 was not the Prussian of 1806. Queen Luise had lived and died; the spirit of Pestalozzi had worked in the common school; the serf had become a citizen; the hireling soldier was now a volunteer; Stein and Hardenberg had awaked public confidence in the government; Scharnhorst had breathed the new spirit into the army; Jahn had taught his athletic clubs that patriotism was not a thing to be ashamed of; the boys of Prussia sang songs of German unity; the poets and preachers of Germany talked of liberty; and the boys who were twelve years old at Jena could shoulder a musket in the year of grace 1813.

XXIII

JAHN, THE PATRIOT WHO FOUNDED GYMNASTIC SOCIETIES AND TAUGHT THE SCHOOL CHILDREN TO PRAY FOR GERMAN LIBERTY

"Where is the German's fatherland?
Is't Swabia? Is't the Prussian's land?
Is't where the grape glows on the Rhine?
Where sea-gulls skim the Baltic's brine?
Oh no! More wide, more great, more grand,
Must be the German's fatherland."

—From Arndt's "Des Deutschen Vaterland."

JAHN is to-day commonly known as the German Father of Gymnastics (*Turnvater*), and his popularity flourishes in Berlin unabated—a popularity somewhat akin to that of Patrick Henry in America.* Jahn believed in Germany's ultimate liberation when the majority despaired; he set about training the school children for soldier work; he himself was the first to volunteer for the War of Liberation in 1813; he organized the students of Germany into a patriotic national force; he wrote and preached incessantly on the duty of Germans one to the other; and, above all, never ceased to labor for a liberal constitution and a united empire.

* "His wit was usually as biting as it was well aimed. He hated the French furiously; he roused the young athletes to enthusiasm, and they followed him blindly; . . . and it is still a mystery to me how he escaped arrest by the French, for his words in public were as violent as in private."—Klöden (p. 291), writing of 1811.

Like most enlightened patriots of his time, he was arrested for treason, imprisoned more than once, and kept under police watch for twenty years. But until his death he never lost heart, never became embittered, but worked on, confident that his country would reap the seed which he had sown.

Jahn was born in 1778, while our war with the mother country was raging in America; while his fellow-Germans were being sold as slave-soldiers to George III. of England; while Frederick the Great was King, and nobody dreamed that the people could safely be trusted with a share in the government of their country. By birth Jahn was a Prussian—the only one of my Prussian heroes of whom this can be said. But he was only with one leg a Prussian; the other was always across the frontier.

For he was born in that little corner of the map where Prussia unites with Hanover and Mecklenburg —countries which then were sovereign states, having their own monarchs, armies, and custom-houses. Jahn grew up to regard the subjects of George III. in Hanover and those of the Royal Duke of Mecklenburg as quite naturally his own people, in spite of custom-houses and different uniforms. Local jealousy produced occasional fights on market days, but these amounted to no more than the present rivalry between the athletes of our different colleges. The states of northern Germany resembled in a rough way those of New England; each state was jealous of the other, yet each looked to the other as its natural ally in case of invasion. Political ambition and selfishness kept them apart, yet all spoke the same German tongue; all looked up to Frederick the Great as the champion of German Protestants; all read the Bible of Martin Luther.

To Germany it is of great importance that such a strong nature as Jahn's developed at a place where he felt as a citizen of the great German nation rather than a subject merely of Prussia. His home too, a village named Lenz, or Lenzen, was on the highway of German land and water intercourse between the chief political and commercial centres of Germany. By his door passed the traders of Hamburg on their way to Berlin, either on the sandy post-road or by way of the Elbe, which then, as now, was an important channel of commerce. Travellers from Bavaria, Saxony, Austria, the Rhine, were apt to pass here on the way northward to the Baltic or North Sea ports. In those slow-coach days, when news was conveyed largely by passengers who chatted while horses were changed, the little village of Lenz, small as it was and obscure, heard of the outside world then pretty nearly as much as the clubs of the capital. Jahn's home was situated in respect to North Germany as favorably as might be considered Hartford or Springfield one hundred years ago as regards New England.

Another element in the making of Jahn was that his neighbors were all free farmers; and he says, with pride, that in his youth he was never forced to bow his head to landlords, or any master save such as represented wholesome authority. He knew liberty from having lived in a self-governing community, and preached liberty, not as revolution, but as the extension of a system whose practical benefits he had enjoyed. It is not too much to say that Jahn grew up with as much personal liberty as was enjoyed by the average New England lad of the same period.

Jahn's parents were poor, but able to give their son what educational advantages the small place afforded—



THE PATRIOT FICHTE



which was not much. His father was the Lutheran clergyman, whom all accounts unite in pronouncing a man of excellent character, a good preacher, and of superior intelligence. His mother was more remarkable still—of rare courage, simplicity, honesty, and dislike of pretension. She dressed much as the peasants about her, and was the terror of those who affected so-called fashionable life. To her last days she insisted upon making her own bed, sweeping her own room, and doing her own work generally.

They were both profoundly religious, and Jahn all his life treated Luther's Bible as the most precious book in the world. His mother knew it almost by heart, and had a text for every trouble. She taught her son the beauty of its language and the power of its promises, and the teaching he received at his mother's knee is reflected in his public utterances and in his writings to the day of his death.

Prussia was then to Germany what New England was to North America—a land of simple fare, hard work, strong thinking, clean living. The Puritans of Europe lived in Prussia, and Jahn was chief of them. He grew up in a set of ideas that surrounded Oliver Cromwell and the Pilgrim Fathers, and these ideas became stronger as he saw the world more. In later years, whether in Vienna or Paris or Berlin, he remained the rough, uncompromising Puritan in speech and life.

Jahn had no systematic education in the academic sense, and, above all, in that of modern Germany. He learned to swim and shoot and climb trees and find his way alone by starlight; in all these arts he soon became expert. But he had a very checkered career at school. He is said to have studied at ten universities, which is

almost equivalent to saying that he did no studying at all. In his later years it was an obstacle to his securing a government appointment that he had not passed through the usual academic course of study, and the title of doctor, which the University of Jena in later years granted him, was more a recognition of his services as patriot than as scholar.

Down to the year 1806, the year of Jena, when Jahn was twenty-eight years of age, we have but fitful glances at this strange, strong man. He appears at several universities, amongst others Jena, Göttingen, Greifswald, and Halle; he is generally conspicuous for very shabby clothes, total absence of money, strong disposition to acquire knowledge, and equally strong disposition to be a law unto himself. He is commonly reported as being a very rough diamond, yet wherever he appears he commands a following. As a student he opposed duelling, and proposed that the different fighting corps, instead of instigating duels, should march out in two bodies with pikes and bludgeons, have a pitched battle, and then declare peace. For this he incurred the savage hostility of the corps students, and many were the attempts made to haze him at Jena and elsewhere. He was frequently waylaid, but always fought his way successfully through with the help of a stout stick, which he usually carried, and which he handled with skill. He also took care to have clothes so padded as to form a species of armor. At night he carried a stone in a handkerchief —something in the nature of a slung-shot—and this weapon was the most effective of all, in his opinion.

At Halle he spent a whole summer in a cave, living chiefly from the proceeds of a potato-patch adjoining. Here he slept and read and studied; and here he produced his first book, in the year of 1800 — a passionate

appeal to Germans to be true to themselves, to cultivate a love of what was German, and thus work towards national unity and power.

Our hero led the life of a fighting tramp as far as outward signs speak, and we cannot trace anywhere a reference to him during his student years that does not seem to exclude him from cultivated society. He was a man of direct, honest, and fearless nature, and cannot have spent ten years of his early manhood living merely by borrowing or stealing. He undoubtedly received small remittances from home, but whatever they were he was perpetually in financial distress.

His education he received mainly in long and lonesome tramps across Germany in all directions. His memory was excellent, and his mind became the storehouse of a vast amount of German folk-lore—popular songs and sayings which have since enriched his language. On these tramps he hardened the muscles of his body, and grew stronger also in the conviction that Germany was destined to be an empire. He talked and fought with Germans of all degrees and all principalities; he saw on all sides evidence that Germany was helpless because she was divided, that France was strong because she had one leader.

The passion for travel and tramping was keen in Jahn, as it is with those who take interest in the history of a people and work for its welfare. One may almost say that the statesman's power lies principally in the personal knowledge he is able to acquire of the people for whom he proposes legislation. The quiet, popular leader has usually been a thorough traveller, in his own country at least. Luther knew every foot of his Germany before he became head of the Protestant Church, and few Americans of his day knew the people of the thirteen colonies

so well as Benjamin Franklin. Jahn's tramping tastes were shared to an almost equal degree by the rest of Germany's liberators.

Arndt was a most inveterate tramp, and the others had all a familiarity with the principal German states, to say nothing of non-German countries. To this thorough tramping we must credit the accurate knowledge of the public mind in Germany which Jahn and his fellow-liberators acquired. This knowledge was put to most important account when preparing political addresses and songs intended not for one state but for all—intended to inflame the zeal of the people, and at the same time not shock the princely governments and their cautious servants.

In reading the great plays of Shakespeare and noting the marvellous tact with which he treats questions of race, religion, nationality, and class distinction, may we not safely conclude that his plays could not have been so enduring had their author not been a great tramp? Jahn tramped and read; wrote and talked; studied his people; dreamed of a day when Germans would no longer be ashamed of talking their mother tongue. He was laughed at as a man ahead of his time; for the people who pretended to culture in that day not only corresponded in French and talked to one another in French, they even regarded it as not unnatural that Europe should be one vast Napoleonic empire, in which French models should be exclusively copied and German things be studied as things of a ruder age.

In these days came a great national crash. Napoleon defeated the Prussians at Jena, robbed them of half their country, and treated them afterwards as though they had been a tribe of turbulent savages.

Between 1806 and 1810 the Prussian monarch and

Jahn lived like hunted poachers; the King was chased from Jena up along the bleak Baltic shores to the extremity of his kingdom, and did not return to Berlin until Christmas of 1809. Jahn followed the remnants of the Prussian army from the same field, managed also to elude capture, and wandered also along the Baltic shores. In every place at which he stopped he preached the regeneration of Germany; he encouraged the despondent; he strengthened the purpose of the courageous. Poor and outcast as he was, his country overrun with French troops, officials, and spies, he produced in these days a book which is still a power in the fatherland, and at that time made him at once an apostle to the patriots—a suspect to the French governors.

This book was called *Deutsches Volksthum*, a word I can with difficulty reproduce without using many—say, German popular life and thought. In its pages are prophecies realized in 1871—one people, one nation, one empire, and all united under one legal constitution.

In the political testament of Jahn are these words:

"The unity of Germany was the dream of my awakening life—the light of dawn to my boyhood. In the strength of my manhood it was a sun at noon, and is now the evening star that lights me to everlasting rest."

Jahn was at the close of his life when he put these words on paper; he had suffered many disappointments, and he died at a time when German empire and German constitution seemed fit for the brain only of a madman or dreamer. But the dream of Jahn was in 1809 the dream of many Germans in many separate states; and notably was it steadily kept in view by such practical Germans as Stein and Gneisenau, by Körner and Arndt. In looking back upon German history from the standpoint of to-day, when Germany has her constitution, her

free press, her right of free speech, her universal suffrage, and, above all, her unity, let us not forget that these blessings to her national life were earnestly prayed for and fought for by the fathers and grandfathers of the soldiers who fought at Sedan and Metz; that German unity and empire were prepared by the German people while Napoleon I. (not Napoleon III.) was Emperor of the French.

From Christmas of 1809 Jahn became the most conspicuous popular figure in Berlin, and was credited with intimate secret relations with the anti-French patriots throughout Germany, notably in the universities. To Napoleon's officials he was an archrebel, as was Benjamin Franklin to those of George III., and for very much the same reason—that both enjoyed to an eminent degree the confidence of the people.

In Berlin Jahn secured a teacher's position and salary in a great public school, and soon developed the qualities which earn him to-day the proud title of Turnvater—father of gymnastic tournament. He used to take his favorite pupils out into the country on holidays and there interest them in rough, manly games, leaping, wrestling, and running as well. He had a rare gift for leadership over young minds, and to go out with Jahn soon came to be regarded by the school children as so much of a treat that the "Turn" Father conceived the notion of organizing classes for the purpose of conducting gymnastic exercises with system.

Already in 1811 a sandy field near Berlin* was secured,

* This field lay on the edges of what is now the great exercising-ground of the Berlin garrison. A monument to Jahn has since been here erected, thanks to the patriotic contributions of gymnasts in every part of the world. The stones in the base of this monument were sent from far-away countries; some are marked South Africa,

and here commenced those valuable gymnastic exercises which now form part of the curriculum in every German school, and which Germans have carried with them to every corner of the civilized and uncivilized world, along with the love of song. Singing in unison goes hand in hand with outdoor exercise, and Jahn quickly recognized the intimate relation between these two great forces. Singing was at once made a part of the gymnastic exercises, particularly on the march to and from the field of exercise, and Jahn took great pains in selecting songs breathing manhood and love of country.

Gymnastic drill does not suggest, on this side of the water, anything political or even warlike. In our colleges it is regarded as a great bore, and usually those who take part do so in the spirit of one undergoing medical treatment. We have to live ourselves into the German life to realize that Jahn was doing on his gymnastic field a revolutionary work—was arousing the German spirit in lads who would be soon shouldering a musket, was training patriots in the art of war, was singing with them the songs of liberty, was awakening in the nation at large the consciousness of power and the hope that Germany might some day be free. On this Berlin gymnastic field Jahn was drilling the minute-men of the German revolution; not with muskets, it is true, but with every means short of those likely to excite the alarm of French officials. And as the minute-men of Worcester, of Bristol, of Hartford and New Haven sprang to the call of their country when liberty was at stake, so in 1813 did the boys from German schools and universities flock to their King in Breslau—from Jena

some bear the names of places beyond the Rocky Mountains. But otherwise the place is to-day sadly neglected—not by the people, but by the government.—P. B.

and Göttingen, Berlin and Greifswald, Halle and Magdeburg.

The King did not believe that Germany could ever cope with Napoleon. He did not believe in his people. He did not believe in himself. In 1813 the spirit of Jahn and Blücher, of Stein and Arndt and the other patriots, proved stronger than all government hinderances. Though Prussia was governmentally the ally of Napoleon, still the Prussian people declared war on their own account; at Königsberg a congress of representative citizens voted supplies, and men were marching to join their regiments before the King had made up his mind whether to be French or Prussian.

He was, however, carried away by the strong national current prevailing, backed as it was by the help of England, Russia, Sweden, and Austria.

Jahn in 1813 tramped to the seat of war before war was declared; at Breslau he joined the guerilla corps of Major Lützow, and was its most energetic recruiting agent in securing for it men from the whole of Germany, and notably men from the most educated classes. Körner, the poet, entered its ranks as a private, and wrote his most stirring battle verses while wearing the Lützower uniform. These verses were at once sung with enthusiasm, and flew from camp to camp, carrying new hope and courage to the devoted army. Jahn's first task as volunteer soldier was to prepare a song-book for the men of the Lützow corps, and to organize an efficient glee club—a work which in war had more than mere poetic value.

From Jahn's entry into Berlin with the manuscript of his *Volksthum*, or *Folkdom*, under his arm, on Christmas of 1809, down to the battle of Waterloo and the disappearance of Napoleon to St. Helena, Jahn was a hero

not merely to the youth and people of Germany, but to the government as well. He was a most useful man to the heads of the state by his knowledge of local affairs, his power over the popular mind, and his zeal for the overthrow of French rule. And as long as war against France was the absorbing task of King and people, Jahn was made much of. He stood in intimate personal relations with the chief men of the government, and in 1814 received a government salary as recognition of his past and prospective services to the state.

After the battle of Waterloo, Jahn, with the rest of his fellow-liberators, recognized that Germany had vindicated its right to exist—but little more. The Germans of the war had gone to battle for unity and freedom—not merely to save the Hohenzollerns from destruction, but to make the Hohenzollerns the head of a United German Empire. When the war closed Jahn felt that the work had been but half done; Germany had no constitution, nor had it achieved unity. Blücher and Gneisenau raged in anger that Alsace had not been restored to the empire; while Stein and Arndt looked forward to another war as necessary.

Jahn went on drilling his classes in singing and gymnastics, but now the undercurrent of his teaching was to reap the fruits of Waterloo—to make good German citizens, to produce a desire for union throughout Germany and pave the way for an imperial constitution.

In 1817, two years after Waterloo, he commenced a series of remarkable lectures on Volksthum, his favorite theme — the popular life and thought. The lectures were held in Berlin, and his room was always crowded. He preached the gospel of German culture, German speech, German song, German unity, as opposed to the fashionable cosmopolitanism which ended in disunion

and defeat. His lectures produced immense political effect, for in all minds they further heightened the prevailing dissatisfaction with the fruits of Waterloo. Of course his language had to be guarded, so as to avoid conflict with the police.

This was Jahn's last public appearance as the great and universally popular German hero. He lived yet thirty-five years, and was a delegate to the diet of 1848; but from the year 1817 he may be said to have been lost to his country, snuffed out by order of government in the vigor of his manhood, when his faculties were brightest and zeal for his country most active.

In 1819 he was arrested on charge of treason and put into prison at Spandau—the same prison that has held so many recent German patriots. Two of his children died while he was in confinement awaiting his trial, and he was not allowed to follow them to the grave. After two years of arrest, partly in Spandau and partly in Küstrin, he cleared himself of the specific charge brought against him, revolutionary conspiracy; but, instead of being liberated, was ordered to remain under police watch—a species of convict at large on parole—and remained in this suspicious category until 1840—more than twenty years from the time of his arrest.

Jahn's patriotism was singularly pure. We have no evidence that his human ambition ever soared higher than a professorship at the Berlin University; and while most German historians affect to ignore the great services he has rendered to Germany, they all fail to discover a stain upon his character. He was too honest for the government of the day, and threw away great political prizes because he persisted in preaching the truth when the Prussian official disliked to hear it.

Jahn fought with the spirit of Luther, and shares with the great reformer enormous popularity amongst the people, for whom he cheerfully surrendered his personal liberty, and would willingly, if necessary, have laid down his life.

XXIV

HOW THE IRON CROSS CAME TO BE FOUNDED

"Luther . . . was the mightiest man of his century, and assisted in creating it. What he appeared to create was there already; but he first gave it life so that the people could see what it was."—Arndt, 1805, *Geist der Zeit*, p. 39.

THE Iron Cross is the most popular war medal in Germany, and, like many another popular German institution, was founded in a time of great national distress. King Frederick William III. is commonly credited with calling this medal into existence on the outbreak of war against Napoleon in 1813, but in spirit the Iron Cross was created by Gneisenau in the black days of 1811.



THE IRON CROSS

Napoleon in that year was threatening to invade Russia, and had made large additions to the French garrisons in and about Prussia. Frederick William was in painful need of money; the French indemnity weighed heavily upon his scanty exchequer, and he realized that in the coming war there would be nothing to prevent Prussia being again tramped over by one or more of the neighboring states at war. The French were already in possession of several Prussian fortresses, and there

was every reason to anticipate that Napoleon meant to use this country as his prime base of operations.

The King became thoroughly alarmed for his personal safety. He sent, on May 14, 1811, a most humble plea to Napoleon, which in formal treaty talk sounded fairly well, but in plain English told Napoleon that Prussia would gladly submit to any humiliation if France would only promise not to drive him from the throne. The King was bold enough to beg some abatement of the grinding indemnity; to ask for the return of one or two Prussian fortresses, and to be allowed a larger standing army than 42,000; but in return France was offered the use of the Prussian army to fight French battles under any and all circumstances. In other words, the Prussian army was offered to Napoleon as part payment for a war indemnity arranged at the Peace of Tilsit. Napoleon was by this time, however, too blind in matters political to see his own interests. He ignored this message.

But for this silence of Napoleon we might never have heard of an Iron Cross in Germany. The King had persistently opposed every suggestion looking to a popular army of citizen volunteers, for he dreaded his people more than he did the French. But one thing he dreaded more even than his people, and that was the loss of his throne. As between losing his throne and appealing to his people, he finally decided to make a great sacrifice, and asked advice of the soldier who had been in America—Gneisenau.

Gneisenau could not come openly to the King in Berlin, but in secret he left his farm in Breslau, and was smuggled into the presence of the Prime-Minister, Hardenberg, at a little suburb of Berlin called Glienicke, on the 21st of June, 1811. The chief of police assisted in

the smuggling; and no doubt Gneisenau would have been shot like Palm or Schill had Napoleon heard what their talk was about. The King allowed Gneisenau a salary of 2500 thalers—say $1875, or £375—a year, and he went to live quietly in Berlin at a house in Unter den Linden, giving the French to understand that he had given up all interest in soldiering, and was there for his private amusement.

Here he drew up a memorial for the King, which was handed in on the 8th of August. No such revolutionary programme had ever been prepared for a Prussian monarch, and the fact that its author was not sent at once to prison shows that the Prussia of 1811 was not the same Prussia that marched gayly to Jena.

Gneisenau commenced by assuming that Prussia was on the verge of being destroyed by Napoleon, and he therefore opened with the following proposition:

"Since Prussia is threatened with invasion that means annihilation (*Vernichtung*), the royal family must seek its safety and support in a popular call to arms (*Volksaufstand*)." The King annotated this paragraph with his own hands: "The proposed struggle for existence (*Kampf der Verzweiflung*) is no doubt better and more honorable than voluntarily passing under the yoke."

Gneisenau elaborately worked out a plan of insurrectionary warfare, the details of which must have been familiar to him in America. All Prussia was mapped out into districts, each district to be under the control of a confidential agent, each such agent to be known at headquarters, but no correspondence to pass between the conspirators in different parts of the country. The whole scheme was a vast conspiracy, and the greatest precautions had to be observed lest Napoleon should get wind of it and hang the ringleaders without trial.

The whole country was to organize volunteer troops. "They shall organize in the neighborhood of their own homes; they shall elect their own officers and non-commissioned officers. To begin with, they may be started by half-pay retired officers." Gneisenau proposed to arm them with pikes* until they could get arms from England.† The example of Jena was fresh in every mind, and so Gneisenau proposed the penalty of death for any one assisting the French by furnishing supplies or accepting any administrative post. His idea was to starve the French out, if every other means failed. Clergymen were to preach the duty of citizenship from the pulpit, to which the King made this observation: "As soon as the French shoot one parson, the whole movement will collapse."

Gneisenau had difficulty in preserving his temper while the King made criticisms upon the plan for saving his throne. He went on to explain how the militia must operate, hiding by day in the woods, surprising the enemy at night like North American Indians, worrying them all the time. He recommended the simplest tactics, mainly to load and shoot. The King made a running accompaniment to the effect that Prussians were

* "I had a pike made, and studded it with sharp spikes, that no one might seize it by the hand. I had, besides, a French infantry sword, and I bought myself a pair of pistols, which at that time were very expensive, owing to the great demand. These I wore in my belt. We were called together for drill under the command of former army officers. Many wonderful things happened in these drills, for it was that of the Prussian infantry." And Klöden (p. 311) goes on to relate the absurdities that occurred from using the pike as though it had been a musket.

† It is difficult to bear in mind that while the Prussian King was negotiating with Napoleon the sale of his army to France, he was at the same time soliciting the aid of England, France's chief antagonist. The situation was so anomalous as to be almost incredible.—P. B.

too stupid to do such work, and that the whole thing would fall to pieces as soon as the French showed themselves.

Those were iron days, and Gneisenau applied iron measures. He was advocating the principle that each citizen was bound to spill his blood in defence of his country, and therefore urged that no young man should be allowed to inherit property unless he had served in the army, that he should not be allowed to give testimony in court, or even to take the holy communion with his neighbors.

On the other hand, Gneisenau proposed that every man who had served faithfully should wear for the rest of his life an honorable distinction, either a black-and-white scarf or a national cockade; and here was the idea of the Iron Cross.

The King thought well of the decoration in general, but did not approve of limiting it to the citizen soldier. He wished it extended to all his army, and thus robbed it of much of its peculiar value. The original "Iron Cross" was to consist of two pieces of black-and-white ribbon sewed on to the breast in the shape of a cross. The colors were those of Prussia; the shape suggested the famous cross of the order of German Knights—a happy blending of national with imperial aspirations.

Of course in practice the King's idea proved awkward, for it involved sewing and resewing the slips of ribbon each time that a coat was changed. The Cross was finally made of iron, less from sentiment than from extreme poverty. It became, however, the most precious of war medals in the eyes of the German soldier. It was not given away, like so many medals, for merely courtly services, but had to be earned upon the field of battle;

and the field-marshal had to earn it no less than the youngest recruit.

In this famous document Gneisenau insisted that titles of nobility should henceforth be given only to such as earned them by serving their country, that the Prussian aristocrats should be degraded if they failed in this duty, and that henceforth the nobleman should be the man who served his country best.

Gneisenau also urged the King to cease using the French language, and to insist that those about him cultivate the tongue of the people.

The King approved in general of the plan, and, had Queen Luise been at his side, would no doubt have put it into immediate operation.

Gneisenau, Blücher, Scharnhorst, and Hardenberg worked in unison throughout; they gave the agents of England positive assurance that the Prussian King would never be ally of France; that in the event of Napoleon assuming a menacing position, the King would retire from Berlin, appeal to his people, and Prussia would fight the war of insurrection like the peasants of Spain and Tyrol. Nor were these patriots dishonest in this: they believed what they said, and believed what their King had said. But the King was too weak to follow them.

In October, 1811, Blücher was disgraced for strengthening the defences of Colberg, and Napoleon had the impudence to send his agents openly about Prussia to see that no other fortresses were being strengthened—all this, too, with the King's consent.

On November 5th, Scharnhorst, who had been sent on a secret mission to St. Petersburg, returned full of enthusiasm, for the Czar had promised assistance against Napoleon, and was arming for the coming fight. But Fred-